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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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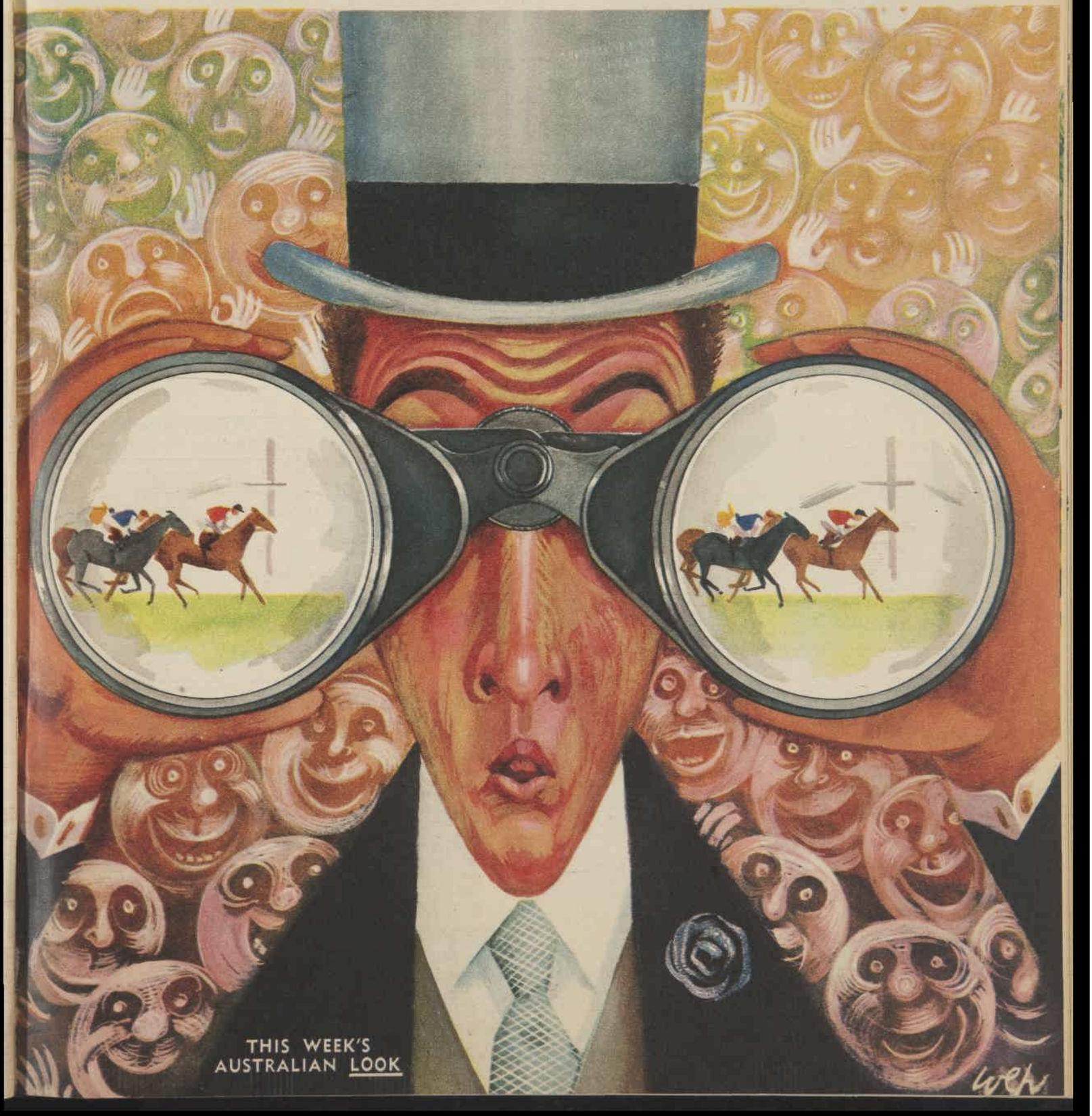

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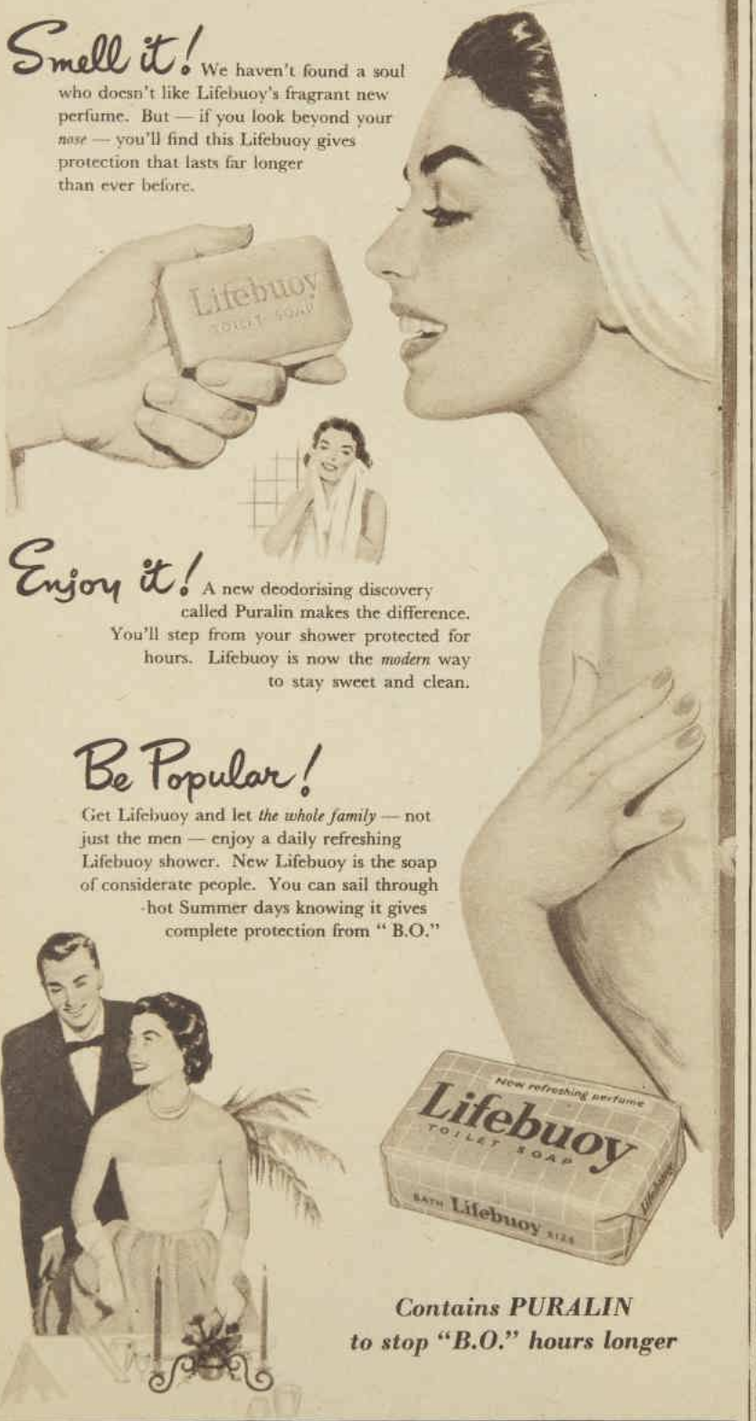

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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NOVEMBER 2, 1955 Vol. 23, No.

THE CUP—A BOND OF EXCITEMENT

THE Melbourne Cup is Australia's nearest approach to a national festival.

On no other day in the year are the thoughts of 90 per cent. of the population so concentrated on one point of interest.

This is something which has grown spontaneously. A horse-race may not seem the ideal focus for a national festival, but the fact has become established.

On Cup Day thousands who don't know one horse from another, who never bet at any other time, have their shilling in a sweep. They enjoy more than the race, perhaps, the brief feeling of a shared interest with their fellow men.

This is the essence of festivals and the real reason for their existence.

Loneliness is one of the undefeatable enemies of man. Human beings, whether they live in cities or in the bush, soon realise that for much of their lives they are alone or, at best, within a small circle of family and friends.

For this reason they devise celebrations, family and national, which take all sorts of forms.

Only very occasionally does an event arouse the interest of a whole population. It is impossible for it to be intentionally prescribed. It must grow from some national characteristic.

That is what has happened with the Melbourne Cup. From obscure beginnings it has grown in interest until in every corner of the continent Australians find a magic attraction in the race.

This is not necessarily a good thing. Nor is it a bad thing. It has no real effect on the daily life of nine-tenths of its citizens. It simply provides one of the rare moments when human beings share a common excitement and derive enjoyment from the resultant fellowship.

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Our cover:

● Wep has lost count of the Melbou Cup covers he has drawn for us, but thi the number must be at least 15. Any artist tell you that it is not easy to think up a idea every time, but Wep has achieved t This year he has caricatured the Austra "look" as it is every first Tuesday in Novem Twice Wep has provided a tip in his co cartoon. In 1946 his drawing showed a jubi owner, gold cup in hand, with arms round neck of a grinning racehorse. The saddlec bore the number "1." So did the winne Russia. In 1948 the cover showed a dark h leading the field. Plenty of people conside that good enough for a bet on Dark Ma which ran second to Rimfire. The tips ar intentional—"A betting friend down the st pointed these things out to me after the co appeared," said Wep. We don't know whet this year's cover offers a clue to the win We leave it to you—and to fate.

Next week:

● When you're entertaining, cost often an important factor. Next we cookery page shows a two-way luncheon. Th are two menus, one more expensive than other, complete with recipes. The illustra shows the table as it will look whichever m you choose—and very attractive it is, too

● The gardening page deals w sunken gardens, gives some hints on th planning and planting.

● Other color features include pictu of Judith Anderson, famous Austral actress, in Canberra, where she played "Medea," the Elizabethan Theatre Trust's Australian production.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. He could be a shy man, yet would not shun publicity (10).
8. Pothouse should not be mistaken for a female vegetable (7).
9. African spear, or it is a saga (7).
10. Point at which things happen (4).
12. Me and you in blight (4).
13. Incorrectly articled human beings end the prayer (4).
16. She is worth 5280 feet (4).
18. Saucy Chaldean city starts to agitate (7).
21. Sometimes limited and then more valuable (7).
22. Wainscot in money causes deadly epidemic disease (10).

Solution will be published next week.

T	W	O	E	D	G	E	D	S	W	O	R	D		
W		U		U		X		A		R		E		
A	N	T	I	C		P	I	C	K	L	E	S		
I		D		A		O		K		O		I		
N	O	O	D	L	E	S		S	A	P	O	R		
		O				E				S		E		
P	A	R	O	L	E			T	O	P	P	E	D	
U		R				T				E				
M	A	C	E	R		I	N	T	E	R	I	M		
P		A		E		N		R		C		I		
K	I	D	N	A	P	S		A	D	A	G	E		
I		E		V		E		I		L		N		
N	E	T	H	E	R	L	A	N	D	E	R	S		

Solution to last week's crossword.

DOWN

1. A lost match brought her a husband (8).
2. Goddess in whose name the sun turns (5).
3. Accepts the inevitable concerning signs (7).
4. Let in by drops where mandarins till (6).
5. Choose mostly with help of a troubled Celt (5).
6. XT. (4).
7. You find more inside a religious discourse (6).
11. See 20 down.
12. A air in fruit (6).
14. Pertaining to wedded life it spoil it first and end it with French when turning (7).
15. A tree grows in the middle this musical instrument (6).
17. Malice not without monetary wards, though upside down (5).
19. A small university on coal (5).
20 and 11 down. Biting advice to bride for a happy married (4, 3, 5).

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Candia

LIFE changes startlingly for newly married CANDIA COTTERELL when her middle-aged husband, JOHN, dies on their honeymoon voyage from England to Malaya.

John had been Candia's childhood idol, but was caught up in adventures during which he travelled extensively; married Russian TAMARA SPIRIANOFF; made a fortune working with a man called RUMBOLT; and settled his family at Aloupka; a vast house on a Malayan island which Rumbolt sold him. Finally, a widower, he returned to England and married Candia. They were on their way to Aloupka to collect his children when he died.

Candia continues her voyage and finds a strange household at Aloupka, MADAME SPIRIANOFF and her companion, the BARONESS GENEVIEVE, are obsessed with the grandeurs of imperial Russia and thrust these upon ELENA, the spoilt, precocious eldest child. Candia also encounters a strange, unexplained elderly woman.

Candia decides to take her first stand when Elena sends her a pert message by the gardener. NOW READ ON:

IN the centre of the terrace was a small, circular balustrade built round a bed of brilliantly colored cannas and shaded by slight trees; Elena was crouched upon it, her knees drawn under her in the attitude of the sphinx, her chin between her fists, her nose in a yellow novel. Candia thought that if the child really had a headache she was doing everything to make it worse; but she doubted. She suspected Elena's migraine to be purely conventional.

For a moment she was tempted to ignore it; it was unfortunate that her first words should have to be a rebuke, but the noise of the children had ceased, and it would be extremely bad for Elena to think that it had ceased by her order.

She sat down.

"Good morning," she said. "Will you please tell me, in English, exactly what message you gave the gardener?"

Elena stared up without moving.

"I said, please keep the babas quiet, because I have the migraine."

"I am glad you at least said 'please'," observed Candia pleasantly. "However, I have told the gardener not to bring me any message from you again, and nor will Celeste."

"Why not?"

"Because they make you sound such a rude and silly child."

Elena hesitated. She was very quiet; she at once saw the offered loophole, but she was also stubborn.

"If I want to be rude, I shall."

"But not to me," explained Candia. She half rose as if to go, and at once Elena spoke again. Candia guessed that so long as a conversation were about herself, she never wished to end it.

"Why should I play with the babas, if I don't wish to?"

"No reason at all." Candia sat down again. "By the way, Toly tells me your life's been blighted. How?"

"Because I want to be a dancer like Keshinskaya and I can't. I suppose you think that's rude and silly, too."

Candia looked at her with a stirring of hope. The idea was new and unexpected, but the more she examined it the more fruitful it seemed: a bait to lure Elena to America, a promise of discipline and work, perhaps, eventually, of happy fulfilment; a complete answer, in fact, to the problem of Elena . . .

But before she could say anything more her attention was suddenly and violently diverted. Elena sat up. Round her neck, twisted in her collar, something flashed and trembled like green fire.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Candia. "What have you got on?"

Elena preened complacently.

"My emeralds."

"Good heavens," Candia said again.

"They were given me by the Czar," continued Elena rapidly, "after I danced 'Swan Lake.' He came into my dressing-room and sent everyone else away, and then he kneeled down at my feet——"

Candia caught her by the shoulders. The green stones, in a setting of filigree and tiny diamonds, blazed under the sun.

"I believe they are," she marvelled.

"Of course they are. Don't you know emeralds when you see them?"

Candia was thoroughly taken aback. She could easily deal with a child who told fairy-stories about the Czar; she could deal, at a pinch, with a child who read French novels, but a child who casually wore emerald necklaces presented greater difficulties.

There was no time for the wisdom of patience. Candia glanced round the garden. No one was in sight, but she shuddered to think of the potential danger to a girl-child, unattended, with a fortune round her neck.

"Take them off, Elena. At once."

"Elena, dear, you really mustn't wear emerald necklaces in the garden. Someone might steal them," Candia said persuasively.

"Why should I? They're mine."

"Does your grandmother let you wear them?"

"Of course not. She hides them in her wardrobe, with all the rest. Only now I suppose I'll have to tell her," said Elena sulkily, "so she can find somewhere else."

Candia had to grope for words. Perhaps, fortunately, she had not grasped the implications of this last remark, and the image of herself rifling a closet for another woman's jewels did not rise to offend her; she felt simply as though she were faced with an ugly hurt. It was unpleasant, but it had to be cleaned up.

"I'm sure the necklace is yours, if you tell me so——"

"It is. Mr. Rumbolt gave it to my mother, and now she's dead it belongs to me."

The abrupt introduction of this new name made Candia pause again; it thrust upon her so much so suddenly to think

To page 61

***Instalment two of a fascinating 3-part serial by* MARGERY SHARP**

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SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY ALL CHEMISTS.

Something about the angry young man reminded the old woman of her husband.

IMPETUOUS HEART

BY PAUL JONES

THE Sheridan Brinsley town house is one of the last of its kind in New York. Built about sixty years ago, it escaped by a decade the most sinister triumphs of native genius in the post-Civil War era.

The discreet Renaissance facade, with sober wrought-iron at door and windows, the low evergreen hedge shielded by a coping of limestone, all combine to give a correct impression of settled and invincible wealth.

If he were still alive, Sheridan Brinsley would now be one hundred and one years of age. He died in 1914, after a tempestuous career in the building and promotion of railroads.

Fortunately for his widow, the end came just as he had completed one vast enterprise and before he could commit his liquid assets to another. Nellie Brinsley survived him in the secure possession of approximately thirty million dollars.

Now in her eighty-eighth year she is a small, active woman, with a good figure, wonderful white hair, and Irish-blue eyes that can be as soft as a morning in May, or as bleak as the glint of sunlight on a glacier. She married Sheridan Brinsley in the West, before he had settled in New York, and when she was a great beauty.

Some of her imperious manner today traces back to the superb confidence with which a lovely young woman faces her world. And some of it, of course, comes from the later knowledge that nothing within very wide limits of reason is refused the sole mistress of an immense fortune.

For many years, Mrs. Brinsley has given one large New York party every season. The date, unless it falls on Sunday, is invariable. It is her wedding anniversary, the tenth of June. This event is always the occasion of several conferences in the Louis XV sitting-room on the second floor, off the passage which leads from the town house proper to the garden wing containing the ballroom and picture gallery, one above the other.

A dinner of fifty covers, with two hundred people coming in afterward for dancing and supper, does not present many really serious problems for the staff of fourteen who maintain the Brinsley residence as a luxurious private hotel with one guest.

Other help will come in for the party, naturally, but all the regulars know their business very well indeed. If they did not, they would not be working long for Nellie Brinsley. Still, she makes a point of checking every detail herself.

Her father, who was a construction foreman in Montana, taught her to keep a sharp eye on anybody on the payroll. He maintained the proper spirit among his crews by an old-fashioned method of pelting any slackers among the section hands with stones from the track ballast. Nellie has much the same sense of discipline, although enforced by different means.

On this occasion Mrs. Brinsley sat bolt upright on a yellow satin sofa that had once belonged to Madame Du Barry. Beside her, Kathie Rollins, her temporary secretary, reviewed the slight changes in the list of invited guests.

Ada Bonesteel, the regular secretary for thirty years, had been ordered to Florida for a month, after a bout of virus pneumonia. It was at a most awkward time, but in a way Kathie, the substitute, was a pleasant change.

She was small, pretty, well made, with just such red hair as Nellie had in her youth. She did her work well, seemed to efface herself, and had a low speaking voice. Nellie thought she fitted in admirably.

Hinton, the butler, reported on the manpower situation and on the state of the wine cellars under the sub-basement and the refrigerator rooms. Brignon, chef de cuisine, who had two men under him, expounded his dinner menu and the supper to be served at 1 a.m. As usual, they were to be extraordinary, but Nellie made a few changes, just to keep him in order.

They stood before her and recited like schoolchildren. When they had finished she spoke. "This," she said, "will be the last large party I shall ever give. I am tired of having people in my house who hardly remember anything about me, except that I give the best dinner and ball in New York once a year. I no longer see any sense in filling my home with the descendants of friends who called me by my first name fifty years ago. No, this will be my last party, and for that reason I wish everything to be quite special . . .

"Hinton, you may go. You will remember to be careful about any extra men you engage. Several of the waiters last year looked as if they belonged with a troupe of performing chimpanzees, only they were not so clever.

"Very good, ma'am," said Hinton, and went away looking offended, as Nellie intended he should.

"Brignon, you will stay for a moment. There is something I wish to tell you. I have said repeatedly in recent years that I wanted an ice ornament made for the supper buffet. I particularly specified a large and striking eagle with spread wings. It is not much to ask. But invariably you disappoint me with something that huddles there like a moribund goose."

Brignon sharpened the point of one waxed moustache. "For a dressed buffet, madame," he said haughtily, "a tranquil and discreet ornament is recommended. A Grecian temple, perhaps, or a swan would be more suitable."

"That may be. I am not interested in what is suitable. I want something vigorous and imposing for my last party, Brignon, and I mean to have it. I want the kind of eagle my husband would have liked. We dined once in St. Petersburg with an archduke, shortly before Mr. Brinsley died, and I have never forgotten how impressed he was by the ice eagle on the buffet. I thought it was the handsomest ornament I ever saw. Who does ours?"

"The pastry chef, Emile. Madame may rest assured that his eagles are perfectly correct. I believe he went to a school in Berne where they maintain the tradition in such matters, some sort of 'Institut de Sculpture Culinaire.' Emile's eagles are beyond criticism."

"And for years I have been dissatisfied with them. But, since this is the last party I shall give, we must find someone else."

"As you wish, madame."

"Don't sulk, Brignon."

"May I ask whom you have in mind?"

"I have no one in mind. But I will engage someone personally."

"A stranger in my kitchens. Emile will feel put upon."

"We must all try to bear up as best we can under his displeasure. That will do, Brignon."

Then Mrs. Brinsley and Kathie were alone in the little white-and-gold salon.

"I suppose you thought me unreasonable, Kathie."

"Why shouldn't you have whatever you want?"

"It will make a fuss. But this is the last time we shall have a big celebration of my wedding anniversary. Everything must be just as Sherry would have liked it. If you had only seen his face when he saw that beautiful eagle. It was something so splendid that it made me catch my breath. Like Sherry, the first time I met him. He was a little like an eagle himself."

"I suppose," said Kathie, "that a grand duke in imperial Russia could command the services of the finest artists and sculptors, even for a buffet ornament."

"No doubt. Now there's a thought! Why shouldn't I commission my ice eagle from the best man available?"

"But wouldn't it be expensive?"

"Not more than five hundred dollars," Mrs. Brinsley said carelessly. "After all, it's not as if one were asking for a permanent work."

"Five hundred dollars!"

"I should think that would be enough. Now, lets see. Who is the best bird man we have?"

Kathie was staring at her, round-eyed. "Why, Whitford Wall, of course."

"I never heard of him."

"But everybody thinks he's terrific," Kathie went on breathlessly. "And he's especially good at eagles. He practically haunts the zoo, just to observe them. This spring he exhibited an eagle carved in limestone that people raved about. Of course, he's young——"

Mrs. Brinsley looked shrewdly at Kathie's shining eyes and eager expression. "You seem to know quite a lot about him."

"Well, I've met him—at the zoo, as a matter of fact. And then at parties and so on."

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"Is it any wonder I'm losing my mind?" Whit yelled at the top of his voice to a surprised Mrs. Brinsley, while Kathie said desperately, "Whit, please!"

"And you liked him?"

"He seems very nice," said Kathie, doodling in her notebook. "But perhaps you'd rather have somebody else."

"Why not try your young man?"

"He isn't my young man."

"Never mind." Mrs. Brinsley was busy with the telephone. One of her fixed rules was to deal only with principals. When she moved with her retinue to Maine she called the president of a railroad for reservations.

In connection with street repairs and odd noises in the night, she complained to no one less than the mayor. In this case she went directly to the chairman of an august board, and followed that conversation by another with the director of the zoo.

"Your Whitford Wall appears to be highly thought of," she said at last, putting down the receiver. "You may call him up and ask him whether he would be interested in this commission."

"What did they say about him?" Kathie asked eagerly.

"He's a good artist, with fine talents and a promising future. It seems he would have had a fellowship, or a grant, or something, this year, only the chairman of the jury can't abide birds of any kind, and least of all, eagles. Some childhood fixation, no doubt."

"I know. The rat!"

Poor Kathie has a very bad case, thought Mrs. Brinsley, touched. She makes his cause her own. It had been many years since Nellie Brinsley had felt protective about anybody; her usual gamut ran up to toleration and down to contempt. But this child was young enough to be her great-granddaughter in love. A soft spot opened in Mrs. Brinsley's heart, and took Kathie in.

"Telephone him," she said, "and ask him to come to see me."

"Now?"

"As soon as he can. The sooner the better."

Not more than an hour had gone by when Hinton appeared in the doorway of the little Louis XV salon. "There is a Mr. Wall to see you," he announced distantly. "He says he has an appointment." The tone conveyed a strong intimation that nothing ought to be more unlikely.

"Well, so he has. Ask him to wait."

"Very good, ma'am."

Walking along the broad corridor, where the late afternoon sunlight slanted against burnished suits of armor and richly glowing tapestries, Mrs. Brinsley felt an unusual sense of excitement.

Ordinarily, what she felt in her house was a sense of perfectly suspended animation, life going on smoothly, but in an insulation chamber. Now something new was coming in, or Kathie had brought it in—Kathie, walking beside her with suppressed eagerness.

Downstairs, Hinton indicated a small sitting-room near the front door, useful as a wardrobe at large parties and as a kind of limbo for doubtful callers. The young man who was waiting there was large and muscular, with a shock of dark hair. He wore corduroy slacks, a checked shirt and a short leather jacket bearing the legend "Defiance A.C."

Mrs. Brinsley checked herself in the doorway. There must be some mistake. But no. Kathie said, with a dazzling smile, "This is Whitford Wall, Mrs. Brinsley . . . Hello, Whit."

"Hello, Kathie . . . How do you do, Mrs. Brinsley?"

"Very well, thank you. Sit down, please."

There was an awkward pause when they were all seated, and then Mrs. Brinsley said, "Forgive me, Mr. Wall, but I am fascinated by your jacket. So practical. But what on earth is the Defiance A.C.?"

He gave her an engaging grin. "I haven't the slightest idea. I saw it in a pawnshop window, the day after they turned me down for the Carston Grant. I had to buy a coat, anyhow, and this seemed just what I needed."

"I see." Mrs. Brinsley resolutely put out of her mind a troubling echo from her memories of her husband. Something about Sherry's fierce pleasure in opposition.

"As far as I know," he went on, "I'm the only member of the Defiance A.C."

"And now to business," Mrs. Brinsley said briskly, dismissing sentiment and grand gestures. "I suppose Miss Rollins told you what I had in mind."

"Kathie said you wanted me to do an eagle as a memorial to your husband."

"In effect, yes. I am prepared to pay five hundred dollars and it must be done by the tenth of June."

"That isn't very much money," he said instantly, with a directness she approved. "Nor very much time."

"If you give me what I want, we shan't quarrel about the price."

"We're bound to, unless we agree on it now. I can't do it for less than a thousand."

Kathie was squirming in her chair. "Oh, Whit!"

"Let us compromise on seven hundred and fifty," said Mrs. Brinsley.

"I can't do it for less than nine hundred."

"Very well. Eight hundred."

"Sorry." Whitford Wall got up and thrust his hands into the pockets of his jacket. "My last word is nine hundred."

"Whit!" Kathie wailed.

"Sit down, young man," said Mrs. Brinsley. "We will agree on nine hundred, although I must tell you I consider it exorbitant." She was half vexed by her defeat, half pleased by the unwonted stir of combat in the still air of her life. "You are a very difficult person."

"So I've heard," he said, with a glance at Kathie. "But I'm an artist, Mrs. Brinsley, and money is important to me. If I were a banker, I wouldn't care."

"I have known a number of bankers, Mr. Wall. Many of them cared very much about money."

"They must have been artist bankers, with a feeling for their medium of expression. I gather you want an eagle with spread wings, as if he were about to take off?"

"Yes, but rising to a purpose, rising to combat, rising to kill or be killed, perhaps. You follow me?"

"As a matter of fact, the piece I submitted for the Carston Grant was just that . . . Remember, Kathie?"

"Perfectly," said Kathie. "That's why I thought of you at once."

"I think it would be best for you to work here," Mrs. Brinsley went on. "I can put you up, if you like."

"Where I work isn't important," he said, "although all my tools and stands are down in Greenwich Village. I do my own carving. I suppose the stuff could be brought up. At your expense, of course."

"Naturally. I think that would be best. You can use the larger of our two refrigerator rooms."

"Isn't there any other space in the house? I'm not terribly keen on working in a refrigerator, even if it's turned off."

"But you couldn't turn it off. The ice would melt."

"What ice?"

Mrs. Brinsley glanced rapidly at Kathie, who was biting the knuckles of one hand. "Surely," she said, "Miss Rollins told you that the eagle must be carved in ice?"

"In ice!" the young man shouted.

"But of course. If it weren't, it wouldn't be much good as a buffet ornament, would it?"

"A buffet ornament!" Whitford Wall groaned, holding his head in his hands. "In ice! Ye gods!"

"Whit, please," said Kathie. "You know you need the money. Don't have one of your tantrums. Not here. And not now."

"Yes," Mrs. Brinsley put in. "Kindly lower your voice. I will not be shouted at."

He let out a sudden bull-like roar that made Nellie Brinsley jump as she had not jumped since Sheridan Brinsley uttered his last unvarnished opinion of a gang of highbinders and double-crossers who were trying to take one of his railroads from him.

"Tantrums!" he howled. "Lower your voice! Don't shout at me! Why shouldn't I shout? There I was in my own studio, harming nobody, listening to the Allegro of Beethoven's Seventh and thinking about a pair of garden fauns I might do, as soon as I can afford a bit of stone, and what happens?

"The telephone rings, and I'm asked to come all the way uptown to talk about a commission, God save us, to do an eagle in ice for a supper buffet. Something that will drip away in a pan and be half gone by the time the party's over."

At the very top of his voice, Whitford Wall appealed to unseen referees, "Is it any wonder I'm losing my mind? The wonder is I don't kill somebody, before I go completely nuts!"

"No, Whit," said Kathie. "Please!"

"It seems quite obvious," Mrs. Brinsley said, "that Mr. Wall would rather not take the commission."

"Not for nine thousand!"

"There is no need to roar like that. No one has offered you nine thousand. No one is likely to."

Hinton appeared warily in the doorway, unbidden. "Is there anything you wish, madame?" he inquired.

"Yes. Mr. Wall is leaving. Show him out."

"Oh, Whit, you fool!" Kathie wailed, and burst into tears.

He departed as majestically as is possible for a young man with uncombed hair, rumpled corduroy slacks, and a leather jacket whose legend still read in flowing script "Defiance A.C." There was not even a side glance for Kathie, dissolved in an armchair.

When he had gone, Mrs. Brinsley, shaken, got up and moved around the room, touching

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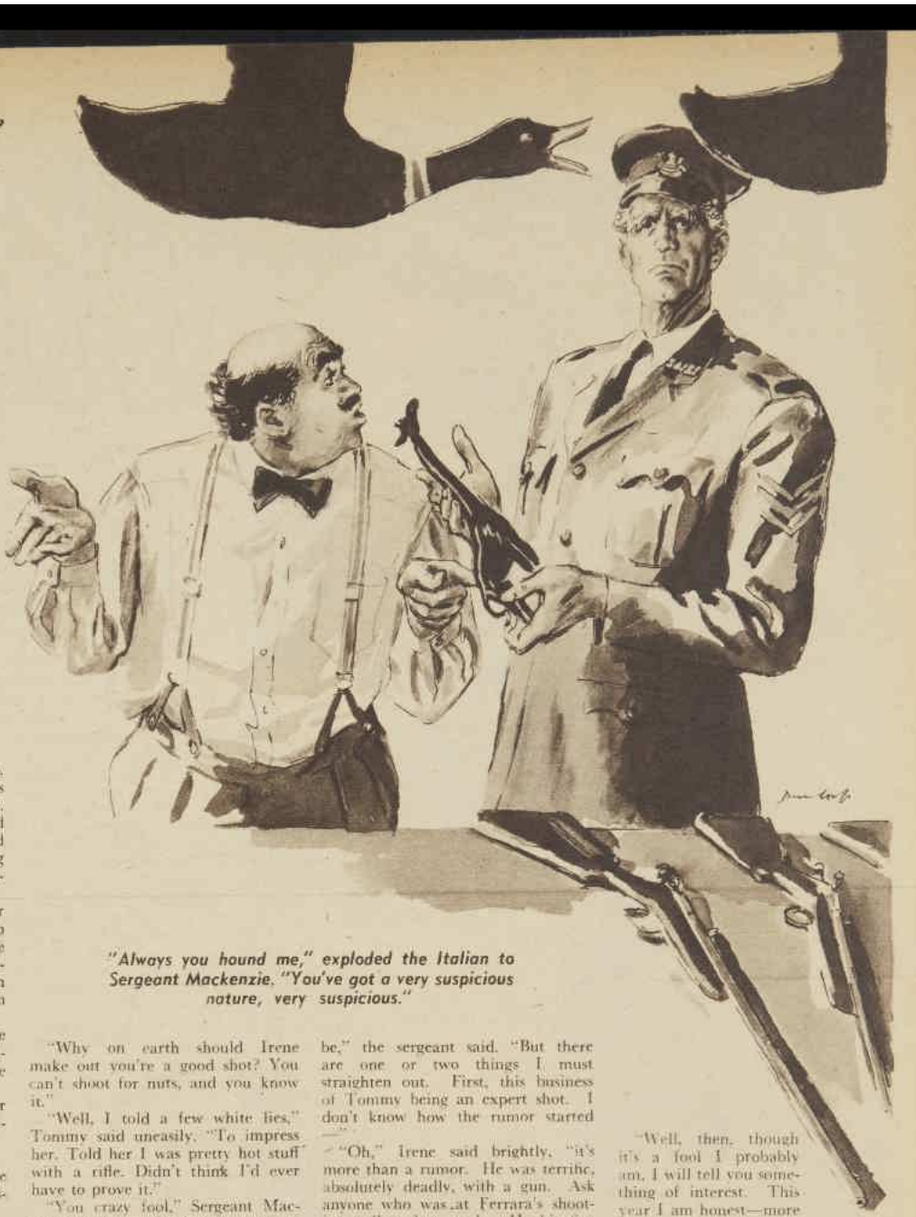
Not in a blue moon would he have imagined that one day Tony's tricks would help him.

THE GREEN GIRAFFE

By REX BARR



"Always you hound me," exploded the Italian to Sergeant Mackenzie. "You've got a very suspicious nature, very suspicious."

"AND what," said Sergeant Mackenzie, pointing to the green glass giraffe, "is that pagan monstrosity?"

Tony Ferrara's bright eyes widened in mock outrage as he carefully extracted the giraffe from a jumble of gaudy, ribboned prizes beside the shooting gallery.

"There's plenty people'd call you ignorant, sergeant," he said. "Any fool could tell this was a costly antique. Real Venetian glass. Late seventeenth century."

Sergeant Mackenzie turned the figure over and jabbed a jubilant thumb at the imprint, "Made in Japan."

The carnival proprietor grinned.

"Well, so what?" he said. "So maybe it's not so old. But it's unusual. You ought to thank me, sergeant, for bringing such unusual, high-class goods to your town. But do you show your gratitude? No. Always you hound me, making me out a crook. You got a very suspicious nature, sergeant. Very suspicious."

"And you've got a rotten reputation in every township this side of Bourke. I don't mind you bringing your carnival here. The kids enjoy it, if nothing else. But every year it's the same story, the same complaints that people've been swindled. Last time it was the chocolate wheel. You won't deny it was rigged?"

Tony clapped podgy hands to his bald head.

"So now you slander me, is it?"

"Keep your hair on," said the sergeant. "We couldn't prove it, I'll admit. But how about those boxes of chocolates—two ounces of sweets, fourteen of sawdust?"

"It is I myself what was swindled," Tony said. "By the wholesaler."

"We checked on that. The wholesaler was your sister Teresa."

Tony laughed. "Ah, what a woman, what a woman. A business genius."

"Well, I'm warning you we don't want any more of that particular brand of genius round here. We're a law-abiding town and we want a fair go for everyone. Just let me hear one more complaint and it'll be curtains. So watch your step, Tony. I'm serious."

Tony looked uncertainly at him. The sergeant was serious, and Tony couldn't understand it. His carnival had been playing the town for years, and a queer, bickering, but very real friendship had grown up between the two men. They insulted each other's race and religion, threatened to sue for defamation. But usually ended by taking a glass of wine together in Tony's caravan.

But today the sergeant seemed troubled and preoccupied, and Tony made a final stab at bringing their talk back to the old light-hearted level.

"So how about you try your hand for a prize?" he said. "Up there we have five ducks; down here five rifles. Hit each duck with a different rifle and you win the green giraffe—only one of its kind in the world."

The sergeant didn't answer. He was staring straight ahead, unsmiling, no longer aware of Tony till he spoke again.

"So how come you are not your old self, sergeant? Are you ill? Maybe a little wine would help?"

The sergeant shook his head.

"I'm worried about my son," he said. "I've locked him up on suspicion of murder."

. . . . . .

Ugly business, murder. Sergeant Mackenzie thought as he walked away from the dusty carnival ground—something that, Heaven be praised, he'd never before had to deal with. But now it came down like a shadow on him, on his 18-year-old son, Tommy, on the whole quiet, sleepy town.

Alec Rowan's death couldn't be murder, the sergeant insisted desperately. It must be an accident, as Tommy claimed, as he himself had fervently believed right from that first dreadful moment when Tommy staggered dazed into the police station to tell him what had happened.

"I've shot Alec," he'd said. "We were out after pigs in the scrub and I shot him. It was an accident—I swear it was an accident. We'd split up, and Alec must have been half a mile from me when it happened. I couldn't even see him. It was only when he didn't come back to where we'd dumped our gear that I knew something was wrong and went to look for him."

"But why go out with Alec in the first place?" the sergeant had said. "You weren't even pals, and that makes the whole thing suspect. Everyone knew you were both chasing after Irene Robbins and avoided each other like the plague."

"Irene started it in a way," Tommy said. "She'd been earbashing Alec about what a terrific shot I was and he challenged me to go with him to see who could bag the most pigs. But there weren't any pigs. And Alec got shot."

"Why on earth should Irene make out you're a good shot? You can't shoot for nuts, and you know it."

"Well, I told a few white lies," Tommy said uneasily. "To impress her. Told her I was pretty hot stuff with a rifle. Didn't think I'd ever have to prove it."

"You crazy fool," Sergeant Mackenzie had said. Don't you see everything's going to depend on just how good a shot you were? It would need a real marksman to coldbloodedly drop a man half a mile away with a .303. Frankly I don't think you could do it in a million years. But if Irene's been spreading this story about you, then it's not going to sound so good. Don't you see that, you young idiot?"

Tommy had broken down and cried.

"What am I going to do?" he'd said, and Sergeant Mackenzie had done what seemed the conscientious thing — locked Tommy up pending the coroner's inquest.

Now, as he went towards Irene Robbins' home, the sergeant wished she were a more stable, down-to-earth type. Not that he had anything against her. It was just that, like so many teenagers, she had always seemed to him an emotional, highly strung daydreamer and that, overcoloring her genuine grief at Rowan's death, was a melodramatic satisfaction that such a momentous affair should be indirectly centred on her.

Rowan had been killed two days before and Tommy had asked the sergeant to visit and comfort the girl. But she had withdrawn to her room. "Distraught, quite distraught," as her equally wild-eyed mother had told him, and this was his first chance of talking to her.

Irene greeted him, pale and dignified, in borrowed black.

"If it hadn't been for me," she said tensely, "one dear friend would not be dead and another in gaol."

"I understand how upset you must be," the sergeant said. "But there are one or two things I must straighten out. First, this business of Tommy being an expert shot. I don't know how the rumor started —"

"Oh," Irene said brightly, "it's more than a rumor. He was terrific, absolutely deadly, with a gun. Ask anyone who was at Ferrara's shooting gallery last week. He hit five ducks with five different guns. No one else came near the targets, but Tommy won first prize."

And she went to the cabinet and took out a green giraffe.

. . . . . .

Back at the carnival ground, Sergeant Mackenzie went again to Tony Ferrara.

"I believe my son was here last week. Used your guns like a marksman, created quite a stir."

Tony looked away. "That's right," he said, rubbing his hands together with false enthusiasm. "Best shot I've seen in years. No one could touch him."

The sergeant leaned on the counter, staring moodily, perplexed at the target ducks.

"It just doesn't make sense," he said wearily. "Tommy was always hopeless when it came to hitting anything."

Gently, Tony slipped an arm across the sergeant's shoulder.

"I don't like to see you troubled," he said. "Is it so important whether your son could hit my crazy ducks?"

"It could mean the difference between life and death for him, that's all," Sergeant Mackenzie said, and, because he felt he must confide in someone or go mad, told him the whole story.

Tony heard him out and then said tentatively, "Tell me, please — it is good friends we are, isn't it, sergeant?"

The sergeant nodded carelessly.

"And friends must help each other, isn't it?"

A little impatiently, the sergeant nodded again.

"Well, then, though it's a fool I probably am, I will tell you something of interest. This year I am honest—more or less honest. The chocolate wheel is not rigged. In the chocolates is no sawdust. But the guns—"

Sergeant Mackenzie grabbed him fiercely by the shoulders.

"Yes, you rogue? What about the guns?"

"Unhand me first, please — friend to friend, isn't it? Well, the sights is wrong—so wrong that only somebody way off the target could possibly hit it. I tell you truly, sergeant, your son is the rottenest shooter I have ever met."

The sergeant stared at him incredulously, then exploded in such a blast of profanity that Tony recoiled in alarm.

"Friend to friend, remember," he said.

"So be it," said the sergeant. "And it's as friend to friend that I'll drag you through the courts, expose your infamy, your —"

"Excuse me, please, but it was not my fault — the wholesaler — my sister Teresa —"

"Tell it to the green giraffe," the sergeant said as he turned suddenly and ran off towards the police station.

"It is I myself what is the giraffe," Tony shouted after him. "Always I am sticking my neck out for friends which don't appreciate it."

But as he went into his caravan, Tony felt a great happiness. It was good to be abused so warmly, to have their friendship on the right footing again. Carefully, he polished two glasses, took out a bottle of wine, and waited for the sergeant to come back.

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An amusing short story

By DOROTHY BLACK

Technical Hitch

If he had not been weak at the time, recovering from a bad bout of influenza that had fallen upon most of them that spring, he would not have given in to his Aunt Hilda as easily as he did, in spite of the fact that she had brought him up by hand—circumstances that give to a woman a very unfair advantage.

His Aunt Hilda was a very strong-minded woman, anyway. It was years since the vicar, her husband, had stood up to her. Nowadays he took the line of least resistance and wrote a good many sermons about the virtue of Patience.

Not that James hadn't wriggled on the pin. He stared at his aunt with horror when she made the announcement.

"Me? Romeo? My dear Aunt Hilda, it's out of the question. I cannot possibly be Romeo. I'm not that sort, and, anyway, you know I have come up here to convalesce. The doctor said I was not to exert myself in any way."

"He also said you were to be taken out of yourself."

"Yes. But not Romeo, please!" He was fond of her for old times' sake, but there were moments, and this was one of them, when he had to remember old times with might and main. "If I have to be in this ghastly play, let me be someone else. Someone without much to do. Friar Laurence, for instance. I don't mind being Friar Laurence."

"Your uncle is already doing that."

"Well, then, let me be An Old Man, Kinsman to Capulet."

"You don't look like an old man."

"I feel one. There's far, far too much to learn in Romeo . . ."

"You took the part at Oxford, not once but three times. I saw you in it. It was that put me in mind of you at once, when we got into this terrible jam on account of poor Harry Cokler."

"What happened to poor Harry?" asked James. Not that he cared.

"A spot of bother with the police. He will drive too fast," said Aunt Hilda vaguely. "Such a pity. And it could not have happened at a more inconvenient moment for us. He was such an excellent Romeo. I never saw anyone make such convincing love."

"What a pity he did not stick to making love!"

"Yes, it was," said his aunt, sadly. "Now, dear, that we've settled everything, let's have some tea."

She rang a bell.

It was amazing the way in which no matter what happened to others in the domestic field, whenever his aunt rang a bell there seemed to be someone to answer it. The girl who came in was neat and slight, and altogether too good to be true. She wore a blue frock and a small apron, and her pale hair was arranged in an unusual coiffure. She looked as though she knew her place and was quite happy in it.

"Tea, please, Rose," said his Aunt Hilda.

"Wherever did you get her?" asked James, impressed.

"I simply go to a London agency and tell them what I want. Town girls like coming up here in spring. It is a pleasant place."

It was. The old grey stone vicarage had a friendly atmosphere of regular hours, and ringing church bells and family prayers. It stood in a valley that looked over looking-glass lakes to distant mountains. James could see the lakes and mountains at that moment, and coming towards him over the garden outlined against them, Mattie . . . to whom he was engaged.

That was more of Aunt Hilda's doing.

"You are thirty," she had pointed out to him. "Still heart-free. Mattie is a fine girl, with some money of her own, and this farm. You could put in a manager, live in town, and use it as a holiday place. Conveniently near us. Without violating any confidences, James, I think I may mention that Mattie likes you." And she added, darkly: "People prefer a married solicitor."

It was that which weighed heaviest with him, because it was true. He worked for the firm of Messrs. Davies, Proctor, Flockart, and King, in Whitehall. One day, if all went well, he hoped for a partnership.

Mr. Davies was lean and saturnine, Mr. King roundabout and reliable, and neither was very young. No one had ever seen Proctor or Flockart, but the office rumor was that Mr. Davies once slew them in a temper, and buried their remains away in one of the tin boxes with which his office was lined.

Of late Mr. Davies had been fixing his pale eyes on James himself, and saying: "You ought to get married, Coldwell. People prefer a married solicitor."

That was how that had come about.

There had been so much to say for it, and his Aunt Hilda had said it all. Mattie wasn't the kind he had ever pictured. He would have liked a woman heart-high, gentle, and soft-voiced, someone who would think him a fine fellow. Then perhaps he would have become a fine fellow.

Mattie always spoke to him as though he were six and not too bright. Also she was a little taller than he was. A man has to be madly in love with a girl to put up with that.

But Aunt Hilda was right. He was thirty. He had no one else in mind. His dream girl remained just a dream, and she faded with morning, she disappeared, as a ghost disappears, when the early cocks crowed.

And Mattie was a kind girl in a breezy out-of-door way. She hated poetry and a symphony concerts sent her to sleep, and she was dreadfully outspoken about the marriage arrangements of cows, but after all a man can't have everything. And now, when he saw her striding over the lawn in her riding clothes his spirits suddenly soared.

"Aunt Hilda—look! The very person. Mattie should play Romeo. She'd be wonderful."

His aunt eyed him coldly.

"Don't be silly, James. Mattie is Juliet."

That staggered him all right. That left him speechless. He found it difficult to make love to Mattie in private: how on earth was he to achieve it in public? And such love!

The golden poetry of it came unbidden to his mind . . . "Do thou but close our hands with holy words, then love-devouring death do what he dare; it is enough I may but call her mine."

It wasn't at all the way he felt about Mattie, and had he ever said anything of the sort to her in earnest, she would most certainly have begged him not to be soppy.

The front door slammed. He heard her crashing through the hall. She always made a noise like a young stallion arriving. She greeted him with a friendly "Hi," kissed his aunt, and produced from the maidenly crevice of her bosom a revolting, squashed little cigarette packet.

"Have one?" she said, offering it to him. "No? Mind if I do?" She did not wait for an answer. Aunt Hilda left them alone together.

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The maid brought tea. A wonderful tea it was, reminiscent of other days when country teas really were teas. Golden scones, thin bread and butter, a sponge sandwich dusted over with sugar like Helvellyn under a light fall of snow.

"Aunt Hilda has the luck of the devil," said James, recalling his Mrs. Miffett in London, all wispy and vaguely like a parcel coming undone.

"Rose, you mean. Yes, she can certainly cook. But do you know, there's something fishy about her. Between you and me, I wouldn't be at all surprised to find out she is not what she makes herself out to be. I wouldn't be at all surprised if she was part of a gang of burglars."

"Well, if she is, she's fallen on stony ground here," said James, and cut himself another slice of sponge. He looked round at the accumulated treasure of the early Victorian era still dear to the heart of his aunt. Heart-shaped silver frames and lozenge boxes. As for Aunt Hilda's jewellery, the only piece he could recall was a cameo reminiscent of a square sugar biscuit.

"Well, watch your gold cuff-links, that's all," said Mattie. "I was up in her room one day last week, mending a fuse. The fuse box is over the door, you know, and your uncle doesn't know how to do it, so I often oblige. I happened to notice several letters not written to the name she gave us when she came here, and some extremely nice jewellery, chucked in among her handkerchiefs."

That meant Mattie had been poking around the other girl's possessions. He wished she wouldn't.

"I believe she's one of those girls who go poking around to see what's going, and then let the gang in."

"Well, I hope they'll take a fancy to that picture of me lying in a shell with nothing on. Move the frame so that she can see it's hall-marked," he said gloomily. He felt terribly depressed, but put it down to the aftermath of influenza.

They started rehearsing directly after tea.

What in the name of fortune, James wondered, as he leaned up against a piece of unconvincing scenery meant to be part of a garden, but extremely like a slab of gorgonzola cheese, had induced Aunt Hilda to choose "Romeo and Juliet" for their annual play.

They had done very well the previous year with "Charley's Aunt," but that is meant to be funny. A brief look round suggested the casting to be rather remarkable. No one seemed to be suited for his or her part, but had been chosen for some other reason. Mercutio weighed fifteen stone, and was six feet four inches high.

"We had to have him," hissed Aunt Hilda. "He lets Mattie put her dry cows in his field."

The vicar was Friar Laurence, because he had refused to be anything else, and his aunt was enjoying herself a lot in the part of the nurse, only it would have been better if she had stopped addressing Friar Laurence as darling, and admonishing him to speak up and not mumble.

The famous balcony had been knocked up by the sexton, who did carpentry for a hobby, and

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The maid who brought in the tea for Mattie and James was a neat slip of a girl and to his eyes she looked almost too good to be true.

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Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every letter published on this page.

THIS WEEK'S BEST LETTER

CAN anyone explain to me why it is that when adults are introducing their friends and relatives most of them forget to introduce the children? I have consistently noticed nice kiddies left shuffling their feet while introductions are being made, feeling ill-at-ease and unnoticed. I agree with the old adage, "Children should be seen and not heard," sometimes, but I don't believe they should be ignored. A child needs to feel one of the group, whether in adult company or not. If the introduction is delayed a child gets an exaggerated idea of his importance when someone finally asks, "And what is your name, little boy?"

Should not the child be introduced normally in the same way as adults? We would consider it most rude if we were left to introduce ourselves in company. Why not show as much consideration to our children as we do to our friends?

£1/1/- to Mrs. P. Wilson, Guildford, N.S.W.

THE Duke of Edinburgh has come in for some criticism lately from the Free Church of Scotland, which holds that he is setting a bad example by playing polo on Sundays. We are taught positively that on Sunday God should have a special place in our mind and that church should be attended. Also, that unnecessary manual work is to be avoided. The Duke sanctifies his Sunday by regularly attending church. Legitimate recreation is not evil, but good, so no one should feel that he is being tolerant of evil if he approves the Duke's Sunday sport.

10/6 to "Fair Play" (name supplied), Kingswood, N.S.W.

THERE is one section of the community being completely overlooked—the elderly people trying to live on a small fixed income. Each rise in the basic wage increases prices of commodities. These conditions are driving hundreds on to the pension who otherwise could have managed.

10/6 to "One of Them" (name supplied), Lawson, N.S.W.

IT is sad to see that the higher class of musical appreciation is dying out in many families today. How many parents these days have their children taught to play the piano, violin, or some other musical instrument? In their later years, musical knowledge is a source of entertainment both to the children themselves and to others. Radiograms have replaced pianos and young talent is wasted in the collection of a pile of hit records that go out of date as quickly as they came in. It does seem a pity that the piano and other instruments are being pushed more and more into the background. Many a parent has said, "I wish I could play the piano like that." It rests with parents to give their children the musical opportunities they missed.

10/6 to "Music Lover" (name supplied), Adelaide.

MOST women's voices are entirely unsuitable for the radio. Most are of a soprano quality, which is too light and high-pitched to register well over the air. Only women with contralto-quality voices broadcast well. A high percentage of women artists in radio plays are inaudible and unintelligible, even to listeners with perfect hearing. How difficult it is for anybody with slightly impaired hearing to make out what they are saying. In addition to their thinness of tone, radio actresses, almost without exception, gabble at a rapid rate, which makes it doubly difficult to pick up what they are saying. Many radio plays and serials are ruined because of this weakness.

10/6 to J. Francis, Gordon, N.S.W.

VERY often mothers complain that their teenage children never confide in them, but probably if mother looks back she will find she has done little to earn their confidence. So often a mother listens with interest and understanding to her child's problem but she is unable to keep it to herself. She tells other members of the family about it or discusses it with neighbors and friends. The child, who thought he or she was telling something to mother alone, feels that the trust has been betrayed. As a consequence when children grow older they often refrain from telling things to Mum, having discovered from bitter experience that things confided to her are also confided to others.

10/6 to "Melissa" (name supplied), Redcliffe, Queensland.

Sentiment for loved ones

I THINK that "Rosalind" (The Australian Women's Weekly, 5/10/'55) is most unkind when she suggests that some people go to visit a cemetery with bunches of flowers to "impress others with their love and loyalty." Anyone who is unfortunate enough to have a loved one in a cemetery should be able to pay their tribute without creating false impressions in anyone's mind. After all, it is a simple act of love and remembrance and we should be able to carry it out without feeling it is a waste of time. "Rosalind's" sentiments about old people are very moving and do her credit, but surely we can be kind to them and still spare time for our dead.

10/6 to Mrs. E.D.G. (name supplied), Chatswood, N.S.W.

IN reply to "Rosalind," who stated that instead of taking flowers to the cemetery one should give them to old people who cannot buy them, I think her idea is charming, although I think a better solution to the problem would be to do both. Many people have cherished friends in the cemetery and only take flowers there to show that they remember them. Perhaps every second time they could take flowers to old people instead. Don't you think this is a better idea?

10/6 to "Both Ways" (name supplied), Cairns, Queensland.

Family Affairs

● Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

MY husband was continually ragging me about the meals I cooked. They were "not like his mother cooked." I was getting really fed up when I met mother-in-law down the street. In the course of conversation I said: "What are you doing next week? How about coming out to stay with us?" She agreed, but the day after she arrived I developed flu and was packed off to bed for a few days. The cooking fell to Grandma, but, alas, nothing went right. Even the dishes Hubby specially ordered were "flops." When she left, Hubby said to me: "Mum, you're a better cook now than my mother!" It certainly cured him of telling me about his mother's cooking. That happened 30 years ago and I have not since heard any complaints.

£1/1/- to Mrs. P. M. Sawtell, Currumbin, Queensland.

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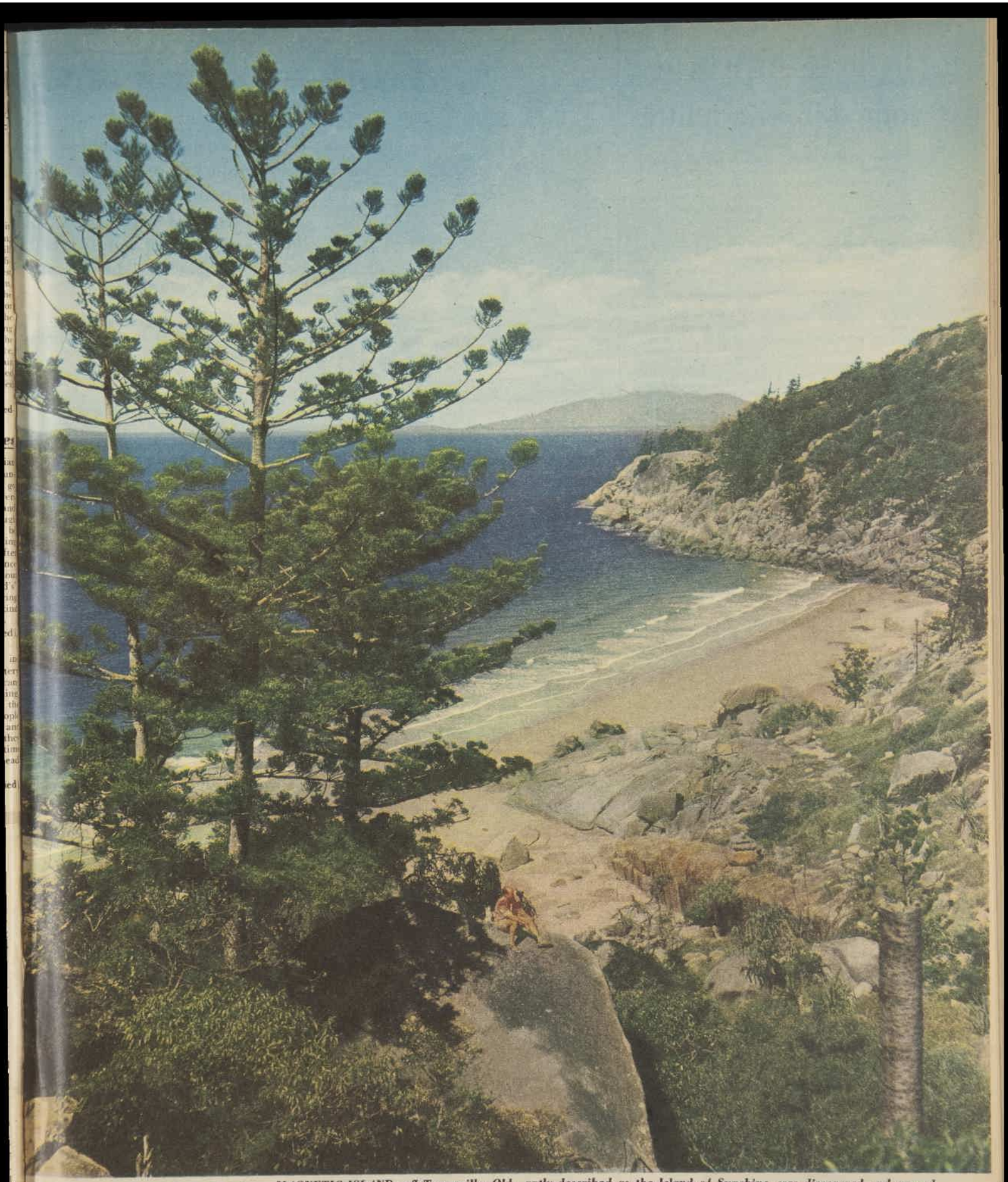

BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA

MAGNETIC ISLAND, off Townsville, Qld., aptly described as the Island of Sunshine, was discovered and named by Captain Cook in 1770. It is triangular in shape and covers 25 square miles, the highest point being 1682ft. Mt. Cook. Cook named it "magnetic" after noticing some variations in his ship's compass when he was near the island, and he attributed these variations to the influence of mineral deposits in the island's rocky outcrops. Since then this idea has been discounted. Today the island's magnetism isn't for ships' compasses but for the holiday-makers who return year after year to enjoy its beaches, scenery, and sunshine. Picture by Fred Carew, of Brisbane.

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In these three hours your skin *"dies"* a little

In the 1 to 3 hour "danger periods" immediately after you wash your face, troublesome skin problems are apt to get their start, say dermatologists. Your skin is left "unbalanced", open to troubles such as dryness — cracking — enlarged pores.

After each washing—"rebalance" your skin . . .

In the 1 to 3 hour period it takes Nature to "rebalance" your skin after washing, even more distressing skin troubles can take hold. Tiny dry lines deepen. Inside moisture evaporates away.

Should you avoid washing your face?

"Of course not", say skin specialists. "But after *each* washing, 'rebalance' your skin *instantly* . . ."

A quick Pond's Cold Creaming right after washing "rebalances" your skin within *1 minute*—at least 60 times faster than Nature. It restores skin elasticity, combats dryness and flaking. Keeps skin texture fine and smooth.

Every night at bedtime—a deep clearing and firm-up

Besides quick "rebalancing" after each washing, most skins need a thorough cleansing each night. A deep Pond's Creaming dislodges stubborn dirt, keeps your skin looking fresh, young, vibrant. Begin this *complete* skin care with Pond's Cold Cream *today*. Very soon your friends will be telling you — "Your skin is looking *wonderful* these days".

Antonia Drexel Earle

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F193

Jockeys' wives—

The wives of Melbourne Cup jockeys tak as much trouble to ensure the fitne of their husbands for the race as t the trainers who bring th horses to perfect condition fo the great day.

RUSSELL MADDOCK, of Brisbane, ready for the Saddling Paddock. His wife looks after his silks, buys all his gear.

MANY of the wives visit Melbourne with their husbands, others have to stay at home, but all of them are with their men in spirit when they go to the post.

From Brisbane is Brenda Maddock, wife of Russell Maddock, Queensland's ace jockey, who has won the State premiership five times in the past nine years and has been runner-up for the title in the remaining four years.

Mrs. Maddock, who is the mother of two children, and a keen housewife, loves to act as a valet and groom to her husband.

"But the best thing of all," says Russell, "is that I always know when I'm flying down the home straight that Brenda is riding with me—but even faster."

VETERAN of eight Melbourne Cups is Sydney jockey Jack Thompson, who has missed the last two because of broken legs.

This year he will ride again, but Mrs. Thompson, who has three-months-old Jacqueline to look after, in addition to three-year-old Kenton, will be doing her barracking beside the wireless at their Randwick home.

"Jack knows that we are with him all the way, and that's what matters. My main concern is building him up so that I know he is thoroughly fit for the race.

"Jockeys' wives are lucky in that their husbands are trained during their apprenticeship to look after th selves. They are always a to cope with meals and thi and it's a great comfort to when he goes interstate know that he won't neg himself.

"We're also lucky in ha our husbands at home du the main part of the day. children get a chance to their fathers much more those whose fathers work offices in town."

Mrs. Thompson says she no racing su stitions a neither has husband. T most treas possessions are his prem ship trophies and one of t happiest memories was a to Ireland in 1950.

"Jack went over to race Paddy Prendergast, who Ireland's leading trainer," Mrs. Thompson. "We sta at a hotel in Kildare and w all over Ireland between meetings.

"Jack was most succes there and won the Irish Do which was a terrific thrill both of us."

ANOTHER Sydney who will be staying home this year is Mrs. Ne Sellwood, who is expecting third baby during Melbo Cup Week.

The Sellwoods have children, Ann, who is t and a half, and Gai, who months old.

Mrs. Sellwood has bee 10 Melbourne Cups since marriage, but remembers 1951 Cup best of all ber her husband won it on D

Mrs. Sellwood always pu small St. Christopher meda her husband's silks befor race.

Cherish husbands

JOCKEY ARTHUR WARD and his wife pack for the Cup. Mrs. Ward likes to be where Arthur rides.

MRS. NEVILLE SELLWOOD with 13-months-old Gai and 3½. Mrs. Sellwood expects her third child during Cup W

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they work hard for the Cup

MRS. ARTHUR WARD will be in Melbourne for the Cup.

"I am hurrying home, though, for my daughter Jennifer's birthday. She is at boarding-school at the nearby convent all through the term, but I have promised her that I'll be back in Sydney when she turns eight, just a few days after the Cup.

"Jennifer never loses touch with her father's racing, either. The sisters at the convent always make sure that the radio is tuned in for her to hear Arthur's races, and they get terribly excited when he is winning."

TOMMY HOPPO, 28, who will ride Pandie Star in the Melbourne Cup, has been married for eight years, and has two children, Terry, 6½, and Wendy, nearly two.

His wife, Valda, will go to Melbourne to see Tommy ride.

"I always go to races to watch him and I always back his mount. I put five to ten shillings on a horse, not more. I just keep my head above water with my bets," she said.

MARGARET HOPE, wife of one of Adelaide's leading jockeys, has only one superstition . . . she won't iron her husband's silks on Fridays. If she can't do them on Thursday, then she waits until Saturday morning.

"George is very fussy about his clothes. He won't have a spot on them.

"The colors, of course, are never washed. They belong to the owners, some of whom are superstitious about even having them ironed. Tommy is so fussy that if the colors have a mark on them he likes to have them dry-cleaned."

The Hopes have three children—Billie, 8; Lee, 4; and Sherry, 2.

"George is a wonderful family man, and the only time I notice he is a bit quiet is when he has to get into his sweat-box at the end of our garage," his wife said. "He has to do this a couple or so times a week, perhaps for three hours at a time. It is quite a strain for him, so I keep the children as quiet as possible.

"After he has sweated out perhaps five or six pounds, I notice that he is a bit quiet."

HORSE-LOVING Mrs. Reg Heather, who has travelled thousands of miles with her jockey husband and is still urging him to ride more overseas, runs a racing stud of her own at Hallam, Victoria.

"Reg has won practically every important race in Australia, so it would be perfect if he could win a Melbourne Cup to complete the score," his wife said.

LOVING the atmosphere of a race meeting, but without interest in even mild punting, is charming, brown-eyed Mrs. Bill Williamson, whose husband is another of Victoria's top jockeys.

Returning to the saddle this spring after 12 months away from it following a serious fall at last year's Caulfield Cup meeting, Bill Williamson has solid barracking from his wife and his two sons, Billy, 6, and Jimmy, 3.

When the children keep Mrs. Williamson away from her husband's races, she follows him around the track from the radio at their home in Parkdale, Victoria.

In their lounge-room is a gold replica of the Melbourne Cup, won by Bill Williamson when he won on Dalray in 1952.

"A JOCKEY'S wife should keep any premonitions she has about a race to herself," cheery Mrs. Stan Ralph, of Melbourne, said.

"In the first years of our marriage I dreamt four different times that Stan would fall in his next race, and he did!"

Mrs. Ralph is known among jockeys' wives for her "Greta Garbo" act at race meetings when her husband is riding.

"I like to go off by myself and watch his race alone," she told us. "When it is all safely over I join the other wives."

ATTRACTIVE Mrs. Ron Hutchinson is far more interested in being a wife and mother than in racing.

From their lovely home in Ascot Vale, Victoria, she listens to radio descriptions of most of Ron's races, but is very seldom seen at a race meeting.

"About one Cup meeting a year is my score," she smiled. "I don't know the first thing about horses, their form, bookmakers' odds, or even where some of the meetings are being held," she said.

"WE soon learn to take these big, important meetings in our stride," said Mrs. Jack Purtell, whose husband has ridden three Melbourne Cup winners—Hiraji in 1947, Wodalla in 1953, and Rising Fast last year.

When Purtell is racing, his tiny blond wife always makes sure of having friends with her at the racecourse so her mind is not solely on the track.

"Although I enjoy the excitement of Jack's races, I always breathe a sigh of profound relief when they are over," admitted Mrs Purtell, whose son Gary, 3½, will not have his mother's encouragement if jockeying takes his fancy. One in the family is sufficient for several generations, she feels.

"SOMETIMES I think I am more nervous than my husband just before a big race is run," said pretty Joan Treen, wife of Western Australian jockey Frank Treen.

Treen's visit to Melbourne marks the first time he and his wife have been separated since they were married in 1953.

"Each week he is away seems like a year," Joan said, at home with her 18-months-old son, Frankie.

Mrs. Treen likes to watch her husband ride. "I say a little prayer and hope for the best," she said.

FINE HORSES and skilful jockeys symbolise the Melbourne Cup, the race that stops Australia in its tracks. Pictured above is jockey Neville Selwood.

MRS. STAN RALPH says her jockey husband can take the reins expertly at home.

MRS. RON HUTCHINSON and baby Raymond, who has a "gee-gee" tricycle.

MRS. JACK THOMPSON with three-months-old Jacqueline and three-year-old Kenton, will barrack beside the wireless this year at her Randwick home.

STUD OWNER Mrs. Reg Heather, who knows a great deal about horses.

MRS. FRANK TREEN with her small son Frankie. Joan rarely has a bet.

MRS. TOMMY HOPPO with baby Wendy. Valda will have a Cup bet.

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CUP NIGHTMARES

PHAR LAP wins the 1930 Melbourne Cup by half a length from Second Wind and Shadow King. Phar Lap started at 11/8 on, and cost bookmakers about £1,000,000. He was the most popular winner in the history of the Cup.

Lobster and champagne may be recipe for "dream-the-winner" punters

The Psychical Research Society of Great Britain is investigating an old method of picking big-race winners which should interest Australia's millions of once-a-year Cup punters.

The method? The race-eve dream.

By BILL DELANEY

THE Society's attention was drawn to this latest improvement on the ancient science of pin selection when an Oxford undergraduate named the Honorable John Godley began to hit the headlines in 1948.

Honorable John had apparently an unfailing ability for picking winners in his sleep.

The Godley project started in quite a small way when he confided to a couple of Oxford friends that he had dreamt two horses would win the next day. He and his friends backed the horses to win £40—and collected.

The dreams continued and the legend of the Hon. John's nocturnal selections seeped through Oxford's cloistered walls. Naturally enough, there were some who doubted his infallibility, so he wrote a full account of one such dream, had it witnessed, and handed it to the postmaster.

Then he phoned a London newspaper and gave a reporter his dream selections for a meeting. They won and the Psychical Research Society took up his case.

Its interim report: "The experience may well have a rational explanation. Mr. Godley is obviously interested in racing, and it may be that he has in his waking hours subconsciously chosen the winners he sees in dream."

Dreams have been associated with the Cup since at least 1891, when a character in Hobart, having already established a reputation for supplying his guests with a dream winner along with their morning tea, announced two days before the 1891 Cup that he feared inspiration had gone.

Faced with the alternative of picking their own winners, his friends decided that night to give him a bang-up supper—lobsters, champagne, and all—that without any doubt would have caused Rip Van Winkle to become restive during his sleeping hours.

After supper they led him to bed. Next morning he delivered the results of his dream to his relieved guests; they could empty their pockets on Number 6.

The race was won by Malvolio, carrying "9" on his saddlecloth.

The tipster's friends were not consoled by his explanation that in putting him to bed they had placed him upside down with his feet on the pillows. As a result he had seen the winning horse's number upside down.

There are, of course, those who put their faith in more tangible methods of picking Cup winners.

Among these was Eric Connolly, a man who won fortunes on the turf because he reached an opinion only after long study of every angle and used a betting system that remained a Connolly secret.

Connolly won £65,000 when Sasanof won the 1916 Cup, an event which he watched with a poker-face.

When Eric Connolly died in 1944 his estate was passed for only £6000—not much for a punter whose turnover in 50 years was estimated to be a million pounds.

There have been, too, those for whom neither dreams nor systems seemed good enough to make Cup punting a venture of certain profit.

Back in 1930—in the days of dole queues and sixpenny street-corner bookies — the Amounis-Phar Lap double was backed for a million pounds, give or take a few thousand. And when Amounis won the Caulfield Cup it occurred to some minds that one way to save that money would be to ensure that Phar Lap would not start.

So three days before the Cup a couple of gunmen tried to shoot the horse that all Australia loved. The shot missed and Phar Lap won by half a length.

It was a victory for the small punter, for it was estimated that a million people benefited from his win. One big bookmaker was still paying out six weeks later.

The occasion was probably the happiest in Australian racing since Thomas Curnow won the main event at Melbourne's first race meeting on March 6, 1838.

The chief horse-race on the programme, the Town Plate (of 25 sovs.), was the event from which the Big Race stemmed.

But there appeared to be less interest in the Town Plate than in the collar-grinning contest which featured Thomas Curnow—a convict punter, not a horse.

The rules were simple: Competitors merely placed their heads through a horse-collar and contorted their faces into what could loosely be interpreted as wide grins.

Curnow was "thrown into the event." He was aged, his sparse red hair was closely cropped, and his spheroid mouth was slightly twisted to display an enormous set of tusk-like teeth.

For 10 minutes the favorite delighted the adults and terrified the children with—I quote from a contemporary report—"physiological posterings, unaccounted for by any deductions of anatomisation. It appeared as though Curnow's bony sinews and muscular tissues were made of india-rubber."

Most jockeys will readily admit that luck is as big a factor in riding a winner as it is in picking one.

Billy Cook is one. In 1945 he was to ride Don Pedro, but it was scratched. He got many offers, but reduced them to Oatcake and Rainbird.

He rang his wife and left the choice to her. She chose Rainbird because it was "a lady and a promising stayer."

And for once a lady kept her promise.

And that reminds me of my wife. She follows the Godley system of dreaming the Cup winner in a nightmare demanding full use of hands, heels, and whip. Her success is varied, no doubt because the rest of the year her interest in racing is less than tepid.

Nor have I encouraged her. No husband should have to sacrifice more than one night's sleep a year to his wife's adventures into the subconscious.

BIG PUNTER Eric Connolly, who won and lost fortunes on the turf in 50 years. He died in 1944 worth only £6000.

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MC10

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Melbourne Fashions

The Melbourne Cup links a world-famous sporting event with a preview of high fashion for summer. The average woman who attends the race meetings during Cup Week usually wears a completely new outfit, or at least a new hat and accessories.

On the lawns of Flemington, when the weather is kind, fashions that influence and popularise certain summer trends are paraded by smart women. By evening, the same women wear new season's party dresses for the week's many gaieties.

The fashions shown here are from Le Louvre dress salon, Collins St., Melbourne. They will show what will be worn by many of Australia's fashion-conscious women.

MUSHROOM-SHAPED HAT (above) made in dove-grey straw trimmed with a soft swathe of lilac-pink organza. The hat, by Thomas Harrison, of Melbourne, is worn straight and forward over the brow.

HAT BY PAULETTE of Paris (above) shows an Eastern influence in its pagoda-like silhouette. The hat is made in shaded snuff-brown silk jersey. A fine mesh veil to match is worn over the face.

PLATTER-SHAPED hat in pale green (above), by Thomas Harrison, is trimmed with a bouquet of spring flowers centred with a single moss rose. It is worn with a forward tilt to cover the hairline.

HARDY AMIES' one-piece dress (left) is made in printed silk taffeta. An intricate bodice drape forms tiny sleeves, and the full belled skirt flows backwards, shaping into a rustling bustle treatment.

JEAN PATOU'S short-skirted party dress (left). The bodice of the dress is finished with a hood that can be worn as a collar, or to cover the head, as shown. Note harem hem.

FULL-BLOWN rose is the theme of Dior's short-skirted evening dress (above). The strapless torso-line bodice-top is shaped to form two petals. The material is taffeta.

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for the CUP

GRACEFUL coat-and-dress ensemble (above). The straight-hanging toast-brown coat is lined with black to match the H-line dress with its chic knotted bosque falling into loose floating side-panels.

HIGH CONE-LIKE turban (above) with a V-shaped nick centre front is made in honey-colored straw. The hat is swathed in green organza. This hat and the two below are from Thomas Harrison.

WHITE PIQUE HAT (above) follows the silhouette of a leaf and is trimmed with turquoise grosgrain ribbon for a pretty color accent. It is worn well back off the forehead to show the fringed hairline.

PIERRE BALMAIN'S short-skirted dance dress (above) in dark earth-brown taffeta. The dress has a long back-sloping torso and draped bosom. Bows are the only trim.

BALENCIAGA combines cigar-brown lace and black satin in his apron dress of superb design (right). The bodice plunges to a back V. The skirt forms a fantail.

YELLOW with a dash of beige is the color chosen for the head-hugging cap of vine leaves (above) designed for late day. The hat is trimmed with bronze-red cherries and is worn with a sideways slant.

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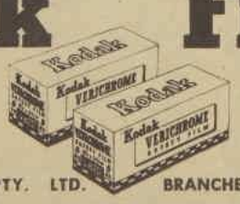

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NEIGHBORS have a working bee in the garden of the future home of Australia's millionth migrant, Mrs. Dennis Porritt, and her husband, at Newborough, Victoria.

New friends await millionth migrant

The little Victorian township of Newborough, near Yallourn, is planning a big welcome for Australia's millionth postwar migrant and her husband, who will settle there this month.

AUSTRALIA'S "girl in a million" is Mrs. Barbara Ann Porritt, 21, formerly of Redcar, Yorkshire, and now honeymooning in Oronsay on her way to Australia.

At Newborough the Porritts' future next-door neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Jock Stewart, are preparing a very practical welcome for Barbara and her husband, Dennis, 25.

With other neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Evans, they have spent many weekends in the garden of the Porritts' five-roomed all-electric house in Yinnar Street.

Mrs. Stewart arrived here from London 29 years ago. When told her neighbor would be from Yorkshire, she said:

"I certainly will do all I can to see that Mrs. Porritt is as happy here as we have been."

Fishing spot

JOCK STEWART, who was born in Glasgow, has played first-grade cricket and hockey, but now knows a quiet spot for fishing which he plans to show Dennis.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Evans, the Porritts' other immediate neighbors, migrated five years ago from the British Isles with their 16-year-old daughter.

Coming out under the Commonwealth migration scheme, Dennis Porritt will work as an electrical fitter with the Electricity Commission at Yallourn. Barbara plans to work as a typist-stenographer in the Commission's administrative office.

Before Mr. and Mrs. Porritt in postwar years have come more than 1200 British migrants to live and work in the Latrobe Valley.

Alongside them are settlers from 29 other lands — from as far apart as the U.S.A., Turkey, Greece, the Netherlands, and Sweden.

Town watches

IN Redcar, in village hall and country pub, in church and factory and home, the entire population of this historic town is following the Porritts' voyage by letter and map.

Their photographs hang in places of honor alongside murals of Captain Cook, who was born just ten miles away.

Fame came to Barbara Wood when she and her fiance, Dennis Porritt, decided to apply to migrate to Australia under the £10 passages scheme, and Barbara was chosen as the millionth migrant.

Wedding plans were speeded up for the couple to catch the Oronsay and start their new life in Australia.

Barbara is a typical young North Country girl, fair-haired, blue-eyed, with an English-rose complexion. She is pretty, intelligent, full of life, and smartly dressed. She worked as a stenographer in a solicitor's office.

Dennis is tall and good-looking, musical, a splendid footballer (he played centre-half for Redcar Albions), and a good tradesman.

They met five years ago at the Zetland Methodist Church, Redcar. And, since he lived in the next street to Barbara and took her home after church and Sunday school, nobody was surprised when they announced their engagement last Christmas.

What did surprise family and friends was their immediate decision to make their home in Australia.

For Dennis is an only son, had a good job close by, and his parents and sisters were more than a little sad at the thought of losing him.

Barbara's mother, however, the widowed Mrs. M. F. Wood, looked around Redcar, with its housing shortage and the industrial skyline where the largest heavy industry (and the thickest smog) in England is concentrated, and was glad.

Lovely bride

BARBARA was a lovely bride in white brocaded satin, and carrying red and white flowers.

With typical North Country thoroughness she sent for a mail-order catalogue from Australia before doing her trousseau shopping. By seeing what goods were on sale there she could decide what she should take out from England.

She looked through Australian fashion magazines, chose her clothes from them, and made all the dresses herself, except her wedding dress and her going-away clothes.

Friends entered into the spirit, and wedding presents, too, were chosen outside the range of those offered in the mail-order catalogue.

The Australian Government's present, it was announced at the reception, would be given them in Melbourne, where the Minister for Immigration, Mr. H. E. Holt, will receive them.

WORKMATES of Dennis Porritt at the Victorian Electricity Commission's powerhouse at Yallourn will be John Dryburgh (left) and Robert Jones. Both are British migrants.

● *"Girl in a Million" was radiant bride — color pictures pages 22 and 23.*

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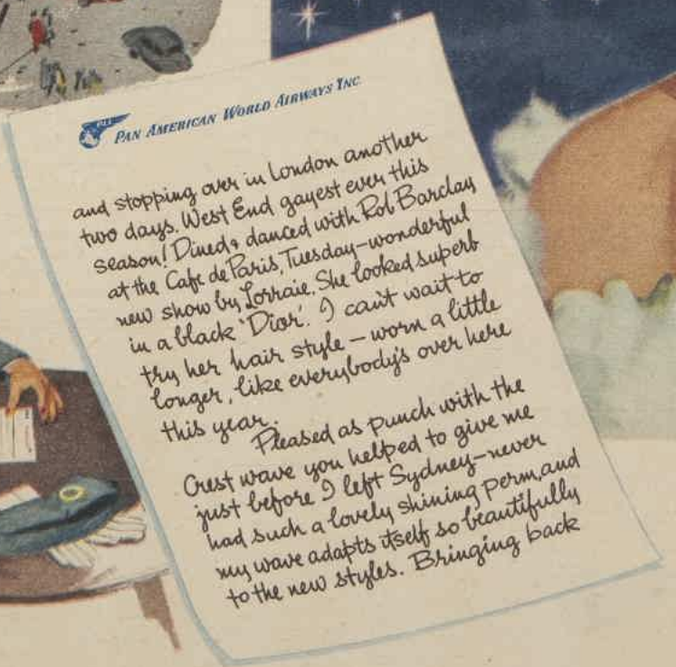

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CAULFIELD CUP. Rising Fast, ridden by A. Ward, passes the winning post first in the 1954 Caulfield Cup in Melbourne. A New Zealand champion, Rising Fast won last year's Melbourne Cup and is a favorite for this year. Known to his trainer and friends simply as "Joe," his favorite foods are apples and flowers.

CUP HOPE Rising Fast, with two children and a dog in the saddle, is perfectly happy. The young riders are Patricia, left, and Merilyn, granddaughters of trainer F. W. Hoysted.

Cup favorite likes to fill up on flowers

As the first Tuesday in November draws near, no film celebrity can hold the headlines against the four-legged racecourse stars entered in the 1955 Melbourne Cup. And of those stars, none has caught the public imagination more than Rising Fast, the great New Zealander which made history by winning the Melbourne Cup last year and two Caulfield Cups in succession.

NO film star could be less perturbed by the flash of bulbs or the throngs of admiring fans than this solidly built, contented brown six-year-old. Since his spectacular win in this year's Caulfield Cup, crowds have flocked to the Mentone stables of his trainer, Mr. F. W. Hoysted, to view the wonder horse.

Rising Fast — known as "Joe" to his intimate friends —receives them all cordially, nudges the children in expectation of an apple or carrot, and graciously allows his nose to be stroked.

Yet when this outstanding horse was up for sale as a yearling in the Trentham Saleyards, N.Z., in 1951, no one wanted to buy him.

He was slightly undersized and was born with a goitre about the size of a bantam's egg, which frightened away many experienced buyers.

But Leicester Spring, the man for whom Rising Fast has won £52,765, had determined to buy the colt even before he had seen him. The yearling's smallness did not worry him, because Rising Fast was a late foal, born on November 23 (official birthday of all yearlings is August 1), and a veterinary inspection disclosed that the goitre was outside the horse's windpipe and was unlikely to affect his health.

"I was anxious to buy him before I laid eyes on him because of his magnificent breeding," said Mr. Spring, who paid 325 guineas for one of the greatest champions New Zealand has produced.

"He was small, but beautifully developed," Mr. Spring said. "He came from a long line of first-quality French and English horses.

"On his sire's side (Alonzo is his sire) he is descended from Plucky Liege, one of the best brood mares France ever produced. Five of this mare's sons are among the greatest stallions of America, and her descendants have been outstandingly successful in America, Ireland, England, and France."

Offstage, no one would recognise Joe as the aristocratic star of the turf. He is so quiet and amiable that Mrs. Spring, the owner's wife, describes him as "just like a big cat about the place."

Bob Hoysted, son of his trainer, Fred Hoysted, who is his constant attendant, says: "He's the kindest horse you could meet."

Certainly Joe's equable temperament was well in evidence as four of Fred Hoysted's grandchildren pulled his forelock, patted him, and offered him some of his favorite sweetmeats—apples.

Rising Fast is not a horse that takes his fame very seriously. Racegoers were amused at his nonchalance after his Caulfield Cup win this year. While flash-bulbs popped and the admiring crowd stared, the champion had a quick nibble at a racecourse bed of pansies.

Joe is a gross feeder, and his first thought when he has finished a race is to fill up again. He has a passion for apples, but if they are not forthcoming quickly enough a few flowers will ease the pangs.

He developed this passion for apples when he was at Whakatane, N.Z., grazing next to an apple orchard.

Even Mrs. Spring's shoulder-spray of lily of the valley was a casualty to the thoroughbred's voracious appetite on Caulfield Cup day.

"He's got a cast-iron digestion," Bob Hoysted commented as a postscript to an afternoon snack of a full-blown rose and a bunch of daisies which Joe consumed while posing for photographer Gary Linney.

Although Joe is a lovable and easy-going horse, he is not always an easy horse to ride. He has a disconcerting habit of ducking and diving about at the end of a race.

This tendency made him a difficult horse to train, Mr. Spring said. He was a wayward two-year-old, although his temper was always sunny.

Although this racing star doesn't indulge in fits of temperament, he does suffer from claustrophobia. He is not happy when shut up in an enclosed stable, so the Hoysteds keep him in a stable with a wired-in run, where his inquisitive nature is satisfied. He can see all that is going on.

"He hates to be left out of anything," Bob Hoysted said. "Just watch his ears prick when you mention his name. We swear he knows when we are talking about him."

Bill Williamson, who is to ride Joe in the Melbourne Cup, is very happy with his mount.

"He's a favorite with me," he said. "I've always thought he was a good horse."

Bill missed out on Rising Fast's double win last year when he was in a fall just before the Caulfield Cup. He had been scheduled to ride the horse in the Caulfield and Melbourne Cups, but was badly injured in the fall and was replaced by Arthur Ward in the Caulfield Cup and Jack Purtell in the Melbourne Cup.

Mr. Spring attributes some of Rising Fast's success to the fact that he has not been overworked as a young horse. Australian horses, he said, were often overworked in their early years.

Rich New Zealand grasses also have had a lot to do with the success of that country's horses. The equable climate and the rich limestone soil ensure all-year-round supply of grass, which makes all the difference to the mares' milk.

As a two-year-old Rising Fast started in only five races, merely to learn racecourse manners. He won five races as a three-year-old, and three as a four-year-old before coming to Australia in April last year.

He is the first and only horse Mr. Spring has raced. Mr. Spring's faith in breeding took three years to justify itself, but there is no doubt he was right.

As well as possessing an impressive ancestry, the champion was born at a famous stud in Hastings, N.Z., which was named after Melbourne Cup winner Sasanof. The stud is owned by Mr. W. R. Stead, whose father won the Melbourne Cup with Sasanof in 1916.

Mrs. Spring tells a story of how, after Rising Fast's Melbourne Cup win, Mrs. Andrews, wife of the stud's manager, went out to gaze in awe at Faster, Rising Fast's dam, a contented old mare with blue blood but no affectations.

"Well," she exclaimed, "to think you produced a Melbourne Cup winner."

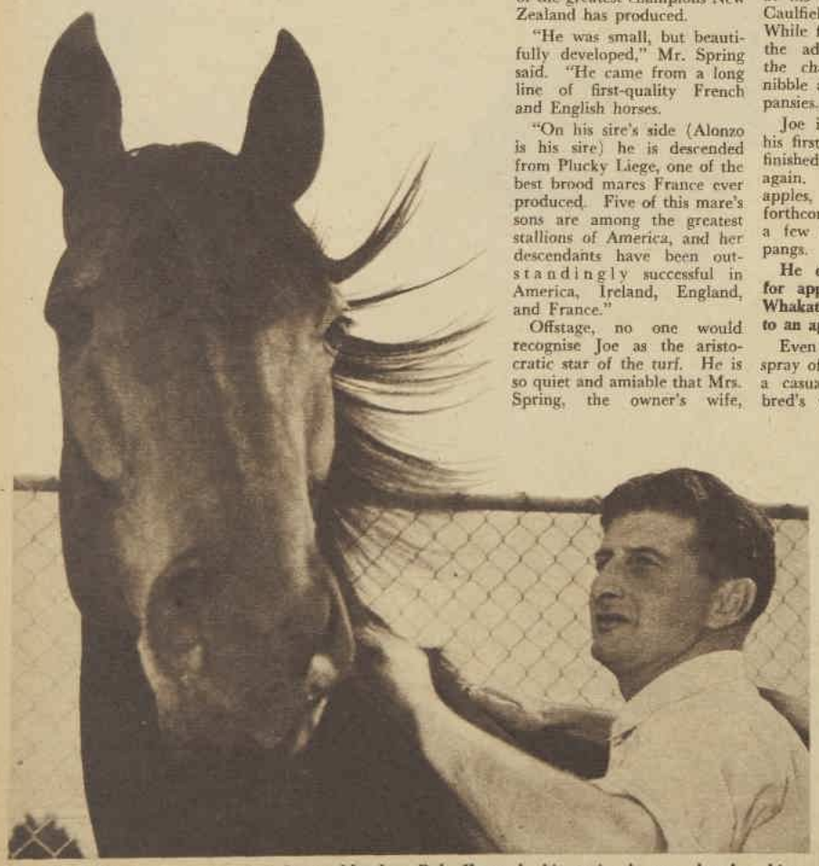
Joe has won 19 of the 50 races in which he has started.

This year, carrying 9 stone 10 pounds, he created a record for winners of the Caulfield Cup when he romped home with three lengths to spare. Before this, Poseidon was the only horse that had won the Caulfield - Melbourne Cups double in the same year (1906) and the Caulfield Cup the following year.

Now this great stayer will attempt to achieve what has never been done in Turf history. He will face the task which proved too much for Poseidon—to win the Melbourne and Caulfield Cups double two years in succession.

Rising Fast's spectacular return to his top form this year was immensely popular. The crowd cheered wildly as he streaked home, irrespective of whether they had backed him or not. Last year's hero, which appeared to have had his day in the autumn, was proving himself to be the horse of the year again.

By
BARBARA WALLIS,
staff reporter



RISING FAST looks every inch a thoroughbred as Bob Hoysted, his trainer's son, brushes him. Described as a "lovable horse," Rising Fast suffers from claustrophobia, hating to be shut in.

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● *Said the British bobbie . . .*

"He's a charmer"

When Princess Margaret and Peter Townsend were weekend guests at Allanbay Park, Berkshire, a guardian policeman said, "She looks so lovely and he's such a charmer." These pictures illustrate his comment.

PRINCESS MARGARET returning from her summer holiday at Balmoral to be a weekend guest at Allanbay Park, the home of Major and Mrs. John Lycett Wills. Mrs. Wills is the Princess' cousin.

BELOW: Intent on the races at Merano, Townsend's features reveal the sensitivity which has won many friends. In the gentlemen riders' race his mount, Radowska, which was favorite, ran a bad last.

IN Merano, North Italy, for a gentlemen riders' race, Peter Townsend attended a race-eve dinner with Italian friends. Princess Margaret was at Balmoral.

DELIGHTFUL SMILE (above) as Townsend arrived at Ferryfield Airport, Kent, on leave from his post as Air Attache at Brussels. Next day he saw the Princess at Clarence House, London, their first meeting for more than two years.

LEFT: Back in London after her weekend at Allanbay Park, Princess Margaret arrives at Claridge's Hotel for an R.A.F. party. Townsend did not go, although his rank made him eligible.

ABOVE: Debonair in well-cut tweeds, Peter Townsend inspects the Merano track with Italian jockey Perille Mercuri. Later he trained for the gentlemen riders' race, which was run next day.

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"GIRL IN A MILLION" WAS RADIANT BRIDE

When pretty Barbara Wood said "I will" at her marriage with Dennis Porritt, at the Zetland Methodist Church, Redcar, Yorkshire, a new life in a new country — Australia — lay before them.

Barbara is the millionth post-war migrant to migrate to Australia.

BARBARA AND DENNIS cut their wedding cake at the reception at the Methodist Church Hall. The walls were decorated with maps of Australia and messages wishing them happiness and the best of luck in their future life at Yallourn, Victoria.

THE BRIDE leaving her home at Greenlands Road, Redcar, for her wedding. With her is her godfather, Mr. A. Baldwin, who later gave her away. Cheering townsfolk lined the streets to see her pass.

LEFT: Newlywed Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Porritt with their bridesmaids and groomsmen after the wedding ceremony.

ABOVE: Barbara shows Dennis the silver horseshoe presented by her Sunday-school class as she entered the church.

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BARBARA signs the register, while the Rev. Herbert Rushworth holds back the pages of the book for her.

LEFT: Nephew of the bride, Brian Smith, asks the bridesmaids, "Where has Auntie Barbara gone?" after the couple left.

ABOVE: The reception over, the bride's widowed mother, Mrs. M. F. Wood, returns to her home after the eventful day.

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FAMOUS LAST WORDS

"There's a couple of good-lookers giving us the eye . . . let's go over and see what's cooking."

MOTHER

"Whatever is wrong? Why aren't you fighting or quarrelling or something?"

It seems to me

By

Dorothy Drain

THE visit to London of Group-Captain Townsend could hardly be called a private one.

His every movement has been broadcast to the world.

A neat example of human inconsistency was provided by crowds waiting to see him arrive for one of his appointments with the Princess.

Some of the bystanders began to heckle reporters along the lines of "Why can't you leave him alone?"

What the well-meaning sightseers forgot was that they themselves had fought for and secured a front-row position. Their motive was curiosity. The reporters' job was to gratify that same curiosity in other people, who, because of distance or lack of stamina, were unable to be there in person.

★ ★ ★

IF you like the stories of Ray Bradbury, you'll enjoy a new book called "Angels and Space Ships," by Fredric Brown.

Dabbling on the fringes of science fiction, I took a considerable fancy to Mr. Bradbury a year or so ago.

Fredric Brown, though not on the same pinnacle, is an amusing and imaginative writer. Some of his stories, as he explains in a preface, are fantasy, some are science fiction, and some fall in between the two classifications.

Science fiction covers a vast field which at first appears uncharted. But you have to remember, after all, that under the heading of romantic novels you'd find both "Forever Amber" and "Pride and Prejudice."

Similarly, you have to sort out science fiction for yourself. Some of it is merely cops-and-robbers among the planets. Some writers overload their stuff with explanation, understandable to small boys, but not to me.

The best of it, however, is among the most beguiling light reading being written today.

★ ★ ★

RESEARCH shows that husbands are divided into two kinds, those who like anything to eat as long as it isn't novel and those who demand variety.

A newlywed tells me that she has been unfortunate enough to land one in the second category.

As a working wife, she planned to streamline the menus.

She had the notion of making a quart of custard at the beginning of the week and serving it with stewed fruit until it was finished. This met with looks of dismay, as did her practice of making one pudding to last two or three dinners.

So she consulted her mother-in-law, who had resorted always to a simple trick. She took the left-over dessert from one dinner and hid it in the back of the refrigerator until two nights later.

"But," said the newlywed, "we have a new refrigerator. He is always admiring it and rearranging the contents. There's no chance of keeping a secret. The only solution I can think of is to get him a time-payment radiogram for Christmas and take his mind off food."

HOW to worry yourself into an early grave: A New York public relations officer, Ray Josephs, has written a book called "How to Gain an Extra Hour Every Day."

From the brief review I read it appears that Mr. Josephs touches on several horrifying aspects of high-pressure business life. He mentions that one New York restaurant has installed dictaphones for executives who get ideas while they eat.

The most thought-provoking news is that some executives are doing away with desks which —hold on to your hat—they call "decision barriers."

This, then, will be the distinguishing mark of the top executive of the future: not merely the empty polished desk, the virgin blotting paper, and the four telephones, but **no desk at all.**

The telephones, I suppose, will fly out from the wall or up from the floor when wanted.

Can you imagine anything more unnerving than being interviewed by an executive without a desk? The comfort is that most of the people who talked to such an executive would be empty-blotter men themselves. Ordinary mortals would seldom go past his secretary's secretary.

There's one definite advantage to the no-desk plan. Only genuine tycoon material would ever qualify. Most big-shots need that large expanse of table-top between them and the world. It may be a "decision barrier"; it is also a protection and a build-up.

★ ★ ★

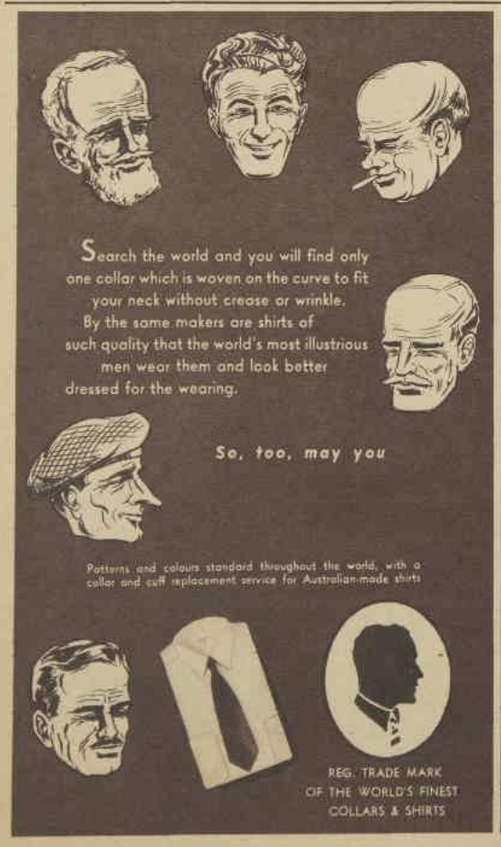
ANOTHER notion in the high-pressure American business world is a 13-hour clock.

Each hour has 55 and a fraction minutes. I have spent some time trying to figure how to use this clock, and have given up. Easier to understand is the simple plan of keeping clocks fast at board meetings.

This is an old domestic trick, commonly played on husbands by wives and vice versa. Since both usually know about it, it never does much harm—or much good, either.

★ ★ ★

Once the acceptances are out,
The horses that I think about
(It's only once a year, of course,
I ever think about a horse)
Are not such giants as we toast
In company with Phar Lap's ghost,
But those with prospects far from bright,
Whose odds are long and weights are light,
The kind who run and fade away
Except on some rare, glorious day,
When favorites at five to four
Were lost, while, greeted with a roar,
Old Rowley, Wotan, and The Pearl
Set five-bob punters' hearts awhirl.



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ADORA CREAM WAFER	CHOCOLATE STICKS

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(Hinged Lid)

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RASPBERRY FRUIT CREAM	ADORA CREAM WAFER
CHERRY RIPE	BUTTER OAT CAKE
ORANGE SLICE	MONTE CARLO
ORANGE TEA	CHOCOLATE MONTE

"FLORAL" TIN

CONTENTS

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DELTA CREAM	RASPBERRY FRUIT CREAM
ORANGE TEA	PRINCESS
LEMONETTE	CREAMY CHOCOLATE
MONTE CARLO	CUSTARD CREAM

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Order from your grocer now and avoid disappointment.

There is no Substitute for Quality

Wine studies are unique

By FREDA YOUNG, staff reporter

Six young men who are studying oenology — the science of wine-making — at Roseworthy Agricultural College in South Australia, have been given a nickname by their ninety-nine fellow students. They are known as "the plonkies."

Two of the oenology students are Cypriots, sponsored by the Government of Cyprus, a Mediterranean island, one student is from the N.S.W. Department of Agriculture, and the other three are South Australians.

TESTING WINE in the Roseworthy College laboratory is David Keenan, watched by lecturer A. F. Twartz (left).

ROSEWORTHY Agricultural College is the only college in the British Commonwealth to teach oenology. It is appropriate that South Australia, famous for its vineyards and the greatest wine-producing State in Australia, should have this distinction.

About 80 per cent. of the wine and brandy produced in Australia is made in South Australia, which celebrated its annual Wine Week last month.

Roseworthy Agricultural College, which is affiliated with Adelaide University, has been teaching oenology for 19 years. Other courses in the curriculum are dairying and agriculture.

Founded in 1883, the college is situated on 2340 acres of lush Lower North country about 32 miles from Adelaide.

Dr. N. C. McCulloch is principal of the college, and Mr. B. C. Philp the secretary.

On the property there are 20 houses for members of the staff, in addition to other buildings. Most of the staff members are family men, so there is a pleasant social life in the college colony.

"Staff members and their wives never go short of babysitters," said Mr. Rex Kuchel, who is in charge of the Oenology Department. "The lads enjoy the chance of quiet study round a fireside with the prospect of a nice supper thrown in."

Oenology, a two-year course, has capacity for six students a year, but at present there are only three in each year. Since the course opened, a total of 56 students have gained diplomas, and most of them now hold responsible positions in Government departments and in Australian wineries.

On the spot

"AT one time we used to receive many inquiries from all over the Commonwealth, but now our diploma'd experts on the spot can solve all vineyard problems," said Mr. Kuchel.

The oenology students at present at the college are Graham Gregory, of Sydney, David Keenan, of Adelaide, and Takis Myrianthousis, of Cyprus, who are all in their second year, and first-year students Robert Williams, of Modbury, S.A., Alex Johnston, of S.A., and another Cypriot, Michael Elia.

Graham Gregory, who was recently married, was sponsored by the N.S.W. Government, and when he has finished the course will return to Sydney to work with the N.S.W. Department of Agriculture as oenologist and viticulturist. David Keenan was studying agriculture before he switched to oenology.

Takis Myrianthousis, of Cyprus, will return home when he gets his diploma, and will act as adviser to his Government. His compatriot, Michael Elia, also intends to return to Cyprus.

Robert Williams comes from Modbury, S.A., where his father manages vineyards.

Fees for the oenology course are £128 a year, which includes everything except laundry.

Oenology is an extremely interesting course that ranges from study in the laboratory to rough work in the vineyards and the final job of making and bottling wines in the college cellars.

In the laboratory the class studies under the microscope the bacilli that are the main causes of wine troubles.

It is most interesting to watch the lads in their tasting class, in which each has lined up before him six wine-glasses filled from six covered bottles.

The students smell, savor, and then spit out the wines they have tasted and are expected to define them — whether they are good or bad, the type of wine, the grapes used to make it, and which vineyard grew the grapes.

The students clear their palates with savory biscuits and cheese between tastings.

An 18-day pilgrimage to South Australian and interstate vineyards is part of the course.

FIRST-YEAR STUDENTS sample sherry drawn from the cask by Mr. Rex Kuchel (second from right), who is in charge of the oenology course. Students are, from left, Robert Williams, Alex Johnston, and Michael Elia, whose home is in Cyprus.

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GAY COMING-OF-AGE PARTY AT ELANORA

GUEST-OF-HONOR Brien Cobcroft with Sue Cameron and his father, Mr. Gavin Cobcroft, of "Parraweena," Willow Tree, and Palm Beach, at the party held at the Elanora Country Club. for Brien's coming-of-age.

ABOVE: From left, Julia Arnott, Mack Hordern, John Campbell, and Julia McFarlane sit out between dances at Brien Cobcroft's party.

LEFT: Diane Chiplin and David Allsopp were among more than 150 guests at Brien Cobcroft's coming-of-age party at Elanora Country Club.

RIGHT: Teresa Zalopa (left) and Janette Paris with John Cobcroft at the party given for John's elder brother, Brien.

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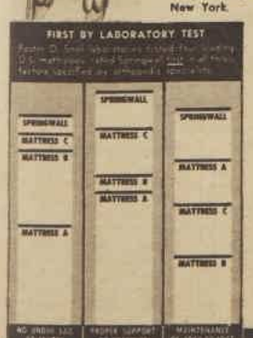

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WHITE RAIN
LOTION SHAMPOO
by Toni

Glamor ships back next year on U.S.-Australia run

By LARRY FOLEY, of our New York staff

A touch of prewar glamor will return to Sydney Harbor next year in the shape of two new American luxury liners with famous old names: Mariposa and Monterey.

These sister ships of the Matson Line were the true queens of the South Pacific. Arrival and departure of each proud white vessel were festive occasions for many Sydneysiders before the war.

THE two ships were among the old familiar sights that peace somehow failed to bring back to Sydney Harbor.

Harborside residents who like to see everything in its proper place may well feel things are only just getting back to normal when they see the spanking new Monterey or Mariposa sailing serenely between the Heads on her maiden voyage next year.

The new twins are smaller than their predecessors, but faster and more luxurious, specially designed for tropical cruising, and with air-conditioning throughout. They are each 14,000 tons, 563 feet long with a 76-foot beam, carrying 365 passengers, with first-class accommodation only.

All rooms have private shower recesses and toilets, and many have tub baths. Rooms are designed to convert from bedroom into comfortable sitting-room by day, with easy chair, sofa, reading-lamps, curtains, pictures, and coffee-table.

The company is offering a more attractive itinerary than the prewar trips of the Monterey and Mariposa. On the new liners travellers may take a 42-day round trip, with a choice of two routes:

- San Francisco-Los Angeles-Honolulu - Pago Pago - Suva-Auckland - Sydney - Wellington - Papeete - Honolulu - Los Angeles - San Francisco; or
- San Francisco-Los Angeles-Honolulu - Papeete - Wellington - Sydney - Auckland-Suva - Pago Pago - Honolulu-Los Angeles - San Francisco.

Sailings from San Francisco will be 23 days apart on alternate routes. At least one full day will be spent at each port of call, with an overnight stay at Papeete and five days at Sydney. A wide variety of stopovers and optional side trips will be available.

The hulls of the two new ships have already seen service in the Pacific; they were the freighters Free State Mariner and Pine Tree Mariner, operated by the Pacific Far East Lines.

"I don't know how you feel about it, but I, personally, would just as soon go the rest of the way under our own steam."

They are being converted in Portland, Oregon, at a total cost of nearly 47,000,000 dollars (£A21,165,450). When finished, barely a hint of their humble origin will remain. Each will be a racy-looking liner with low, streamlined profile, a single stack, raked bow, and cruiser stern. They promise smooth sailing even in Tasman gales, thanks to the installation of special stabilising fins.

These Sperry Gyrofin ship stabilisers, said to be the first fin-type stabilisers to be fitted to any American passenger ship, reduce roll by as much as 90 per cent.

The device consists of underwater fins, one on each side of the ship halfway between bow and stern. When warned of an impending roll, a gyroscopic "brain" on the bridge signals these fins to exert up to 3000 foot-tons of anti-rolling force to counter the sea's movement.

The fins measure seven feet along the hull and extend outwards 14 feet on either side.

Action of the gyro-fins is automatically controlled from the bridge by instruments which measure the rate, speed, and the angle of the sea.

Sensitive devices transmit the required anti-roll signals to hydraulic machinery which directly operates each fin. When not needed, the fins fold back into the hull. The whole apparatus weighs about 95 tons.

Maiden voyages are planned for mid-1956.

Footnote: The old Mariposa is still going strong, but in another ocean—the Atlantic—and under a new name, Homeric. The old Monterey is laid up in California, still in her troopship garb under U.S. Navy colors. The Matson Line has a six-month option to buy her back, but is hesitating over the cost of reconverting her to carry passengers — some 15,000,000 dollars (£A6,754,931).

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- **WOLLONGONG** at Central Chambers.
- **GOULBURN** at Princes the Jewellers.
- **PARRAMATTA** at Grace Bros.
- **NEWCASTLE** at Winns.
- **DUBBO** at Western Stores.
- **GRAFTON** at S. R. Blood.
- **TAREE** at Taree Gift Store.
- **TOOWOOMBA** at Pigott & Co. Pty. Ltd.
- **IPSWICH** at Beirne Pty. Ltd.
- **SCONE** at M. Campbell & Co. Pty. Ltd.
- **MUSWELLBROOK** at M. Campbell & Co.
- **CESSNOCK** Cessnock District Co-op. Society
- **TAMWORTH** P. G. Smith & Regan Pty. Ltd.
- **ARMIDALE** at J. Richardson & Co. Pty. Ltd.
- **BATHURST** at Western Stores.
- **WELLINGTON** at Western Stores.
- **CAMDEN** at E. C. Brittons.
- **GLEN INNES** M. C. MacKenzie & Sons
- **LISMORE** at A. G. Robertson Pty. Ltd.
- **GRENFELL** at Western Stores.
- **COBRAM** at W. Adams & Sons Pty. Ltd.
- **MUDGEE** at Jas. Lonergan Co. Pty. Ltd.
- **MOREE** at A. C. Reid.
- **COFFS HARBOUR** at Cox Bros.
- **ORANGE** at Western Stores.
- **LITHGOW** at Bruceys
- **GOSFORD** at Eves the Jewellers.
- **WELLINGTON (New Zealand)** at Smith & Co.
- **WARWICK** at Pigott & Co. Pty. Ltd.
- **TENTERFIELD** at Roper & Walker.
- **NARROMINE** at Western Stores.
- **THE VALLEY (Brisbane)** at McWhirters.
- **LAUNCESTON (Tasmania)** at Ludbrooks.
- **AUCKLAND (New Zealand)** at Milne & Choyce.

MAIL ORDERS AVAILABLE FROM ANY OF THE ABOVE BRANCHES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA AND N.Z.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4929782

Fairies at the bottom of her garden

From REG LUCKIE, in London

Though most people give up believing in fairies about the same time as they give up their first teeth, there's a society of people in England—all well past the first-teeth stage—who still firmly believe in "little people."

THEY call themselves (on impressively printed stationery) the Fairy Investigation Society and their secretary is a middle-aged lady named Marjorie Thelma Johnson.

Miss Johnson, who lives in the unfairylike English Midlands city of Nottingham, sees nothing at all strange about her society.

SECRETARY of the Fairy Investigation Society is Miss Marjorie Thelma Johnson.

"Ever since I saw a little green elf sitting on a cobweb when I was only six I've been interested in fairies," she said.

Miss Johnson declared that hundreds of people from all over the world—except Australia—have written telling her about "wee folk they have met."

Fairies are actually nature spirits who work with mankind in the continuous task of building a better world, Miss Johnson explained to me.

They usually dress in the fashion of the country they inhabit, she added.

Pictures and drawings Miss Johnson showed me of what she called "the tiny people of England" depicted them as they look in traditional English fairy stories.

But, she added, one observer who travelled widely had reported seeing Chinese fairies with almond eyes and pigtails.

The nature spirits of Australia, if any have been noted, are, Miss Johnson thinks, possibly decked in gumnut blossoms and eucalypt leaves. She also thinks they could be either black or white, and could carry small boomerangs or firesticks.

Miss Johnson is sure that fairies are everywhere, certainly among the beech trees and the hollyhocks at the bottom of her garden.

In the room where Miss Johnson does her secretarial work is a model spinning-wheel the right size for an industrious pixie, a miniature writing-bureau, a grandfather clock four inches high, and a picture of two gnomes talking to a frog. Miss Johnson showed me a collection of shells she had gathered.

"I keep them here in this box," she said. "Sometimes the fairies play with them at night."

President of the society is Captain Quentin C. A. Crawford, M.B.E., R.N.

Members, Miss Johnson claimed, include actresses, doctors of law and philosophy, musicians, journalists — and practical housewives.

"I have two accounts from housewives who have each seen fairies when they were at their sewing-machines," she added. "A friend of mine, Miss Doris Tozer, of Surrey, has a fairy called Maybell living with her. Maybell, who is about as big as a postcard, advises Miss Tozer and helps her about the house."

Working with Miss Johnson on the book she is preparing on the fairy kingdom is Mr. Alasdair Alpin MacGregor. Mr. MacGregor visited Australia in 1952.

"We expect to have it published next year," Miss Johnson said.

From among her reports and documents Miss Johnson showed me a contribution from Mrs. Clara Clayton, of Stapleford, Nottinghamshire.

"On one occasion I found myself in the presence of a little gnome sitting on a hill," Mrs. Clayton wrote. "He looked anxiously from side to side, and he looked serious and grim. He then changed color and beckoned me. He showed me his workshop. He was working metal of some kind."

IRIS AND THE GNOME. This picture, taken in 1917, is among Miss Johnson's archives and is claimed by her to be authentic. Iris prefers to remain anonymous.

Most fairies talk in a color language, Miss Johnson told me, though she's sure British ones can also speak English.

"None of them NEEDS food," Miss Johnson went on. "However, they like honey and cream.

"I once saw one tending a hyacinth, and she was wearing a Tudor headdress. That was at a friend's place which stands near Sherwood Forest, in an old part of Nottinghamshire. She flashed me a radiant smile. This fairy was probably a few hundred years old, and didn't worry much about fashions."

I asked whether fairies progressed from youth to age.

"In a general sense," Miss Johnson said.

"Of course, there is no institution of marriage, such as we know. The infant ones are born or produced by a kind of sympathetic vibration."

Somewhat dazed by all these revelations, I took a quick second look at the bottom of Miss Johnson's garden. But obviously I'm no elf-watcher. To me it just looked like a garden—not even so much as a pixie in sight anywhere.

Be trim for Spring!

RYVITA Australia's delicious

Rye Crispbread puts you in the fashion picture!

Added inches may not show under bulky Winter coats — but they'll spoil the lovely lines of new Spring clothes! It's so easy to lose weight *and gain energy* by making crunchy Ryvita your daily crispbread.

BETTER than any wheat crispbread

Ryvita works two ways to keep you fit and slim. Because it is a rye crispbread, it satisfies your appetite sooner and keeps it satisfied longer. You don't crave extra "figure-building" foods. Then, Ryvita's whole-rye vitamins, minerals and proteins step up energy. You burn up surplus fat in healthy exercise.

FRESHER than any imported crispbread

Ryvita — England's most popular crispbread — is now made in Australia from the finest rye. This means that Ryvita is fresher, crisper, less expensive than imported rye crispbreads. Let your whole family enjoy it at every meal with butter, cheese or honey; use Ryvita for delicious sandwiches, savouries, nourishing after-school snacks.

Check your figure-points

Can you meet the challenge of exciting clothes like these? Spring 1955 offers a wonderful choice of styles to the slim. Now is the time to get trim for Spring! Ask your grocer for delicious Ryvita Crispbread. Enjoy it every day — and watch your mirror for results.

CHECK YOUR FASHION POINTS

Dramatic wing collar — White magic for a pared-down suit or frock. Sheer witchery — but only for the slim.

Trim, youthful waistline — A slim waistline puts you in the 1955 fashion picture — and keeps you looking smart in the oldest dress you own.

New longer hipline — The elegant long-stemmed look — wonderfully flattering to hips which have nothing to hide.

3/6 and 1/11 AT ALL GROCERS (slightly more in country areas).

RYVITA

a product of the Weston Biscuit Company

Makes you fit — Keeps you slim

RSP1/55

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Why did I choose a Borletti Zig Zag?

Buttonholes done on the Borletti, speed the job

When you sew for a family you need a machine that does everything!

"My Borletti Zig Zag sewing machine sews gay motifs on baby Sally's sunsuits, stitches tough fabrics into Knockabout pants for Tom, makes inexpensive cottons into exclusive embroidered frocks for Jan, runs up a weekend shirt for my husband — complete with buttons and buttonholes. And gives me time to sew for myself. In the first twelve months I had the Borletti I saved its purchase price on children's clothes—let alone curtains, and slipcovers. (Yes, it tackles heavy fabrics and professional piped seams.) I love my Borletti, too, because it's so beautiful. Smooth and green, with its chrome parts clean and shining. It will be sewing as long as I am — maybe longer."

STRAIGHT OR ZIG ZAG STITCHING

The Borletti Zig Zag can be used as a straight sewing machine — with an easily varied stitch length, either forwards or backwards. Or it can, by means of its zig zag movement, create useful and decorative stitches. A fraction of these are shown below — actually the number of fancy stitches is limitless.

Borletti is also supplied with a number of feet to vary the sewing processes — for making buttonholes, sewing on buttons, hemming and attaching lace, invisible hemming, satin stitch, French seams, zipps and quilting, darning and embriodery and run-and-fell seaming.

FAST SPEED OR STITCH BY STITCH

Borletti holds the world's record for speed sewing. Yet the sensitive foot control lets you sew one stitch at a time — you can even stop mid-stitch.

Independent tests conducted in London, New York and Chicago, showed Borletti the finest sewing machine against all comers.

It sews all fabrics, from leather, canvas, to nylon and other synthetics. Borletti is guaranteed 25 years!

PORTABLE OR CABINET

Borletti comes as a portable in a green leather case for £97/15/-, or as a cabinet model from £112. Terms are available from all dealers who also carry a complete range of spare parts. A service expert can be called.

The motor and controls are made in Australia and comply with Australian electrical standards.

Exclusive grouping of the operating levers on Borletti allow you to control the machine easily. These levers are:

1. *to regulate stitch length;*
2. *to displace the stitch to the centre, right or left;*
3. *to regulate zig zag stitch width;*
4. *to drop the feed dogs for em broidery or darning.*

To Palings, **338 George St., Sydney.**

Please send me details of the Borletti Zig Zag.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

BORLETTI ZIG ZAG

AVAILABLE FROM PALINGS, 338 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY. BRANCHES AT BANKSTOWN, NEWCASTLE, WOLLONGONG, ORANGE, LISMORE, TAMWORTH.

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SOMEBODY DIDN'T LOOK FOR THE "SANFORIZED" LABEL

THIS LABEL IS THE ASSURANCE THAT THE GARMENT WILL NEVER, NEVER SHRINK OUT OF FIT

ALL COTTONS CAN SHRINK

Check before you buy! No matter what precautions you take, your only assurance against costly shrinkage is the "Sanforized" label.

Shrunk-up garments are uncomfortable, and often completely wasted.

Ask to see the "Sanforized" label on all the cottons you buy—it is your assurance that the garment will never, never shrink out of fit.

Don't be satisfied with the term "pre-shrunk" alone. This means that the fabric has been shrunk after weaving. However, many so-called pre-shrunk claims allow further shrinkage up to 5%. Only "Sanforized" assures you that a garment will not shrink out of fit.

THESE COTTONS WON'T

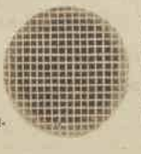
No more wash-day shrinkage worries! A garment made from "Sanforized" shrunk fabric can be boiled or washed even in a washing machine without fear of shrinkage. Look before you buy—if it's a "Sanforized" cotton it will say so on the label.

LOOK FOR THE "SANFORIZED" LABEL ON THESE GARMENTS

- SHIRTS • SHORTS • OVERALLS • JEANS • WORK TROUSERS
- DRESSES • COTTON MATERIALS • PYJAMAS

WHY COTTONS SHRINK!

The yarns from which the fabric is made are stretched during weaving.



When the fabric is wet during laundering the yarns relax and return to their normal shape.

·SANFORIZED· REGD. TD. MK.

SHRUNK FABRIC

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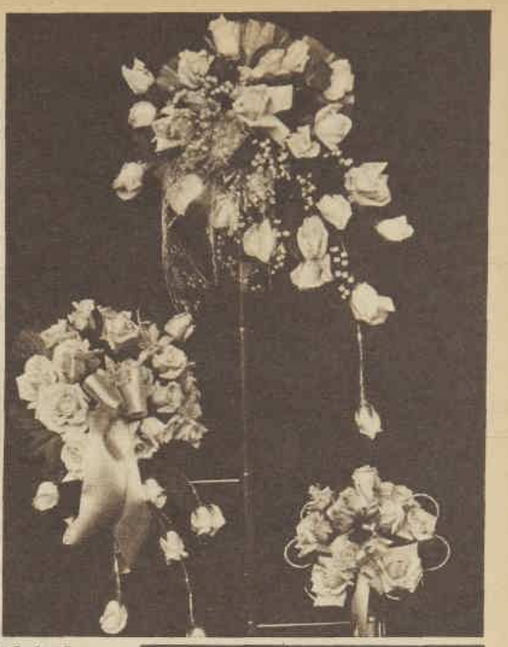
Lovely bridal bouquets

● These charming bridal bouquets, shown at a recent flower festival in Sydney, should inspire any girl planning her wedding. Roses, orchids, lily of the valley, and other flowers have been used to make these bouquets for bride, bridesmaid, and flower-girl. There are some to go with the most formal satin gown and others to carry with crisp organdie, soft chiffon, or lovely antique lace.



WHITE ORCHIDS (above) for the bride, mauve for the attendants, with lilac trails.

TRADITIONAL trail is made of orange blossom (right) with contrasting dark leaves.

ROSE enchantment. Left: Cream roses and cream orchids combine with a trail of wildflowers. At right: Cream roses for the bride, deep gold for bridesmaid and flower-girl make a striking set.

ORCHID-HANDLED fan (above left) can be carried instead of a bouquet. Right: Daisies combine with tulle and ribbon.

When the scales tell tales . . . it's time to ***slim*** *with*

Angelin

NEW, EASY DIET METHOD

Angelin White Tablet
THE "APPETITE APPEASER"
Taken before meals with water, enables the full dietary instructions contained in the Angelin treatment to be followed easily and without discomfort.
The Angelin Method is so easy, so effective—even if you have tried other weight-reducing systems without success, you will find Angelin will enable you to bring your weight down to the young, slim, fashionable figure you desire.

Angelin Orange Tablet
SUPPLEMENTARY VITAMINS
Taken after meals, supplies the necessary vitamins you need to guard against possible deficiencies in the diet. Angelin Method is based on approved medical principles; if you are in any doubt about weight reducing, seek your doctor's advice. Remember, slim people are usually healthy, happy people.
Full Angelin treatment consists of sufficient of both tablets for a three weeks' course with full instructions, diet chart and convenient weight card.

Losing excess weight is so easy . . . so safe with Angelin—the new way of reducing by diet without effort. Angelin consists of special tablets of a harmless vegetable substance (a new medical discovery) which acts as an "appetite appeaser." This means that a slimming diet can be followed without any sense of discomfort. And the Angelin Method provides supplementary vitamin tablets which guard any vitamin deficiency while the diet is being followed. Ask your chemist about Angelin to-day!

+ NO DRUGS

+ NO EXERCISES

+ NO GLANDULAR EXTRACT

BASED ON APPROVED MEDICAL PRINCIPLES

Angelin

Manufactured in England
SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

NOW YOU CAN GET SLIM SAFELY—WITHOUT EFFORT

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Christmas won't be *Christmas* without a Big Sister Plum Pudding

This is the way a pudding should taste! The choicest fruit, tender flavoursome candy peels and grand old rum and brandy keep 'Big Sister' Plum Pudding moist and mellow. At all grocers, vacuum-packed in 1-lb., Family Size and big 3-lb. tins.

...and Rich Fruit Cake

Why make and bake when you can serve 'Big Sister' rich fruit cake? It's full of goodness and delicious to the last crumb. Sealed in 2 and 3-lb. gaily wrapped cartons. Also in re-usable decorated tins!

Big Sister

Home baked in the ovens of
LILLIS & COMPANY LIMITED, SYDNEY *Makers of Fruit Mix, Citrus Peels, Red Cherries*

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Beware of deadly TETANUS

Your child can be immune

This is the true story of a boy of nine who nearly died of tetanus. It was told to me by a specialist at the Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children, Sydney. He said: "This boy was lucky. For every person saved from death by tetanus, another dies."

By BARBARA RICHARDS, staff reporter

THE boy, Jim, was playing Indians in the garden in the backyard of his home. He was an Apache. His mate was a hated Cherokee. His mate fired a home-made arrow at his enemy and the head glanced off Jim's nose.

It wasn't a bad wound—a bit deep, but small. Jim's mother gave it a wash and put some antiseptic on it and he went back to his game.

Ten days later Jim got "lockjaw." At least, his jaws were stiff when he went to eat his tea. By the time he got to bed the back of his neck was stiff. In the morning, his mother phoned the doctor in a panic to say Jim's back and his arms and legs were stiff and sore, and he looked awfully sick.

The doctor came round immediately. He heard the story of the nose wound, examined the child carefully, asked if he had been immunised against tetanus, and rang the hospital.

"I've got a boy here with tetanus," he said. "He will be coming in immediately by ambulance." Then he turned to the mother. "Jim has tetanus in a severe form," he said gently. "I think there is a reasonable chance of saving him. We will certainly do everything we can."

For the next 14 days, doctors, sisters, and nurses at the hospital fought for the boy's life. They had him in a darkened room, sound-proofed as much as possible to cut down the noise that might bring on spasms. Kept under continuous pentothal anaesthesia, he had huge doses of tetanus anti-toxin to fight the poison in his system, injections of scoline to help reduce the spasms, and penicillin to help fight the tetanus germ.

A surgeon put a tube through a hole in the boy's throat to allow him to breathe. He was fed through another tube. The wounded part of his nose was cut away to get rid of the nest of germs.

Near-tragedy

It was a tough, 24-hour-a-day fight, but the terrible spasms gradually lessened, the boy brightened, and the doctors heaved sighs of relief.

A few months later Jim was immunised against any further attacks of tetanus, and three months after that he had plastic surgery done to restore the shape of his nose.

"The whole distressing and near-tragic episode," said the specialist, "could have been avoided if the child had been immunised against tetanus."

The importance of immunisation against tetanus is being stressed now more than ever before by public health authorities and many doctors. Every child, they say, should be immunised between the ages of four and six months.

The three necessary injections are small and almost painless. They can be given at the same time as the diphtheria injections. In fact, many doctors are now carrying out triple immunisation, combining diphtheria, whooping-cough, and tetanus.

I asked the specialist about the thousands of people—children and adults—who have never had any tetanus protection. He said: "Anyone, at any time, can be immunised. You don't have to wait till you get a bad cut. In fact, you shouldn't wait. It only means two injections, six weeks apart, of tetanus toxoid, then another toxoid injection a year later. If you are injured or get a suspicious cut, you can have another dose of toxoid."

When he mentioned that the usual anti-tetanus injection the doctor gave when he attended a deep cut was anti-toxin, I asked him what was the difference between toxoid and anti-toxin.

"Toxoid," he said, "is pure tetanus toxin modified to remove its danger. Bacteriologists make it by growing large colonies of tetanus bacilli and collecting the poison they give out. Doctors use it for immunisation injections. It stimulates the patient's body to produce antibodies."

Anti-toxin, he said, is a serum made from the blood of horses which have been given toxoid injections. It contains ready-made anti-bodies. Doctors use it when a patient has a wound they suspect might harbor tetanus bacilli. They don't want to wait for the patient to produce his own antibodies. They want some on the spot ready to fight the germs.

Powerful poison

The tetanus bacillus is only a small, rod-shaped organism, but it produces one of the most powerful natural poisons known to man.

The germs lurk in garden soil and animal excreta, waiting to pounce on the unsuspecting victim. Perhaps a child steps on an upturned garden fork or a man catches his arm on a protruding nail. It is so very simple, in the excitement of a game, to run smack into a tree and find a bit of wood stuck in your leg. And supposing you are chopping wood and a chip flies up and gashes you, or you are fishing and step on a hook?

The wound doesn't have to be large, or even very deep. If the blood supply is not too good to the injured part and the wound closes over, the tetanus germs are neatly trapped in a little pocket of flesh in the atmosphere they love—one without oxygen. Then they start giving off their deadly poison.

The toxin travels from the nest of germs through the body, stiffening and paralysing as it goes, until it reaches the spine and even the brain itself. Then the real attack, with the terrible spasms, begins.

The most important thing to do with a cut is wash it well, then, if it looks at all dangerous, to see a doctor.

Australian statistics, kept for nearly 50 years, show that for most of their lives boys and men run a greater risk of dying of tetanus than do girls and women. Boys, it seems, tend to run round more with bare feet and men do more outside manual labor.

The risk of death from tetanus increases from birth until about the age of 14 years. As the child begins to get around, the risk increases and jumps considerably when he or she goes to school.

After the age of 14 it decreases, staying relatively constant throughout adult life until about the age of 60. Those in the 65-74 age group seem to suffer more. A significant number of deaths from tetanus occur in women who have illegal induced abortions.

Continued on page 39

PLAYING IN THE GARDEN the child has his foot pierced by an old fork that may harbor dangerous germs. Tetanus can result from such a simple accident round the home.

Guard your natural loveliness all over with

Rexona Soap

Specially medicated to help skin blemishes disappear . . . and now in thrifty bath size

You can't forever hide skin blemishes with make-up. Clear them right out of your life by *deep cleansing* your skin with REXONA SOAP. Rexona gives your skin that fresh natural loveliness through the gentle corrective help of Cadyl, a special medication of five rare beauty oils exclusive to Rexona.

BUY THE BIG BATH SIZE

Bath size—1/5 Regular size 1/1

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REDUCE INSTANTLY

With the magic Corsonette!

. . . It's sheer magic the way this simply marvellous Corsonette bends and stretches with every movement, yet never, never rides up. Completely boneless, it comes right up to the bust, flattening the tummy and diaphragm, and controlling ugly midriff roll. Above it you wear your usual bra. It's cool and comfortable even in hot weather and takes inches off your figure. Made to measure for every figure in 7 days and still cheaper than ready-made corsets. Come and try one without obligation, or write for free particulars.

NELLY CORSET CO.,
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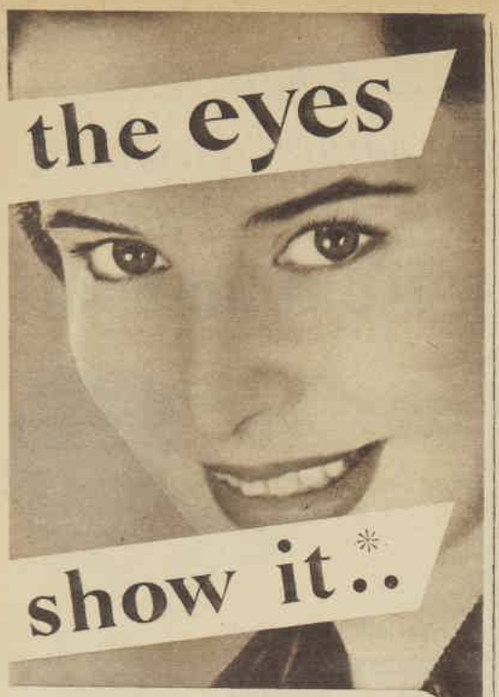


YOUR EYES are an outward sign of inner health. Bright eyes mean a pure bloodstream, a regular system. When you are out-of-sorts your eyes show it. Then is the time to take Beecham's Pills. They remove those impurities from your system which may be the cause of biliousness, stomach upsets and sick headaches. Take Beecham's Pills at night. Next day, look at your eyes—bright and sparkling—just how you feel.

*.. the HEALTH that comes with BEECHAM'S PILLS

In Boxes, 40—2/-, 100—4/6

Worth Reporting

BRITAIN'S hostess to the world, Lady Eden, still finds enough time from her public duties as wife of the Prime Minister to collect recipes.

Both she and Sir Anthony enjoy fine food and wines, and Lady Eden is a first-class cook.

One of her favorite recipes is Syrian rice.

Lady Eden starts by pouring a cup of boiling water over a half-cup of washed rice plus a teaspoon of salt. This she covers and leaves to soak overnight. Her next step is to saute a tablespoon of chopped onion in a half-cup of butter or margarine in a pan, seasoning the onion with one-fourth of a teaspoon of black pepper and one teaspoon of salt.

When the onions are soft, she adds a half-pound of ground beef, seasoned with one-fourth of a teaspoon each of powdered cinnamon and grated nutmeg. After cooking the mixture slowly, she removes it from the pan, leaving the fat in the pan.

Then she sautes a half-cup of blanched almonds in the fat until they are golden-brown. She then strains the fat into a saucepan, adds to it a cup of water, a teaspoon of salt, and the drained rice. She brings this mixture to a fast boil, and then turns the heat down, letting the rice simmer about 20 minutes or until it's tender. At this point she adds the meat and saute.

Sometimes Lady Eden serves this flavorful, typically Middle Eastern delicacy as a side dish, sometimes as the stuffing for meat or poultry.

Brighter meals for pets

AMERICAN dog-owners can brighten their pets' meal-hours with a red "heart," yellow "egg," or green "fish" made by a go-ahead, color-conscious firm of dog-food manufacturers.

Other highspots in the dogs' dinners are brown "bones," orange "cheeses," and cream "milk bottles."

The six colored shapes represent the meat-meal, bone-meal, eggs, meat, cheese, and fish-meal contained in the packaged food.

No one has yet published the animals' reactions to these multi-colored treats, and it seems no one cares. The manufacturers have announced that the shapes and colors are intended to delight dog-owners, not dogs.

"Go and take some things out of the refrigerator, dear."

He won't go native

VASES, lamp-bases, and jugs covered with aboriginal designs are taboo to 34-year-old potter Peter Rushforth, lecturer in ceramics at Sydney Technical College.

Mr. Rushforth has just given an exhibition of his work. The exhibition comprised 150 pieces of earthenware and stoneware, and there is not an aboriginal motif anywhere.

"Painting native designs on pottery doesn't make it Australian," Mr. Rushforth said. "It's just pottery, made and glazed in the usual ways with attractive designs painted on.

"I think it's useless decoration. These symbols don't mean anything to anybody. They're just examples of a bygone culture, with no roots in the real Australia.

"I have experimented for four years with local sandstones and rocks for the texture of the articles I've made, and I've substituted them for silica and coloring oxides in the glaze.

"It is from these local materials that I believe the character of Australian pottery will evolve."

Yellow road to Naples

TWO-TONED cars have become fairly commonplace, so next comes the tinted roadway.

The Abruzzi Asphalt Society, Italy, has announced that the road of the future could come in selected colors.

The society's chemists are experimenting with colored asphalt. They say it will make good, strong highways, and might come in variations of red, green, white, brown, or yellow.

In addition to reducing road glare, it might be a simple way of giving directions to drivers. For instance: Follow the red road to Rome, and the yellow road to Naples.

Mix-up in court

A WOMAN defendant in a civil court action in America recently raised her left hand when the clerk of the court started to administer the oath.

"Raise your right hand," the court official said.

"But this is my right hand," the defendant said. "I'm left-handed. This is the hand I use all the time."

"It's not the hand you swear by," he insisted.

The woman relented, but said in a hurt tone: "It still doesn't feel right."

Book News

By SUSAN BARRIE

STRONG literary style and a compelling story make "The Dollmaker," by Harriette Arnow, one of the most interesting novels for some time.

It tells the story of a poor Kentucky farming family. The central character, Gertie Nevels, over six feet tall, ugly and gentle, moves with her family to the slums of wartime Detroit when her husband is called up for service.

Oppressed and overwhelmed by the cramping, fetid atmosphere of the city, Gertie struggles to make a home for her family in the midst of chaos.

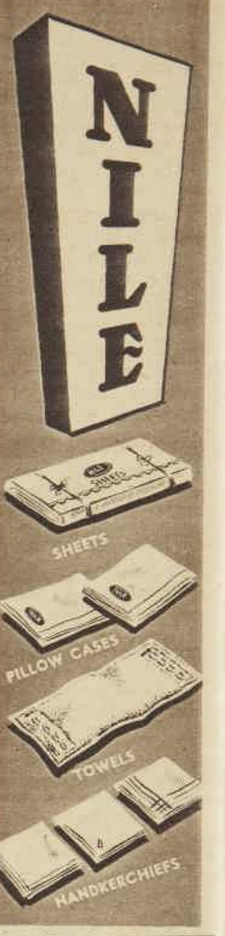
From whittling small dolls for her children, handles for axes and hoes, Gertie progresses to a vast human figure, carved from a block of cherry-wood.

To her child, Cassie, the figure represents an imaginary playmate called Callie Lou. To Gertie, the cherry-wood figure, still incomplete, becomes almost a symbol of Christ.

Harriette Arnow uses much of the picturesque Kentucky dialect, which tends to make "The Dollmaker" rather difficult reading in parts, but the characterisation is so vivid and the descriptive passages so convincing that it is a novel most people will find hard to put down.

William Heinemann Ltd. (Our copy from Angus and Robertson, Sydney.)

For wear and style insist on NILE



WORKING WIVES

DIAMONDS AND PRETTY HANDS GO TOGETHER

Mrs. P. Free, of 20 Schwebel Street, Marrickville, N.S.W., has a job most women would envy—handling beautiful jewellery all day. She is one of the many young wives working to help buy their own homes.

Interviewed at a big Sydney jewellery store, Mrs. Free had this to say: "Mine is a job many housewives could do—but nice hands are a 'must.' You simply couldn't display diamonds, pearls and other precious jewellery with housework hands! At home I do all my own chores, but my hands get the best of care. For one thing, I always use Persil on washday. It gives a perfect wash and you can actually feel how soft it makes the water. No wonder Persil is so gentle to my hands."

P.130.WW62g

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY — *By RUD*

Speedy relief from BACKACHE

Does every move you make cause agonising backache? Do legs throb even after a short walk? Then lose no time in trying Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. Lazy kidneys can cause leg-pains, aching joints, disturbed nights, rheumatic pain, headaches, etc., because they are neglecting their essential job of cleansing and purifying the blood. Doan's is a famous stimulant-diuretic, promoting healthy kidney action, which has brought relief to sufferers all over the world. No need to put up with discomfort—get Doan's today!

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And two more Jantzens for the beach

The striped cotton top, one of Jantzen's own J-shirts that come in brilliant colours, top-quality fabrics . . . the new American shorts with elasticized waist.

Jantzen

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Kay Melaun says: Here's your answer

This page is for teenagers' queries. Letters will be answered here, but I am sorry that personal replies are not possible. Please don't ask for them or send stamps for a reply.

ANYONE who is nervous of being recognised need have no fear. The names of correspondents are changed in most instances, and so are the districts.

Here is this week's first letter:

"My fiance objects to my wearing bright dresses. He also tells me I wear far too much lipstick. My hats are not to his liking. He tells me not to wear high-heeled shoes. One day I bought a new dress. When he saw it he grabbed it and wrapped it in a parcel and returned it to the shop and exchanged it for one in a plain color. He also hates to see my hair permed. He tells me it is too much expense. Also, he says I must give up tennis and dancing, my two favorite hobbies. Please tell me what to do. Only for this, I like him. He dresses in very brilliant colored shirts himself, and he wears a panama hat, and I do not like his shirts or his panama hat."

Mary, Cowra, N.S.W.

Your fiance must be a stray from the bird kingdom, where the males have the bright plumage and the hens are drab little creatures.

No one can tell you what to do. You have to decide for yourself. But have a talk to yourself along these lines:

Do you like being bullied? I think you must, because you let him change the dress, and apparently you're prepared to let his word be law.

Then, why do you like the bullying? Do you think it proves he is interested in what you do? Or are you just a born worm? Some people are, you know—they like it that way. If you are a worm, maybe you'll be happy married to him.

If you're not a worm you'd better have a showdown before you marry him.

Perhaps it would be simpler if you exchanged him for someone who likes tennis and dancing and thinks that women ought always to wear red, high-heeled sandals.

"I am 14½ and I have been going around with a man of 20. I am very much in love with him, but my brother found out and he said he is about 28, so what am I to do, as I love him dearly and I know he loves me, too."

"Worried Teena," Q.

Juliet was the same age as you when she fell in love with Romeo. But you're luckier than Juliet.

She had nothing better to do than sit around all day thinking of Romeo. Altogether she must have been an awful bore to her friends and family.

You've got plenty of other interests—experimenting with new-style clothes and make-up and school and making new friends and finally turning into a really civilised young woman.

He may be fond of you, as you say, but since he's so old he will be embarrassed by your being so young. Make a sacrifice and give up all thought of him for a while—say, until you are 16.

DEBBIE'S RECIPE

DEBBIE, our teenage chef, believes lemon tarts are always popular. Her recipe is simple, but different.

Ingredients: Six ounces shortcrust or biscuit pastry (this means a quantity of pastry made with six ounces of flour), 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons melted butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 large Granny Smith apple, 1 scant teaspoon cinnamon, whipped cream.

1. Knead pastry lightly on floured board, roll out thinly.
2. Line 8in. tart-plate with pastry, trim edge, and pinch a frill around it.
3. Beat eggs, stir in melted butter or substitute, sugar, and lemon juice.
4. Pour into prepared tart-plate.
5. Peel and grate apple, add evenly to lemon filling in tart-plate.
6. Sprinkle with cinnamon.
7. Bake in a hot oven for 10 minutes, reduce heat to very moderate, and bake for a further 40 to 50 minutes until filling is set.
8. When cold, top with sweetened cream. Serve in wedges.

Answer to E., Film Fan, M.S., Janice, and Yvonne:

Giving separate addresses for film stars is too space-wasting. Write to the stars care of the studios they work for or the studios that made the most recent films they appeared in.

The studio, with "California, U.S.A., is sufficient address.

Penfriends

- Norma Saunders, aged 15, of Katandra West, via Tallagaroopna, Victoria, would like boy or girl penfriends anywhere in Australia or overseas.
- Lorraine Simmons, 18, Base Hospital, Charleville, Q., would like penfriends of her own age anywhere at all. Hobbies are reading, correspondence, and sport.
- Joan Holm, "Glen Nevis," Boggabri, N.S.W., wants penfriends about 18 or 19 years of age interested in dancing, swimming, riding, and tennis.
- Enos Kahn, c/o Trinidad Cement Ltd., Claxton's Bay, Trinidad, British West Indies, is 22, and he would like penfriends interested in stamp-collecting, reading, and exchanging photographs.
- Edward Bisnath, also of Trinidad. He is 17 and his address is Debe P.O., South Naparima, Trinidad, British West Indies.
- Mavis Gregory, 36 Burren St., Erskineville, N.S.W., is 17 and would like a penfriend. Since she is partly blind, she is limited to a few interests.
- Yvonne Clitheroe, 72 Princess St., Nelson, Lancashire, England, aged nearly 17, is interested in dancing, badminton, and all kinds of animals. She is in an office at a yarn-dye works in "the heart of the Lancashire cotton industry." She would like to write to Australian boys and girls of her own age.

TETANUS

Continued from page 35

Scientists have noted a striking fall in the tetanus mortality among men and women who served in the armed forces during World War II. The fall has been recorded in both England and Australia. It is due, they believe, to the fact that all servicemen and servicewomen were immunised against tetanus.

Writing in the "British Medical Journal," one English doctor said: "Experience with troops in World War II showed incontestably that the simple preventive measure of immunisation with tetanus toxoid can almost wholly eliminate the disease, even though the risk of contracting it is quite high.

"In military operations in Western Europe, tetanus among wounded German prisoners who had not been actively immunised was much higher than among British wounded who had served in the same battle area.

"The success of military immunisation shows the desirability of its full-scale introduction into civilian life."

One Australian public health doctor said: "Full scale immunisation against tetanus is one of the really positive steps we can all take in readiness for a national emergency."

The Federal Director-General of Health, Mr. A. J. Metcalfe, said: "Most people are exposed from time to time to the risk of tetanus in their everyday life—at work, in sport, or even in the minor accidents of modern existence. Those who are immunised are relieved of that risk and also of the worry that follows the possibility of infection.

"Although tetanus does not strike as frequently, for example, as cancer, one out of every two people who do get it dies. Last year approximately one person died every week in Australia. Those who do survive do so only after a period of desperate illness.

"I would advise everyone to take advantage of the protection which is available. I would particularly advise mothers to have their children immunised against tetanus as well as against diphtheria and whooping-cough."

Summertime is close now and people are really getting out-doors. Bare feet and bare limbs are much cooler. The chance of getting a gash is greater. And the tetanus germs are waiting.

DISC DIGEST

THE idea of making an LP disc as a tribute to jazzmen who are no longer alive is, in itself, a worthy idea and I liked all of "Concert in the Sky" (330S.7537), except for the text which links each section. It's difficult to avoid sentimentality, and I think both author and narrator fell by the wayside, but musically the disc is absorbing. Top marks go to ork leader Teddy Phillips and his talented team for the clever way in which they reproduce recordings from the past. Play "Moonlight Serenade" to your friends and they'll say it's Glenn Miller. The same with Bunny Berigan's famous "I Can't Get Started" and Russ Columbo's "Prisoner of Love."

★ ★ ★

THERE'S a whisper that vocalist Lita Roza is thinking of visiting Australia, and the LP "Presenting Lita Roza" (LFA.1187) is a first-class opportunity to meet the lass who was Ted Heath's singing star for four years. She left the Heath outfit in 1954 and is now top-of-the-bill on British variety circuits. Heath backs her on three of the numbers on this disc—"Make Love to Me," the lively "Blacksmith Blues," and the ballad "Allentown Gaol"—and she has Mantovani's shimmering violins as a support for that old favorite "Stars Fell on Alabama."

★ ★ ★

THE balance is made up with the tender "Tell Me We'll Meet Again," "High Noon," "Half as Much," and one of her biggest successes, "Doggie in the Window." All in all, it's a swell packet of pops and Lita gives each one her own special versatile treatment. Incidentally, she's petite, brunette, and very pretty.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

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Cyril, the Squirrel

Keep Baby's Skin Soft–Supple

A daily bath with pure, NYAL Baby Soap—containing soothing Lanolin—keeps baby's skin soft and supple . . . safe from drying and roughness! Mild, delicately-perfumed NYAL Baby Soap produces a creamy, generous lather. And mother—you'll find NYAL Baby Soap is ideal as a beautifying complexion soap for you! **1'4**

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Her husband loves the new woman!

Not long ago she nearly said good-bye to happy married life. Nagging pains in legs, hips and joints made her irritable, continually tired. She was so depressed and nervy she distressed her family and worried her husband. She could not do her housework, felt unequal to going out or meeting people. Rheumatic pains were taking terrible toll and adding years to her age and looks. Luckily, a good friend advised her to try Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids. The result was marvellous. The continual pains that were sapping her health and strength disappeared with the Menthoid treatment. Menthoids helped her to a new lease of life, a fresh feeling of youthful energy. Her house is as bright as a new pin, she's the centre of a happy family, she can go places with her husband. She's a new woman — and her husband loves it.

If you, or yours, suffer from any of the rheumatic group of complaints, start the Menthoid treatment to-day. Menthoids, with helpful diet chart, are 7/6 and 4/- everywhere.

DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

● Distinction and simplicity are happily combined in the dark floral print below. I chose the design because it is flattering to the larger figure without looking too matronly.

THIS frock will solve the problem of a young woman reader who has written asking my advice in selecting a suitable design.

Here is her letter and my reply, and also some other problems chosen from this week's fashion mail.

"ALTHOUGH I like to be well dressed, my figure is such that I am not able to wear the H-line or any style that is at all extreme. I am in my late twenties, but unfortunately my bust measurement is 40in. I would be so grateful for a style for which I could obtain a paper pattern in my size. I have some very nice dark floral silk I would like to use."

The dress I have chosen for your floral silk is illustrated at right. It is designed on flattering lines and, furthermore, it will be kind to your figure without looking too matronly. A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in sizes 36 to 42in. bust. Lines under sketch give further details and tell you how to order.

"PERHAPS you can help me at short notice. In two weeks' time I am flying to Perth and really don't know what to wear in the plane. I am breaking my journey at Sydney and Melbourne."

I suggest you wear a princess-line coat - dress made in a crease-resisting blend of material. The dress should be beltless, front-buttoned, and developing flared fullness in the skirt. The fullness is important, because an easy skirt is far more comfortable for sitting, as well as more graceful in descending ramps.

"WOULD you please suggest a pastel shade for my new evening frock? I like pink and blue, but aren't these colors now rather old-fashioned?"

Not at all! A soft pink and a very pastel blue are both high fashion in Paris. Balenciaga, Givenchy, and Dior are all great followers of pale pink; Dior also uses a soft, pinky copper, and Balmain a white tinged with pink. Givenchy shows evening dresses in a superb pastel-blue satin so pale it is nearly white in tone.

"I HOPE you can help me with my problem. I want a pretty frock for informal summer parties, but don't want any new, narrow look. Also, what style of neck should I choose? Would a cardigan or stole be best for a wrap to go out in?"

A short bouffant pastel cotton is my idea of a really pretty summer party-dress. Its skirt can be very full or it can bell out in modified fullness. Currently popular neck-lines include a high scoop bateau and square cuts, and a halter type. A stole (it can be long and straight or shawl shape) and a pastel cashmere cardigan are both popular wraps.

"I HAVE a piece of cotton printed in rather wide blue and white stripes. Would it be suitable for the beach? If so, what style? I am 17, S.S.W. fitting."

Certainly use your widely striped cotton. Stripes are getting bolder, particularly for beach wear. For the design I suggest an overblouse matched to very short shorts. The outfit will look very new if the blouse is made nearly to cover the shorts.

"WHAT style of separate jacket would you advise me to wear with sports clothes and slacks?"

Blazer jackets are very new and go very well with the lean lines of the newest sports wear and all types of slacks.

D.S.167.—One-piece dress in sizes 36 to 42in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Beauty in Brief:

HAIRLINE GROOMING

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Here's a hint on keeping the hairline spruce that should be of particular interest to everybody who wears a brow-revealing hair-do.

HAVE you noticed how the roots of the hair around the face sometimes look dusty and ragged?

Make-up foundation mixed with face-powder can cause the grey dustiness, but the raggedness may be due to lack of attention.

A make-up base usually extends from the throat to the roots of the hair. The same applies to face-powder. No matter what care is taken by the user, there is every chance that foundation will discolor the hair edges and that powder grains will creep into the hair itself.

Soap-and-water washing is the remedy. Repeated every day at face-washing time, it will keep the hairline spruce.

For extra care it's a good idea to keep a separate washer for this job and to really scrub.

Always rinse off the soap residue and blot the roots dry with a towel or tissues.

The final step is important—be sure to comb damp hair back into the proper position before going to bed and to smooth down wispy ends with a hair-brush.

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Fully Automatic Defrosting	**£194 10 0**
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Designed for those who prefer the conventional evaporator (U-type), the CROSLEY CADET '8', the ideal refrigerator for the kitchen equipped with a Crosley Kitchen Freezer, features a practical shelf plan . . . full-width roll-out crisper . . . *and the famous Shelvador—to store more food at your fingertips* . . . interior colour scheme is in "Cool-glo" only, but White or Cream exterior finish is available **£158/10/-**

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AS I READ THE STARS by Eve Hilliard

Your Sign	Your Luck	Your Job	Your Home	Your Heart	Socially
ARIES The Ram MARCH 21—APRIL 20	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Best days are November 1 and 7. Pastel blue or a posy of forget-me-nots will give confidence and help in the direction of finances.	★ You're on the receiving end of a bit of velvet, a windfall you never anticipated, so make the best possible use of money or opportunity which comes your way.	★ Obstacles are there to be surmounted, so you may deal with an awkward problem in your own original way, and turn a disability into an asset.	★ One of those quiet interludes during which you both go along occupied with other matters than love or romance. Business or family affairs leave little time.	★ Is someone trying to pass on to you a particularly tough job that nobody wants? Take it and do your best, but make sure the other fellow doesn't get the credit.
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21—MAY 20	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Best days are November 3 and 6. Bright green, greenish-blue, and peacock shades will attract the admiration of the opposite sex.	★ You may, in an emergency, borrow a sum of money or an article. This is all right provided you return it promptly and if you are prepared to lend in turn.	★ Home is likely to stage a family reunion, an anniversary party, or similar celebration, and preparations may be almost as amusing as the actual event.	★ Young marrieds may be busy fixing up their first home. Engaged couples set the wedding date. Older subjects renew their youth and step out together.	★ Get out and be among those present; if you turn down social affairs and drop out because they are a bother, you'll find you are being forgotten. Show enthusiasm.
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21—JUNE 21	★ Lucky number this week, 4. Best days are November 2 and 5. Smart, tailored suits, simple two-piece outfits should be enhanced with silver ornaments or odd bracelets.	★ Most of you should enjoy your work just now. Quite aside from money, although you are inclined to skip over some features you should feel happy about the set-up.	★ An interest in one special form of home-making, such as cooking or dressmaking, may be pursued to the exclusion of ordinary tasks. You may resent coming down to earth.	★ You and the beloved may go into financial partnership to accomplish a definite objective. By pooling your resources and efforts you can make the grade quickly.	★ Try to fit in complicated arrangements. Be precise about the time and place of any rendezvous. Being punctual is the politeness of kings, and wins friends.
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22—JULY 22	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Best days are November 3 and 6. Rose color for all glamorous occasions if young and in love. If older, candy-pink or rose-beige.	★ If a voluntary worker, you may shine in the organisation of an entertainment or money-raising. Otherwise an unusual and interesting task may be entrusted to you.	★ If quite young, you persuade a parent to permit you to go to some affair, or help to get clothes for the occasion. If older, indulgence in a bit of luxury perks you up.	★ Love affairs blossom forth for the young in years and the young in heart. Engagement rings are visible on the horizon. Some link up with an old flame.	★ Whether you're young or no longer quite so young, you'll be right in the thick of things. Watch your appearance and there could be more at stake than you suppose.
LEO The Lion JULY 23—AUGUST 22	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Best days are November 1 and 5. A bow of cool lavender, an amethyst pin, or a violet hankie will cause people to greet you with pleasure.	★ If you are applying for a position, it may be some time before you hear anything about it. If a home-maker, you are likely to increase your domestic skill.	★ If your home is due for an upheaval in connection with spring-cleaning or an annual overhaul, remember there is treasure trove in cupboards and boxes.	★ If engaged, you are shopping for your glory-box and seeking ideas for your future home. If married, you and your mate may be concerned with residential changes.	★ If you've decided to finish up with some activity, either because of friction in contacts or because interest has worn a little thin, do it nicely, don't just drift away.
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23—SEPTEMBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Best days are November 3 and 5. Navy, particularly the lighter tones, will help to make all your expeditions successful, whatever the goal.	★ Shop around a bit, look the field over, before jumping into some work for which you have had insufficient experience. Realise your ambition by degrees.	★ Are you putting wheels under your house and shifting to new pastures? Or is it merely a caravan holiday you're dreaming up for the summer?	★ You and your best-beloved may organise a weekend party with the idea of throwing young people together in order to encourage a budding romance.	★ Visitors from a distance, possibly relatives, may be the occasion for sightseeing tours or for entertaining. In some cases you may yourself be away for a few days.
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24—OCTOBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 8. Best days are November 4 and 6. Black-and-white is always dramatic, and you cannot improve upon it except by a touch of blue for accent.	★ You could not choose a more favorable moment to conclude any business transaction of major importance. You are apt to be more satisfied if you deal with strangers.	★ You may trade in an object you do not want for something more desirable, or you arrange an exchange of services, such as baby-sitting, with a neighbor.	★ If a man, the financing of marriage plans may be the chief subject of your thoughts. If a girl, you may be working on your trousseau. Older natives do domestic jobs.	★ Counting the cost first may lead to scaling down some of your more plushy activities. You may be saving for summer vacation, or you may have other uses for your cash.
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24—NOVEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Best days are November 1 and 6. All the soft greens are at your disposal; filmy fabrics for evening, and don't forget to add a tiny rosebud.	★ Should anyone attempt to get the better of you in money matters you will see through the proposition at once, helped by accounts, receipts in proper order.	★ Iron out spots which cause discontent in any household. Usually they are trifles; a little thought and time can rid you of inconvenient objects.	★ For some a whirlwind romance could lead to happy marriage. For others a more gradual development from friendship to a warmer sentiment, for all, harmonious relations.	★ There is virtually no limit to what you can do on the social scene at present. Return hospitality, attract new friends, keep in touch with old ones.
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 20	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Best days are November 3 and 6. Gay prints, whether floral, geometrical, or quaint-figure patterns, are excellent in shades that blend.	★ If you've learned lately, it should be that it pays to keep your affairs to yourself. The state of your finances is your business. Neither borrow, nor lend, nor invest.	★ Should you have a secret, perhaps a happy surprise for the household, you may be tempted to let the cat out of the bag before you are quite ready.	★ Your love may be tested in an emotional crisis, or an emergency might demand a quick decision. If your affection is strong you will both be richer for the experience.	★ Perhaps you feel fed-up with some of the froth of trifling people who have no thought beyond pleasure. You may take on a creative, serious enterprise.
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21—JANUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Best days are November 2 and 4. A bright yellow belt or topper or hat, with sprigs of yellow flowers, will bring love in its wake.	★ Friends on the job can contribute much to the pleasure you take in your work. You are quite likely to link up with an associate to study for mutual advancement.	★ A person about to enter your home may be bringing you good news of a welcome kind. Casual acquaintances may knock at your door more often than old friends.	★ First love is a big event in the life of young subjects, and if you are going around in a happy daze of poetic fancy, these weeks are helping you to grow up.	★ If you belong to a sporting body, its activities could be your chief interest. If impressionable, you may join a group of your contemporaries in search of romance.
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Best days are November 1 and 4. Whatever your costume, or whatever the occasion, add a dash of red and your prestige is established.	★ An opportunity could arise which demands a quick decision; indications are that you should take it if you can see your way clear. It could involve a sacrifice.	★ Do you stay away from home as much as you can because there is antagonism or a dispute going on between you and the family? This may soon reach a climax.	★ A distinction may be bestowed on the one you love, and you will be delighted as the recipient. This could be a coveted job or a triumph over competitors.	★ Those of you who hanker after a definite object, such as membership in an organisation or standing for office, are likely to have no time to themselves.
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20—MARCH 20	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Best days are November 2 and 7. In your journeyings the tans and browns are your best friends, if a little straw color is added.	★ Don't scatter your energies; concentrate on the matter in hand, think in advance about your work, and plan so that sudden emergencies cannot upset your routine.	★ When you have that working schedule for household tasks functioning well, give yourself a break with the spare-time hobbies you enjoy. You'll then be fresher.	★ Honeymoons are under wonderful stars, so are the journeys of long-married couples. Otherwise, closer association with a member of the opposite sex.	★ You may be occupied with getting ready for important events to come. Such preparations, the necessary outfit or wardrobe will claim your attention.

says Del Cartwright, well-known Australian home expert, who has recently returned from a world tour, visiting 21 countries. Miss Cartwright appeared on TV in Britain and the U.S.A. and spoke with home-making editors everywhere.

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FOR TO-DAY'S HOMES

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CARBON COPY—GREATEST STAKE WINNING THREE YEAR OLD IN THE HISTORY OF THE AUSTRALIAN TURF

The thoroughbred look of Holden

It doesn't matter what the surroundings—a crowded racecourse or a peaceful field—the look of a thoroughbred is easy to pick.

Of course the grace and distinction you associate with all thoroughbreds is due in no small measure to the studmasters responsible for their breeding.

And, just as champion racehorses are bred to be winners, Holden is designed as a thoroughbred from bumper to bumper by GMH Engineers. Everything about Holden—the clean, smooth lines, the easy handling qualities, the roomy Aerobilt body that provides comfort for a family of six—tells its own story of careful "good breeding".

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"With my HOOVER WASHER I've time to enjoy my children."

"Nicest Christmas present I ever had - because it's saved so much time and energy . . ."

says Mrs. R. W. Holberton, of 1 Lakeside Crescent, North Manly, N.S.W.

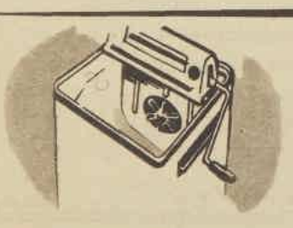
"Eleanor, our eldest, was only three when my husband bought me a Hoover. That was Christmas, 1949 — and that Hoover has been working for me every day since. Now there are two more children and a brand-new baby, all boys. More washing, of course. But, miraculously, the Hoover takes care of it all."

WHY MORE WOMEN OWN A HOOVER THAN ANY OTHER WASHER

Why not leave washday drudgery behind — starting this Christmas? Hundreds and thousands of women *bless the day* they got their Hoover and stepped into a different world on washdays. The Hoover is the washing machine that more women have bought than any other. You'll be happier with a Hoover, too, because it does a better washing job — it's faster, gentler and gets clothes shades and shades cleaner. Yet the Hoover is the washer that fits any family purse best. There could be no better family present this Christmas. See a demonstration soon.

It does big washes faster. You can fit a full week's wash for the family into an hour or so. When the wash is finished, you can roll the Hoover out of the way — into a corner.

It washes cleaner than you can by hand. An exclusive Pulsator set in the side of the tub gently loosens the dirt with an action exactly like boiling. No pre-soaking or rubbing is needed.



There's nothing to stretch or tear the clothes. In the Hoover it is the Pulsator that does the work; it never comes in contact with the clothes but sends the soapy water surging through them.

It is easily filled and empties itself. Filled direct from the water tap by a length of rubber tubing. Empties in two minutes by means of an automatic pump built into the machine.

The Greatest Household Blessing of all!

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an ornament here and there, bringing herself back under control.

"That was quite an experience, wasn't it?" she said at last. "I can't think why you recommended that extraordinary person."

"You said you wanted the best bird sculptor."

"I hardly expected to meet a ruffian in a leather jacket. In my time, artists and sculptors were men of fashion."

"He bought the jacket because it was the only warm thing he could get for ten dollars and ninety-nine cents. All he had was thirteen dollars, and we had to eat dinner from the change because he had invited me, so he couldn't let me pay. He's very proud. But, of course, you wouldn't know about such things. I'm not blaming you, Mrs. Brinsley."

"That's a mercy."

"You've always had everything and all the money you need."

Nellie Brinsley smiled to herself. Was it only seventy years ago, when she was eighteen, that Sherry would come home to the three-room flat in a railroad town where she spent so much time trying to stretch a five-dollar meat-and-grocery budget from Saturday to Saturday?

"I think I understand, child," she said.

"Whit and I counted on getting married with the cheque from the Carston Grant. Everybody said he was sure to win it. And then the chairman of the jury turned out to be that awful bird-hater, so we were sunk. Then, when you mentioned wanting somebody to do an eagle in ice, and you were willing to pay so much, I thought it was like a dispensation of Providence." Kathie's eyes were miserable. "And now everything's ruined. He'll never want to see me again."

"I can't imagine why you should want him to. You are well rid of him. He's obviously not the sort of man you should have anything to do with. Entirely unsuitable."

"You ought not to have asked a serious artist to work in ice," Kathie said solemnly. "You might as well have asked him to cut out shell paper or make favors for the party."

"I shouldn't have asked him! My dear child, it was your idea. Because of your infatuation with this oaf—"

"But you put the idea into my head. We were wrong. I ought to go and tell him so, now, before it's too late."

"You will do nothing of the sort," said Mrs. Brinsley. "I am conscious of no wrongdoing, unless it's a sin to offer nine hundred dollars to a young man who claims he wants to get married. Besides, you have your work to do here."

"It would only take an hour or so."

"That is entirely too long. You had your day off yesterday. What you do next Wednesday is your own affair. Meanwhile, I need you."

"I am not a prisoner," said Kathie with spirit.

"But you are substituting for Miss Bonesteel, who is ill and who is, I understand, a friend of your mother's. It is only because Boney is away that you are here at all. You will not disrupt my household by making your own hours."

"You're very unkind."

"That may be. Meanwhile, if you feel you must throw yourself at this young scoundrel's head, please do not come back. In that case I will make arrangements to replace Miss Bonesteel on a permanent basis."

"Mrs. Brinsley! She's been with you thirty years!"

"I am well aware of that. But no one is indispensable. If she

Continuing . . . . Impetuous Heart

from page 5

leaves, it will be your doing. You will please return to the office and finish typing my correspondence."

It was one of Nellie Brinsley's cardinal principles that lying down during the daytime was a form of criminal self-indulgence. But now, after Kathie had gone, she felt so exhausted that she went to her dressing-room and stretched out on a chaise longue, holding a handkerchief soaked in eau de Cologne against her forehead.

She was upset, because she was not accustomed to being anything but right, and very sure she was right. It had been years since one of her decisions had been even challenged.

Of course, she had been ruthless with Kathie, she thought, but it was in the child's own interest to keep her away from that terrible young man. His violence and self-centred wilfulness could bring her nothing but unhappiness. It was certainly something that it was her duty to break up, by any means possible.

Yet, a little doubt did keep nagging at her. Sherry had been violent, too, at times, an impossible kind of man, so that living with him had been a division between terror and delight, like riding a very dangerous roller coaster. Suppose that

"Say, did you notice the good-looking blonde that moved in next door?"

Whitford Wall was the same kind of person, and Kathie committed to him as completely as she had been committed to Sherry, from the first moment she saw him.

She got up wearily and went down to dinner. Kathie sent excuses and had a tray in her room, something Nellie Brinsley regarded as justified only if you had a recently broken leg or a fever of 102.

Hinton waited on her, and at the dessert said, "That young man who was here this afternoon, ma'am. He was back again just before dinner. I took the liberty of turning him away."

"What did he want?"

"He wished to see Miss Kathie. He became quite abusive but I knew you would not approve. He was shouting on the doorstep. Not the sort of thing we're accustomed to at all, ma'am."

"We must speak to Patrolman Quinn about it, if this keeps up."

"I will have a word with him, ma'am."

She had coffee in the library, listening to a musical broadcast on the eight o'clock programme. At 8.30 Hinton came to clear away the things. In one hand he carried, distastefully, a leather jacket with the legend, "Defiance A.C."

"Where did you get that?" Mrs. Brinsley asked.

"I thought you would wish to see it with your own eyes. Edward and I heard a noise near the back garden-wall. When we went out to investigate, we found this thrown over the spikes and broken glass. The young man must have been preparing to climb over, when our approach drove him off. I cannot understand his persistence."

"Can't you, Hinton?"

"Miss Kathie had told him over the phone that she would see him next Wednesday. I overheard it through the switchboard in the butler's pantry. Inadvertently, ma'am."

"We must see to it, Hinton, that he does not annoy her."

"Exactly, ma'am. I fancy we have nothing more to fear for tonight. Thomas will be on duty. Edward and I may take the evening off, as usual."

"Of course, Hinton. We must not let this young maniac upset our routine. Someone can return his leather jacket in the morning."

At nine o'clock, following her invariable rule, she went upstairs. At the end of the corridor she saw a light still burning in Miss Bonesteel's office, and heard the faint click-click of Kathie's typing. Mrs. Brinsley went into the little Louis XV sitting-room and picked out a volume of Trollope to soothe her nerves.

Thomas brought her a glass of hot milk at 9.30.

She had been imagining sounds. "Did I hear the doorbell, Thomas?"

"Yes, ma'am. It was only the man from the telephone company."

"What man from the telephone company?"

"He said it was an emergency, and he was carrying a telephone instrument in his hand. I showed him to Miss Bonesteel's office, where he said there was something wrong with the receiver and he would have to replace it."

"Nonsense! If I had wanted anything done about the telephones, I should have called the president of the company personally and had him send his most reliable man."

"Is anything wrong, ma'am?"

"We will see what this is about." Mrs. Brinsley got up. "You had better come with me, Thomas."

They went down the broad dim corridor, to the open door of the office. Mrs. Brinsley started in and then paused on the threshold.

Standing beside her desk, Kathie was locked in the arms of Whitford Wall. Her eyes were closed and on her face was an expression of pure, untroubled ecstasy.

So this was what she, an old woman, had been trying to break up. Even the set of the young man's shoulders suggested infinite tenderness and an almost timid devotion.

At his feet on the floor was a telephone instrument. Mrs. Brinsley's keen eyes noted the ragged end of the cord and the Greenwich Village exchange number.

He had ripped out his own telephone and used it as a passport at her front door. It was the kind of wild, crazy thing Sherry would have done if anyone had kept him from seeing her.

Beside her, Thomas moved his burly frame an inch forward. "You may go, Thomas," she said. "You will not be required."

The couple sprang apart. Nellie noticed that Whit's glance was direct and honest. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Brinsley," he said, not sounding sorry at all, "but I'm taking Kathie away with me tomorrow. We're going to be married at once."

Mrs. Brinsley sank into a chair, and the girl came and put her arm around her. "There was no stopping him," she said. "I did try. Honestly. You won't hold it against Miss Bonesteel?"

"Of course not, child. What would I do without Boney?" Mrs. Brinsley had never been at a loss before, but now she pretended to examine her hands, and saw that they were trembling with emotion.

"Well, young man, what have you to say for yourself? You have disrupted my entire household. You shouted at me as I have not been shouted at for forty years. You tried to force my front door, you attempted to climb over the garden wall, and now you have effected an entry under false pretences to take my secretary away from me."

"What else could I do?"

"I can think of a hundred other things you might have done. In the sense you mean it, I suppose you are right. But all this started over an ice eagle for my party, and I am not even to have that."

He thrust his hands into his trouser pockets, and scowled at the floor. "I'd like to take Kathie to Italy for our honeymoon," he said grudgingly. "I will do you an ice eagle, a copy of the one I did for the Carston Grant I didn't get."

Kathie looked radiant at this small concession, only for her sake. "That will be satisfactory," said Mrs. Brinsley.

Whit went on, "There's only one condition. I can't make a copy except for the owner of the original. You will have to buy it."

"That might be arranged. Kathie showed me a picture of it. How much?"

"Three thousand dollars."

"Less, of course, forty per cent., since you will not go through a gallery and will have no commission to pay."

"All right. It's a deal," he said savagely. He threw her a furious look. It was balm to her soul. She must come out of this with some victory, however partial. They had so much and she had so little.

Mrs. Brinsley got up. "I will have Thomas bring some champagne to the Louis XV salon. Perhaps you will join me there in a few minutes."

Walking once more down the broad, dim corridor, with the night lights glowing under the big Caravaggio and the Canaletto, she thought their marriage might be like another marriage she had known, her own, a splendid and terrible voyage, full of high emprise and narrowly averted disasters. It would be hard on Kathie. But she did not pity her. She envied her.

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He hated the face I put on..

...now he's in love with my 'three flowers'

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fashion follows

FIFTH AVENUE

Regd.

handprints

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it looked like a pulpit. James' depression deepened, even before he heard Mattie's practical voice demanding: "O Romeo, Romeo! Wherefore art thou, Romeo?"—like someone calling the cattle home across the sands of Dee.

His aunt must have noted the depth of his gloom, for she came over to his piece of gorgonzola and said that as he obviously knew his part perfectly he should go home and have a rest before supper.

He stood in the study, with half a mind to go to the station and send himself a telegram recalling himself to London on urgent business.

Someone came into the room. He saw it was Rose, the parlormaid. Neat, silent, and deft, she brought the evening paper, and then knelt and made up the fire without a sound. If it had been Mattie, he thought, she would have made a noise like the village blacksmith busy at his anvil with his muscles like iron bands.

He hadn't really paid much attention to the girl Rose till that moment. It had struck him she wasn't much to look at, and the glance he now gave her confirmed that. And yet there was something about her—he could not quite say what. It was as though in spite of the fact that she was a parlormaid she was having a whale of a time.

"Ever been in amateur theatricals, Rose?" he asked her, for something to say.

She smoothed her apron and looked demure, and said: "No, sir."

"Don't," he said wearily, and sank into a chair.

Without being asked, she brought him a well-mixed martini. Burglar or no burglar, she certainly knew her stuff. He closed his eyes, and tried hard to think of something cheerful. Anyway, if the famous balcony collapsed under Mattie's bulk, as he quite thought it might, they had Mercutio handy.

Mercutio would be able to hold it up with one hand and never turn a hair. They had wanted the piano moved earlier that evening, and Mercutio had simply picked it up and moved it. It might have been an ice-cream brick.

Continuing . . . . Technical Hitch

from page 9

Then on Monday the amazing piece of good fortune befell him. He really did get a telegram from London recalling him on urgent business. Mr. Davies had now caught the influenza—the most considerate thing he had done for years.

"James," said his aunt, horrified, "you cannot possibly go. First Harry Cokler, now you. We can't possibly get anyone else. Really, I shall go out of my mind. All this on top of the business over Rose."

"I promise faithfully," said James, "that I will return for the night of the performance. I will come up as soon as I can get away and take the midnight train back. Don't worry. And what is all this about Rose?"

"The girl has been masquerading under a false name, and seems to have a lot of jewellery and things she probably ought not to have, as well as handbags with strange initials on them not her own. Your uncle is seeing her this evening, to insist on an explanation. Naturally we do not want the police round here. But as you can imagine, we are worried, and now this."

"I promise you I will be there," said James, and kissed her and departed.

. . . .

London was hot and heavy. James' own little flat off Shepherd Market was dusty and neglected.

For three days the work entirely absorbed his attention. If it hadn't been for his solemn promise to his aunt, he would gladly have stayed on in town, but he kept his word, booked his ticket, and telephoned her from the station to put her out of her misery.

The line was bad. Her voice came thin and mumbling, and it was plain she was very bothered about something.

"Such a dreadful thing," she kept saying, and then a series of explosions and cracklings would break out, so that he could not hear what the dreadful thing was.

"Never mind. Tell me later," he bawled at her. Rose, no doubt, he thought, borne off in Black Maria looking trim and demure. I shall probably have to get my own early tea, he thought sadly, and he recalled how successfully a college friend of his had run his house out East with a couple of murderers and a forger or so, in a penal settlement. We're too fussy over here, he thought.

Poor Aunt Hilda. He wondered what her recent disaster could be. She got little support from that reluctant Friar Laurence, the vicar . . . Perhaps Mercutio, charging round the very small stage, had squashed somebody! That, he told himself, seemed the likeliest solution of them all.

His train was late, something he had not allowed for. It was close on seven when he tore into his dressing-room with everyone else all dressed and made up, hovering anxiously in the wings. As he put on his fancy clothes, the lovely words he had to say ran through his mind:

"It is my soul that calls upon my name.
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!"

If only it hadn't been Mattie he had to say it to! Mattie, who did not like poetry. But, mercifully, he hadn't much time for repining. The bell had already sounded for Curtain Up and he still hadn't seen his aunt or learned of her latest disaster. He passed her and stopped for a brief moment.

She seemed shaken.

"Dear boy. So good of you. How to tell you, I don't know, and there's no time. I'll explain later."

He kissed her. "Nobody dead, I hope?"

She said, shocked, "Oh, no. Not DEAD. I'll explain everything . . ."

The evening was to contain one or two very pleasant surprises for James. The first one was that it wasn't the same Mercutio. Instead of the vast bulk of the sheep farmer, a small, neat man appeared, who delivered his lines briskly and without any nonsense. James took another look and realised it was the postman.

Then came the moment when he had to say, "What lady is that — which doth enrich the hand of yonder knight?"—the cue for Mattie to appear towering over everybody in a pink Juliet cap. James heard his own voice falter and break on the words from sheer surprise, for the girl wasn't Mattie.

She wasn't anything like Mattie. She WAS Juliet — young and a little shy. Instead of towering above him, she was just heart-high and her hair fell long and soft to her waist.

She leaned towards him with parted lips and it seemed to James that they were no longer on the inadequate stage near that clumsy-looking balcony. They were in a castle in Verona and his heart was thudding in his poor breast as it had never thudded before.

"For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night," he said, and he meant it. The whole dead affair had come suddenly to life, and when she leaned above him, one hand on the rail of that ridiculous balcony, there was nothing comic about it.

He meant every word he said and his own heart told him so did she. Ahead of them loomed the moment when he could kiss her.

He never gave a thought as to what had happened to Mattie. Mattie was the sort of girl one knew could fend for

To page 50

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> —*Elbert Hubbard*

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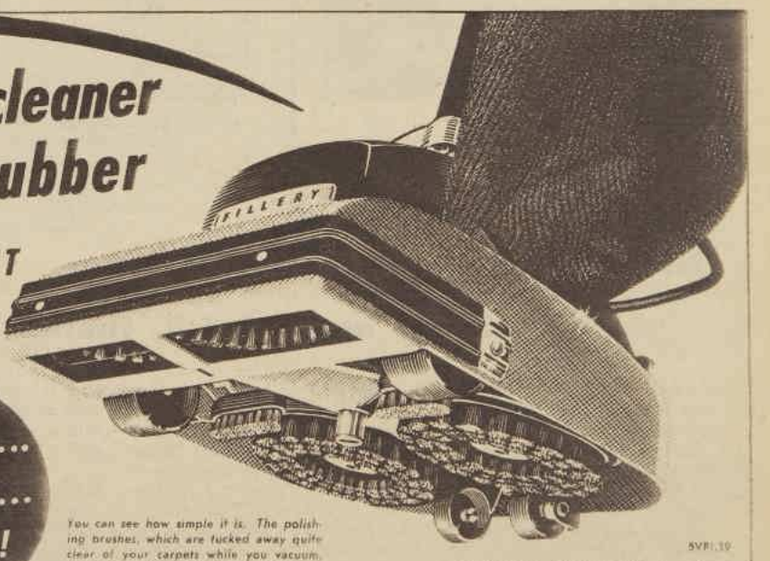

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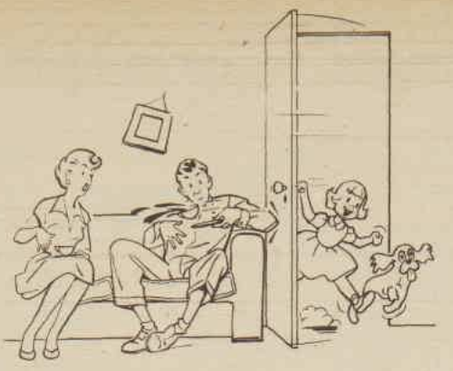

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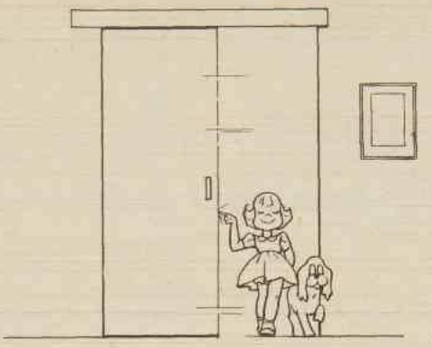

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Continuing . . . .

Technical Hitch

from page 49

herself. She would fish that sinister little packet out of her bosom, light up, and be quite all right.

From time to time the enthusiastic applause of the audience startled and surprised him, for it did not seem to him, now, that he was acting. She bent over him, whispering: "Thy lips are warm," and his heart was on fire.

When she threw herself on his breast in the final act it was all he could do not to put both his arms round her and keep her there, which would not have done, since he was supposed to be dead.

Afterwards, he thought, I must see her. I must find out who she is. I must tell her I've been looking for her all my life. Of course, there was Mattie, but he was filled with the conviction that somehow everything was going to be all right.

He sat in the wings on an upturned bucket, mopping his brow, feeling like someone who has dreamed a beautiful dream and longs to dream again. So shaken and bewildered was he that he hardly realised his aunt had appeared and was talking.

"James, dear, you were marvellous, quite marvellous. You should have made the stage your career. Both your uncle and I think so. Naturally all the changes must have come as a bit of a surprise, but I had no time to explain and now I don't quite know how to tell you, dear boy, the dreadful thing that has happened. Mattie has gone. Run away with John Ball — Mercutio, you know. The big man. Without a word of warning or farewell to anyone, they just went."

It seemed to James that a rocket went up in his heart, soaring heavenwards and bursting there in a galaxy of beautiful stars.

"But how splendid. How absolutely splendid," he cried, springing off his bucket and embracing his aunt with a startling violence. She stared at him in amazement. "I mean they are so well suited to each other, don't you think?" he went on. "Her cows in his field and sheep and all that — and both so much the same size." He knew he sounded a trifle incoherent, but he could not help it. What lovely times they will have arranging bovine alliances, he thought, but he did not say that to his aunt, who was regarding him anxiously.

"Then — you don't mind?" Her voice was faint.

"Not a bit. I want them to be happy. I want everyone to be happy, including me."

She laid an anxious hand on his brow and thought if she had a thermometer handy it would have been a good thing to take his temperature. Probably a return of the influenza was pending.

He said, still bemused and bewildered with the memory of that kiss on his lips: "Who is she, that girl?"

His aunt looked surprised.

"You didn't recognise her, dear? That was Rose. The girl who was working here as parlormaid, you know. Mattie thought she wasn't what she pretended to be, you may remember, and as it turned out she was quite right. Only there was nothing fishy about it. When your uncle questioned her she told us quite frankly. She wanted some country air before getting a job in London, and she came up here for that reason."

Oh, Rose, he thought, my beautiful Rose, there is a job waiting for you when you go back to London. Resident. All found. Annual holiday with pay! If only I can persuade you to take it.

"She is obviously a nice girl and, as you know, she is a very good cook, so she won't have any difficulty getting fixed up," she sighed.

"We shall miss her. I must say she was extremely nice about it and bore no resentment when she learned Mattie's suspicions. It was kind of her to help us out and most fortunately, like yourself, she had played the part before. I thought her good, did you?"

"Oh, excellent. Very good indeed," said James with quite unnecessary enthusiasm.

"Your uncle and I have decided that never again will we go through all this. In future we shall simply hire a cinema."

"Not at all a bad idea," said James, for what did he care. "Where is she now, that girl? I mean Rose."

"She returns to London on the midnight train."

She looked at him and in her mind suspicion began to stir. He was not behaving like a man whose dear one has recently gone off with another. His odd enthusiasm about the midnight train, the glitter in his eye!

For the first time it struck her that maybe there had been, as it were, a technical hitch at the transmitter! Perhaps after all the vicar had been right when he told her that her matchmaking efforts were a mistake, and it was best to let people arrange their own marriages.

She said no more, but James would probably not have heard her if she had. He was thinking of the midnight train, and how he was more fortunate than Romeo, in that he had walls to climb. Only a few steps into a railway carriage.

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FOR THE CHILDREN

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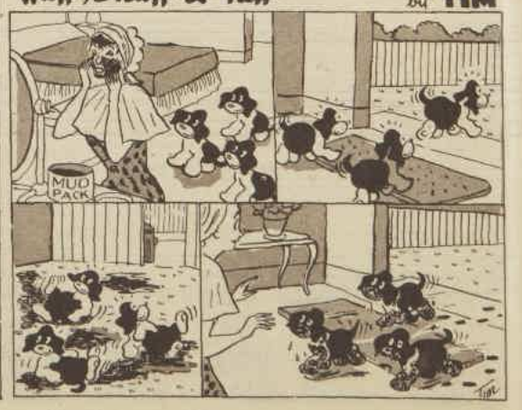

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A short story
BY ELISABETH WOOLF

Jack was pulling the cover off the boat, "If you go out on this tide," he said to Gillian and Ian, "you'll be right."

THE spring seemed to have happened overnight. Yesterday it had been cold, windy, and overcast, the river in the distance a sullen, steely grey.

Now the trees were powdered with green as the leaf buds began to open. The sky was a pale, unclouded blue and the sun warm, glinting on the water, almost dazzled Gillian as she cycled along the rough, bumpy track down to the water.

She felt happy, light-hearted. It was as if she had truly put the past few weeks behind her. It was as if they had never been, as if she were cycling to meet Derek and to take the boat out.

In fact, it was like old times. Not quite, though. Her ride would not end with Derek and a day's sailing. In another hour she would be riding back home, richer by eighty pounds, with the prospect of a holiday abroad, and then a new life beginning. But she would no longer have the boat.

She hadn't sailed since last September. Periodically she had ridden over to see how things were with the boat, and each time Jack, the ex-barge master, saw her he had greeted her with the same comment:

"When are you going to get her ready for Master Derek's homecoming? She'll need a lick of new varnish, that's all. Left her in good hands, he did."

Going to see the boat had seemed to bring her so much nearer to Derek, nearer certainly than his letters could. He never was much good at putting his thoughts into words. His last letter had certainly been a masterly piece of understatement.

It was finished now, though. The weeks of hurt bewilderment were behind. Mourning was over. Now she could inter the past decently, sell the boat, and get away.

Looking at it dispassionately, it was almost funny the way the family had behaved. Since Derek's final letter they had all treated Gillian as if she were an invalid, speaking in careful tones, being far, far too considerate.

Father, mother, and both brothers had surrounded her with an echo of her own grief. She had gone on with her work in her father's office, returning at night, making a pretence of eating, and then shutting herself away in her room.

That couldn't go on. Yet if she went out into the town, met anybody who knew—she hated their pity, their recognition of her letdown. Gradually the wound had healed. She had gone about her plans quietly.

Then one morning she announced at the breakfast table, "Jack rang up to say he'd a customer for the boat. I've named my price. The man seems willing to pay. With the proceeds I'm going away to Corsica for a holiday. After which——"

"But isn't that a bit drastic?" put in her mother. "The summer's on its way. What on earth will you do without it?"

"It won't be much good to me in London," Gillian went on calmly. "Which brings me to the second part of the programme. When I come back from Corsica I'm going to move to London, and get another job. One solicitor's office is very like another, I imagine. Father'd give me a reference. Wouldn't you, Dad?"

"Willingly. Or, at least—not so willingly. Confounded nuisance having to take on anyone else. You know the ropes and——"

"You'd have had to take on somebody else if I'd married Derek this summer as originally planned."

"But, darling, you'll hate living in 'digs.' London will be lonely."

"Mummy, dear, it's about time I saw more of the world than this tiny corner of it. I must get away. I've lived here all my life."

Gillian felt tears swelling in her eyes and a lump coming into her throat, but she was determined not to be talked out of her plans.

"First of all, I've got to get hold of some cash, and Derek always did say that the boat was mine."

The family exchanged bewildered glances. Then Gillian got up from the table, outwardly smiling and more at ease with the world than at any time since Derek's letter.

The odd thing was that now she had made up her mind to the set course she was happy. Or at least she wasn't unhappy with the tearing, gnawing sense of defeat and loss.

She was free. The world stretched before

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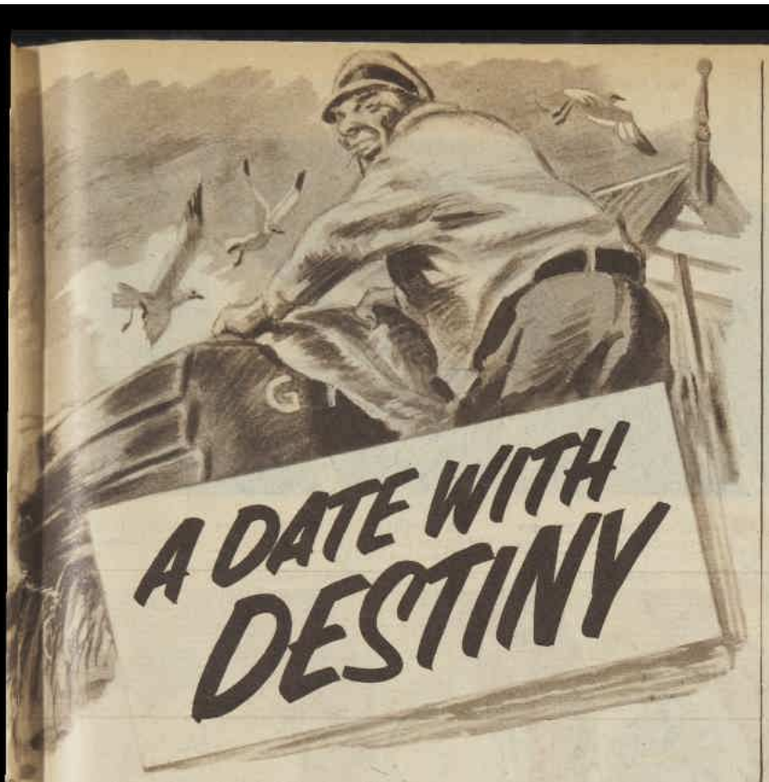

A DATE WITH DESTINY

her ready to be explored, full of exciting possibilities. And she wouldn't be hurt again.

Never again would she be involved with a man—at least not until she was strong enough to meet him on her own terms, she decided.

She was within sight of the boat now, with the long shape of her amid the tall green grasses, Jack's shed in the background.

She could feel the wind whipping her black hair to a halo, stinging her cheeks until they glowed. It was a really perfect sailing day.

Her footsteps on the gravel path brought Jack out of his shed, but not alone. The man beside him was young, dressed in worn naval officer's uniform, a battered cap pushed back at an angle on his head.

"This is Mr. Conway. Miss Gillian's the part-owner of the Gilda, sir," Jack said.

The head inclined slightly towards her. "How do you do, Miss—er—Gillian?"

"He wanted to try the boat out. Why don't you take him out now?"

"I haven't come to sail," Gillian said tersely.

Mr. Conway spoke to a point above Gillian's head. It was as if he knew her antagonism, sensed her reluctance to do business over the boat in spite of her avowed intention to sell it once and for all.

"Far be it from me to wish to put anybody out, but I'd like to be put wise to the waters round here, and who could show me better than the owner?"

Conway was remote, impersonal, and this pleased her.

"You'll find the boat's in good condition," she said. "Bound to leak, of course. But she'll soon tighten up, I'm sure."

Her heart gave a sudden little jerk as Jack exposed the clean, fine lines of the varnished hull. Never again would she take the tiller, steer the boat out across the waters, hear the hissing of the bow cleaving the waves. Never again. . . .

Now Jack was stepping the mast in. "If you go out on this tide—what's left of it—you'd be ready to come back again on the turn. Just right," he said, lugging out the sail-bag, shaking out the sails.

Though Gillian had had no intention of doing more than see that the boat was handed over to its new owner, she found herself helping to rig. In a surprisingly short time the Gilda was ready for the water.

"There she is!" Jack turned towards the shed. His part was done. Now the Gilda tugged at her lines, eager to be away.

There was a fairly strong, steady wind. The sails were ready to be hoisted. Ian Conway looked at Gillian, and his look was like a challenge to her.

This was the time to tell him once and for all that she would never, never sail with him. She should be on her way home, free of the boat and free of all it had meant.

"You don't care for sailing, then?" he said.

"It was my life," she said, with a catch in her voice.

She was fighting herself now. One part of her wanted desperately to turn away from the boat, but another fiercer self was urging her to take this last chance to sail, take it and make the most of it.

"You'll miss the tide," Jack shouted.

She knew she wasn't dressed for sailing, with a skirt and sweater, but she couldn't help herself now.

She slipped quietly aboard and took up her accustomed position amidships, without a word from him, without saying a word to him. Now she had the jib sheet in her hand, feeling the tautening of the sail as the wind caught it. Another instant and the boat glided free.

It was plain that her sailing partner was an experienced helmsman. He negotiated the way through other craft at anchor as easily as Derek had done, with a neatness and economy of movement that pleased her. He had become one with the boat and his presence did not jar on her as she had been afraid it might.

She had never been unaware of Derek. He had talked, or whistled or sung, never still for two minutes together, always demanding her attention, stressing the need for her instant obedience.

But with Ian Conway there was no need. She seemed to be able to anticipate what he was going to do with his boat. They were a complete team, without feeling the need for words between them.

It was a lovely day. Now the little boat was running before the wind, both sails stretched like wings each side of the mast.

They were moving at a fair speed and the low-lying landscape was bringing back memories of the many, many times she had sailed this way with Derek.

The sight of the old beacon lighthouse out on the spit of the river-mouth was one she had dreaded.

Often she had picknicked there with Derek. Last summer they had spent a whole afternoon on the hot sands below the spit. All right, she told her memory, do your worst. This is the last time I shall be hurt in exactly this kind of way.

The man beside her eased the tiller and pulled in the sheet, checking the speed of the boat. He smiled at her, and the sudden flash of even white teeth disarmed her. She smiled back at him shyly.

"Are you glad you came?" Conway asked.

"Indeed, yes. But I shan't be coming out again."

"A pity, because we could have raced. I believe there are cup races at the local club."

"You'll pick up a crew easily enough," she

To page 55

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Continuing . . . .

A Date With Destiny

from page 53

said. "You're a good sailor. You didn't need me with you today."

He pointed to the water washing the bottom boards. "One to sail, t'other to bail. Now you take the tiller and I'll get some of this out," he said cheerfully.

She changed places with him and took the helm as well as both sheets. Now the boat was hers, and she set the course, steering for the open sea.

She felt disembodied, wholly part of the boat. For a while, they didn't speak. She was aware of him, bailing the water with a swift, regular rhythm, but only partly so.

"She's no chicken, but she goes like a thoroughbred," said Ian Conway. "She's been a long time in the dry, judging from the amount she's making," he added.

"Since last September," Gillian said. "My ex-fiance went to Canada on a six months' exchange with someone from the Toronto branch of his firm."

She was careful to put no expression into her voice, but Ian's dark eyebrows shot up when she said "ex-fiance."

"I'm going to buy her."

"Fine. I'm leaving the district. First I'm going to spend three weeks in Corsica—and then I'm going to London," Gillian explained.

There was a defiance in her voice, strive as she would to keep it even, and her chin went up though she smiled evenly.

"You're running away," he said. "Don't you realise that wherever you go you'll find your own inner self waiting, with all the same problems? Better stay here and sail with me. Jack said you lived for the boat."

Now she felt anger rising, choking, making her voice harsh. "I never wanted to see her again. I'm uprooting. There's nothing for me here, now."

"Were you going to marry and settle down locally?"

"The house was being built, two streets away from where my parents live. Unfortunately while in Canada Derek met somebody else. For the past few weeks our broken engagement has been the talk of the town. I'm sick of being pitied," she told him bitterly.

"I know what you mean, having had a basinful of that myself. I'm on indefinite sick leave from the Navy."

"Sick leave?"

"Well—for want of a better word. I've been having blackouts, and they think my eyesight might not be up to standard. So I'm on call for various medical boards, and meanwhile I'm visiting elderly cousins three miles or so from here. I couldn't bear the thought of waiting it out with my family. Father's a seaman. Both sisters are Wrens. My young brother's at Dartmouth. They're all very sorry——"

"Muted voices and quiet sympathy——" she echoed and then laughed suddenly. "We all have our battles," she added. "Still—sailing cures most ills of the spirit, doesn't it?"

Now they were in the very mouth of the estuary and the sea stretched ahead.

He called. "Where now? Shall we put in at 'The Oyster Catcher'? I'm staying there."

"All right," she said. "I could phone home and tell them I changed my mind about sailing today."

Often during the past summers Gillian had sailed to "The Oyster Catcher" with Derek. It was turning the knife in the wound to make the boat fast to the old iron ring in the quay, to walk into the dark little lounge.

While he changed his clothes up in his room she telephoned home.

"Sailing, darling?" her mother said. "Alone?"

"With the new owner," she replied casually.

"Oh—how nice for you. Is he young?" There was an implication in her mother's voice, almost a hint that now Gillian would not go away.

"Mother, he's buying, and I'm selling. That's all there is to it." And with that she went and waited for him.

He was an excellent foil for her mood of the day, quiet, sometimes oblivious of her, as she was of him. And she knew they need never meet again, which made everything easier.

After dinner they took the Gilda back to the yard and then walked slowly along the beach.

Now that each had the other's confidence it was easier to slip into a remote, respectful, yet easy relationship. They discussed books, music, plays.

It was as if, knowing their time together was limited to that day, great strides of friendship could be made in the course of a few hours. Yet each was still a little wary, for their own reason.

Moonlight gleamed on Gillian's wind-blown hair, and Ian gazed at her pensively.

"This is the way I'll remember you," he said, "near the sea, which you love so much."

It was the first time his words had breached the convention established between them. She found herself shocked. "Why should you want to remember?"

"If I buy your boat I'm buying a piece of you——"

"And of Derek then," Gillian told him quietly.

"Ah, yes. If it weren't for him——"

"We would never have met. I'd have been the inaccessible fiancee. But don't spoil the day for me. I never meant to come out at all. I was glad I did. But you mustn't start 'iffing.'"

He held out his hand. "Good luck. I'll send you the cheque tomorrow," he said with a smile.

As Gillian cycled home through the gathering dusk she met another cyclist. "Miss Gillian — can I speak to you, please?" she heard a voice say. Then she recognised young Colin Glenn, who had sometimes sailed with her and Derek.

"Jack said you were selling the boat. I've saved fifty pounds and Mum would lend me the rest——"

"I'm sorry, Colin. She's gone," Gillian told him gently.

The tall, gangling boy choked back a sob of disappointment. "Oh!"

"Look, I'm in a hurry. But ask Mr. Conway, the new owner. He might sell her when he goes."

When she reached home there were questions. She had to put up a new barrier now, a tight, taut smile that told them nothing beyond her desire to be left alone. If they knew about Ian they might connive, invite him over, hoping that he might reverse her decision to leave.

The cheque from Ian Conway duly arrived. Now her bank balance was healthy enough for her to book a passage by air to Corsica. But there was a rush of work in her father's office. There was the tedious business of interviewing applicants.

There were invitations to the local affairs, for with the spring the small town took on a new surge of social life.

Her father and mother entertained a good deal, too, and gradually she felt herself being drawn back into the web.

She tried to fight against it, and had to remind herself that other people did not know how she felt.

They might know that Derek had gone and was not coming

To page 56

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A Date With Destiny

from page 55

back—for news travels fast in small towns—but they could not known the agony of heart and mind she endured because of him. They could not begin to know.

The days went by. Gillian was still enmeshed. The weather broke, turning cold. Gillian stripped her room, packing her books, pictures, and possessions of various kinds into trunks ready for the great move to London after her holiday.

One evening the telephone rang, and her mother called out, "It's a Mr. Conway for you, Gillian."

"Tell him I'm out," she called back.

But the phone was in the sitting-room where her brothers were playing chess, her father reading his papers, and her mother darning. The last thing she wanted was a public conversation with Ian Conway.

"Darling," her mother said, "he did sound a bit intense. It might be the boat, you know."

Gillian reluctantly came down from her room and took up the receiver. "I'm sorry to disturb you," said Ian Conway's voice. "I was just wondering if you'd come out for a drink and a talk. I've got a medical board tomorrow morning, and I don't want to think about it by myself."

She hardened her heart. "I'm awfully sorry," she said. "I'm busy packing."

"Oh, well—sorry you've been troubled, goodbye." And then the phone went dead.

Gillian tried not to feel guilty. Why should she? Because she sold a man the boat she hadn't sold any part of herself, whatever his sentimental sailor's mind had made of it.

Not even an hour in an inn over a drink would she give him. What good could it possibly do? She didn't want to get entangled.

The next day, by a miracle, there was a suitable candidate for her job. Now she could actually fix the day of her departure, look out at the lowering, grey skies and taunt them back because they no longer mattered.

On her last afternoon in her father's office she left early, her successor in charge now. When she reached home her mother came to meet her in the hall.

"Jack's been on the phone. I can't understand what he wants. He seems in a bit of a stew about the boat. Will you ring him?" she said breathlessly.

It was a long while before Jack answered, breathless. "Miss Gillian? I was afraid you might have taken the boat out. She's been seen drifting out to sea, capsized. Someone took her out this afternoon, blowy though it was."

"But I was at work."

"That's what your mother said. Tom Stewer's gone out in his launch to fetch her in. Rivermouth lighthouse rang through, but they didn't tell about anyone aboard her——"

"Was it—could it have been Mr. Conway?"

"That's just it, Miss," Jack said anxiously.

"I'll come right down at once," and she put the receiver back, a sudden, horrible fear making her run from the house.

Seizing her bicycle, she rode like a mad thing. In her mind's eye she could see the dinghy, drifting. Somewhere in the grey waters Ian might be fighting for his life.

The wind and the rain blew in her face. The bumpy track nearly had her down. Finally she reached the narrow track along the water's edge. Jack's shed was lit up but quite deserted.

She left the bike and hurried towards the flashing lights and voices.

She could hear Jack and others, all gathered on the narrow strip of beach. She could see the dark shape of a motorboat in the water, and the dinghy behind it.

She slithered and slipped in the half dark, only one thought uppermost. Ian had taken the boat out in foul weather because she had failed him. Not because of her, but because of the lack of a willing ear to listen to him, give him courage.

She had not wanted to spare him an hour, in case she became too heavily involved. She had rejected feeling, sympathy, friendship.

She hurried towards the men gathered round a prone figure on the ground.

In the glimmer of a powerful torch she could see a man lying full length, quiet and still, while another bent over him.

A cry broke from her lips. A man broke away from the group. "Ian——"

"Gillian! What are you doing here?"

She was in his arms, his face near hers, puzzled, wide-eyed. "They said the boat had capsized—and I thought it was you——"

"I'm not mad, to take her out this weather. It was young Glenn, he took her without permission. He's had a bad fright, but he'll be all right. When I heard—I thought it might be you."

He released her, and they looked at each other for a long moment without speaking.

Then the boy on the ground groaned and sat up. They turned and saw Jack attending to him, scolding him.

"He came to me yesterday and asked if I'd consider selling. I refused, but said, stupidly, that he could have a sail in her now and again. He took me at my word. Poor lad's all in."

The two men with Jack helped the lad to his feet. Jack came over to where Ian and Gillian were standing close together.

"There's no further need to worry," he said. "We'll see the lad home. The boat hasn't suffered too much. You can get along now, Mr. Conway—Miss Gillian."

They turned up on to the river wall, his hand guiding her. Now the wind was behind them. A thin moon came out from behind the scudding clouds.

"I still don't know why you came," he said, looking down at her.

"Because—I was afraid for you," she admitted. "I'm sorry I refused to come out the other night. But you see——"

"I see it all," he assured her, putting an arm round her shoulders. "You wanted to be free. You wanted to sort yourself out, be whole, before you could help anyone else."

She nodded. "That—and a lot more. You must realise that I had to find out just what I wanted. Then — when I thought you were drowned—I knew it was my fault for turning my back on you——"

"Nonsense!" he spoke roughly. "In any case, I've started to realise that there's a lot more to life than simply getting what you think you want. I shan't know the outcome of the board for weeks. Till then—I shall sail, and think of you."

"And I," she said firmly, "I shall go away for a while. I must. But I shall come back. I know I shall. You can be sure of that."

"And when you do—perhaps we'll sail together in the Gilda."

He isn't hurrying me, she thought, as her heart gave a sudden, wild leap, and she felt like a ship setting out on a long voyage, a round trip which would end in the same ever-safe harbor.

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Glamor star Rhonda Fleming

IT is well known that winners of Hollywood beauty quests often miss stardom, while entrants who are beaten go on to gain film fame and fortune.

Lovely actress Rhonda Fleming is a case in point.

Several years ago, at the beginning of her career, Rhonda entered the highly publicised Gateway to Hollywood contest—and failed to get a place among the first ten.

However, she did not allow this setback to end her acting ambitions, and as a result is now a high-salaried movie star.

Red-haired, green-eyed, and with a pin-up figure, Rhonda Fleming is a real screen beauty and a dream in technicolor.

Born in Los Angeles about 30 years ago, she is said to be the only actress ever signed by movie-maker David O. Selznick without a screen test.

Even as a teenager Rhonda was photogenic. She worked for a while as a photographers' model, and studied singing, dancing, and drama as well.

A talent scout took her out of the chorus line of Ken Murray's "Blackouts" and put her into a small part in the Ingrid Bergman thriller "Spellbound." Oddly cast as one of the demented inmates of a sanatorium, she did well in it, and was rewarded with a series of increasingly worthwhile assignments.

It was Bing Crosby who gave Rhonda Fleming her first real break as his singing leading lady in "A Yankee at King Arthur's Court."

Since then she has gained recognition as an actress. In her next film under the R.K.O. banner she stars with John Payne and Ronald Reagan in a Cinema-Scope costume piece entitled "Tennessee's Partner," from a Bret Harte novel.

In private life the actress is the wife of Dr. Lewis Morrill. Their numerous separations since 1952 suggest that the marriage has been far from tranquil.

Film Fan-Fare CONDUCTED BY M. J. McMAHON

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TK 512

FAMILY SHOT on a movie set. While actor Fernando Lamas reads something from a magazine, three generations of De Havens — Gloria, her small son Thomas, and her father, Carter De Haven—listen closely.

Studio news and gossip

From LONDON and HOLLYWOOD

VIRGINIA McKENNA, currently starring with Peter Finch in "A Town Like Alice," this week walked away with the award of "Actress-of-the-Year" given by the Guild of Television Producers. It was for her magnificent television Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet."

BRITISH columnists are slinging off at Victor Mature for his acrobatic attempts to catch the public eye here. Last week, arriving from Africa by plane, he left the same day in a huff because he could not get a shower at his hotel. This week he returned to England and at the airport sat in a hip-bath while hard - working press-agents sooled on squads of photographers and Victor beamed, waved, and showed his hairy legs.

★ ★ ★

FAMOUS Stratford Memorial Theatre invited film star Kay Kendall to act at Stratford next year. Kay turned it down, saying modestly, "I don't feel experienced enough."

★ ★ ★

MARY PARKER, too, has turned her back on television celebrity and is now touring in "Tabitha," a murder mystery play in which she is matched against actresses of the calibre of Fay Compton, Janet Barrow, and Gillian Lind. Critics are patting her on the back for this. They say it takes plenty of pluck. Mary confesses she learns a lot by watching the veterans at work from the wings. "It is as good as a term at drama school," she says.

★ ★ ★

MOIRA SHEARER has turned her back on ballet and film - starring roles to learn the business of acting from the ground up. After her American tour as Titania in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Moira joined the Bristol Old Vic Company and starts by playing Audrey Hepburn's old Broadway part in "Ondine" — but in British provinces. After that she will tackle several heavily classical parts before venturing back to the London stage and film studios.

★ ★ ★

SIR ALEXANDER KORDA has not had time yet to put his biggest new star discovery into pictures. Her name is Mary Ure. She's a blonde and has captivated all London with her stage performance in "Time Remembered." Now, before being launched in pictures, Mary is off to Russia with Paul Scofield to play in "Hamlet." And to understand her role as Ophelia, the studious Mary has just spent three days in a mental home—studying types of mental derangement.

★ ★ ★

A BOOK recently published in America entitled "The 100 Most Important People in the World" lists only one Hollywood personality. His name—Walt Disney.

★ ★ ★

ROBERT TAYLOR, on location in Wyoming, 1200 miles from Hollywood, was called back to his studio the other day to re-record a speech in "Quentin Durward," which had been damaged in the original recording. The speech ran to a mere 20 words in all. Comparing words to miles, this means that Taylor flew over 100 miles for each spoken word.

★ ★ ★

THERE was much small talk, drinking of cocktails, and eating of canapes at a Hollywood studio recently when the executives' dining-room was opened to the Press so that they could meet Alec Guinness and his co-star in "The Swan," Grace Kelly. Everything moved along smoothly for more than two hours, when, just before the party drew to a close, Guinness was seen to cross the room. Presenting himself to Grace, he said: "Since nobody would do it, may I present myself to you, Miss Kelly? We've never met. I am Alec Guinness."

Embarrassment was intense when the army of publicity boys realised that they had forgotten to introduce their guests of honor to each other.

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1 DISGUSTED when her boy-friend, Patch McGill (Jeff Richards), spends her money to buy Wildfire, a fighting-pit bull-terrier, Mabel (Jarma Lewis) says, "For 20 dollars I'd fight him myself."

2 FIRST WIN. Patch is paid off by the tavern owner (J. M. Kerrigan), centre, when Wildfire beats his first opponent. A kindly groom, Nolan (Edmund Gwenn), left, watching the transaction, is disgusted by it. "Dogs don't bet bones that men can kill each other," he says.

3 TAKING ON ALL COMERS, Patch eventually makes a bad mistake by matching youthful Wildfire with the heavyweight champion. His fighting dog comes out of the scrap barely breathing.

4 CANINE free-for-all isn't enjoyed by Mr. Wyndham (Dean Jagger), centre, when Wildfire, ditched by Patch, is taken home by Nolan. But Dorothy Wyndham (Sally Fraser) loves the dog.

A Dog's Life

★ Metro's "Bar Sinister," from the famous dog story by the late Richard Harding Davis, in color CinemaScope, has all the comedy of the original work.

The screen story is told by Wildfire, late of the Bowery in New York, now a champion bull-terrier.

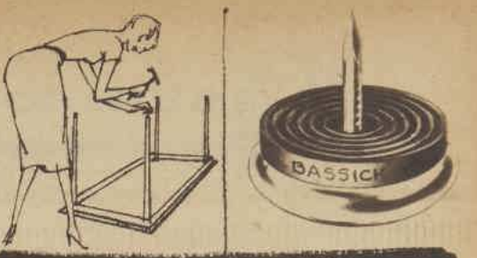
The film cast includes some of the studio's bright young players and veteran favorites.

5 GROOMED by Dorothy and Nolan, Wildfire wins lots of show medals, and not just because judge George Oakley (Richard Anderson), left, is sweet on her.

6 DOGNAPPED for big ransom by Tattle (Willard Sage), left, one of Wyndham's grooms, Wildfire is sold back to Patch, who plans to re-enter him in the fighting pits.

7 RESCUED by his friends and taken off to Madison Square Garden for the annual show, Wildfire, beating his own father, becomes the new world champion, thereby achieving an ambition to get even with him for deserting his mother in the early days.

8 TIME PASSES and Wildfire, now reconciled with his father, is surrounded by his beaming friends to receive congratulations on becoming the parent of five bouncing youngsters. Each one is surely a future champion.



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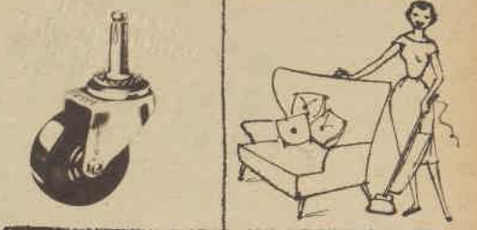

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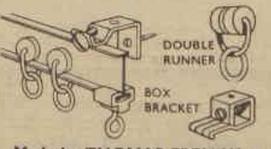

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about. Mr. Rumbolt had given Tamara an extremely valuable necklace. Had he also given her what Elena so lightly referred to as "the rest"? And if so——?

Here Candia pulled herself up. The whole business was none of hers, and in any case why should not a millionaire—a tycoon—make a present of emeralds to his partner's wife? She turned her attention strictly to the matter in hand.

"Elena, dear, you really mustn't wear emerald necklaces in the garden. Someone might steal them," she said persuasively.

"Not with my bodyguard of Cossacks lurking in those trees. They wear sable pelisses with gold cord——"

Candia reached out and caught her by the scruff of the neck. The child wriggled away like a lizard, but Candia felt something hard between her fingers, and there were the emeralds in her palm. The snap, when she tried it, barely held.

"You see?" she said. "Even if it's not stolen, you might lose it. Don't cry, Elena; we'll have it mended."

"I am not crying for that," said Elena, with dignity. "I am crying for the treachery of my Cossacks."

Candia looked at her. She was standing erect and rigid, the tears streaming, and on her small face a look of such real woe that Candia felt a remorseful pang.

"I expect they were bribed," she said gravely, "or perhaps drugged. Cossacks are rather simple, aren't they?"

"But who bribed them?"

"Perhaps one of your rival ballerinas?"

Immediately the child's face cleared.

"Spessiva!" she cried. "The jealous cat! You darling, you darling, to have thought of her!"

She pirouetted up, kissed Candia lightly on her cheek, and dropped out of sight behind the balustrade, singing softly to herself.

Candia wrapped the jewels in her handkerchief and walked quickly back to the house. She wished to be rid of them at once, and it was so nearly lunch time that she hoped to find Madame Spirianoff at least awake.

As it happened, the old lady was actually up, seated before her dressing-table in a lace wrapper remodelling her eyebrows. The left was already a narrow reddish line between two margins of goose-flesh, the right as yet only half-pruned. She was so engrossed that not until Candia appeared behind her in the mirror did she suspend the tweezers and turn.

"I found Elena," said Candia at once, "in the garden, wearing these."

She laid the emeralds down. Madame Spirianoff uttered a loud scream.

"The demon! The imp!" she cried. "The wicked, wicked child! Was she then under the bed?"

"I have no idea," replied Candia. "But she knows where—the rest—are, too."

Madame Spirianoff snatched up the necklace and thrust it into her bosom. Her bright brown eyes considered Candia warily.

"Did she tell you the place?"

"Yes. She also told me that they were given to her mother by Mr. Rumbolt, and that they are now hers."

"They are not," said Madame sharply. "They are mine. When I die they will, of course, go to Elena, but that may not be for a long time yet." She picked up the tweezers again and stared angrily in the mirror.

It was a gesture to end the conversation, but both women knew there was still something to be said. Madame Spirianoff plucked out a group of hairs, then looked up to meet Candia's reflected glance with a sly, engaging smile.

"That poor Mr. Rumbolt! He was in love, you know, with Tamara. And she, of course, for poor John's sake, was forced to be agreeable . . ."

Candia stiffened. It was all right, she could take the matter in her stride, shrug it off, so long as they left John Cotterell out of it. But the picture of him as a complacent husband, a husband benefiting financially by his wife's attractions was not to be borne.

"I understand perfectly," she said with great politeness. "It is, of course, no business of mine."

The old lady giggled.

"But there was nothing in it, my darling, nothing to shock even your English prudery! This poor Mr. Rumbolt, a millionaire and like a father to us all! He brought Tamara an emerald necklace, a diamond brooch, as he would bring a toy to Elena. I have seen him myself at my daughter's feet, begging her to accept them on this very carpet!"

Continuing . . . . Candia

from page 3

She pointed dramatically at the rug. Candia automatically followed the gesture and found herself wondering two things: why Madame Spirianoff's bedroom had been chosen as the locale of such a scene, and where Madame Spirianoff herself had been to witness it. Possibly under the bed . . .

"Weeping like a child," added Madame, with an adroit tweak at her right eyebrow, "and covering her hands with tears."

"Quite," said Candia. "However, now that you know Elena has found out—"

"And that is how a woman's hands should be covered," went on Madame enthusiastically, "with tears and diamonds. How beautiful that is!"

THE phrase, Candia admitted, had a certain baroque flourish; still, she had not come to impersonate the audience of Generals whom it had doubtless once dazzled. With a polite smile through the mirror she went on with what she had been saying.

"Now that Elena knows where they are kept, I hope you will change the place. It is surely dangerous for her to run about alone wearing valuable jewels."

"But, of course, I will change the place!" agreed Madame Spirianoff heartily. "As soon as you are gone, I will change it at once."

As Candia went slowly to her own room she carried with her, like bright fishes snatched from a whirlpool, two agreeable thoughts. The first was the memory of Elena's swift, butterfly-light kiss; the second, an inexplicable gladness that the emerald chain had been the gift not of Cotterell, but of Mr. Rumbolt.

If this were jealousy, she could not help it; but she did not think it was jealousy. She was rather thankful that her husband had left nothing behind him to be so fought over and spied for . . .

And at that, on the threshold of her room, she paused. Nothing to be fought over, nothing to be spied for? What was she thinking of? What about Elena, and Xenia, and his son?

Candia began to think that the activity of Madame Spirianoff and the Baroness must be largely nocturnal; for immediately after lunch (having spent most of the morning in bed) they both retired again for their siestas.

The heat of the day, however, made this the obvious course, and after she had seen Toly and Elena spreadeagled on their cots, Candia, too, went to her room. But before lying down she sat some minutes before the glass, considering alternately her own reflection and her husband's photograph.

That she was not happy was only natural, but she was suffering in addition from an odd sense of insecurity. Even her own personality wasn't stable. She was John Cotterell's widow, she was Madame Spirianoff's guest, she was the children's stepmother; and moreover she had been married so short a time that every now and then she felt far more like Miss Graham of Mill House than anyone else.

Such moments were disturbing: Miss Graham was so far from home, so thoroughly isolated, so utterly dependent on her own resources. It was quite alarming to be Miss Graham at Aloupka.

Mrs. Cotterell was in better case, for the Victorian traditions, from which she was in many ways so emancipated, here lent Candia strength, a married woman (even a widow) being automatically better equipped to face the world than any mere spinster . . .

Candia turned the photograph so that Cotterell's reflected face looked out beside her own. It was odd, she mused, how their quiet sensible marriage had turned out in the end the briefest love story; and at the thought of the never-to-be-garnered riches that had lain beyond, she let her self-control go and put her face down in her hands.

It was only for a moment, only while she was alone. In public her slender height never drooped, her neatly poised head was held high, and though she did not realise it, this physical elegance was of the greatest service to her.

Both Madame Spirianoff and the Baroness respected it. It was something they could see, something they were able to appreciate. To both women a toad with a jewel in its head was still a creature to tread on; and when a stoat turned white, they called it ermine and adored.

"I must be sensible," said Candia aloud.

What was the sensible thing, at that time of day? To take off one's frock, put on one's wrapper—a light, pretty thing of muslin, that one's husband had never seen—and lie down on one's cool bed. Candia did so.

She fell asleep almost immediately, and in her dreams remembered something. She remembered her promise to pay another visit to Mademoiselle. There had not really been time, she was thoroughly uncertain of finding her way back, and doubted whether Madame Spirianoff would be pleased to conduct her; there was every excuse, and yet the thought so troubled her that Candia actually dreamed she heard the old lady's voice.

The vividness of it woke her up; and then she realised it was not a dream at all. On the far side of the thin door not one, but two voices spoke rapidly and softly in French.

"But what do you want with her?"

"I tell you nothing!"

It was Madame Spirianoff who asked the question, Mademoiselle who replied. Her voice was at once timid and

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Quick sweet for to-night...

Jam'n Cream Stack-ups

TO MAKE this luscious dessert, you whip jam with cream and sandwich this sweet-treat between stacks of biscuits.
Choose your favourite jam, pineapple for the Hawaiian touch, strawberry or raspberry for gay colour.
There's no cooking, just set in refrigerator and served well chilled.

RECIPE

1 lb. thin round biscuits, ¼ pint cream
2 brimming tablespoons Strawberry jam

Whip cream with a pinch of salt until it commences to thicken. Add strawberry jam and continue to beat until cream thickens enough to hold its shape. Spread a little cream over a biscuit top with second biscuit, continue with layers of cream and biscuit until you have a neat stack-up. Usually 4 biscuits make a good individual serve. Continue until all cream is used. Stand stack-ups in refrigerator for 2 hours before serving.

★ ¼ pint cream is sufficient for 4 to 5 servings. If you haven't any cream use well chilled unsweetened condensed milk (it whips!). Also, any biscuits that will stack will do, chocolate coated oatmeals, ginger crisps or your own good home-mades.

School's out! Energy needed . . . JAM gives it!

Let your youngsters celebrate "school's out" the way you did, give them bread and jam. Jam has high energy value, there are 100 calories in one tablespoon of jam — and the fresh fruit from which jam is made is a rich source of vitamins A, B, B1 and C as well as vital minerals.

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Continuing . . . . Candia

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defiant, and breathless as though she had been running.

"You must have some reason. What did you say to her yesterday?"

"I did not see her yesterday!"

"That is nonsense, she told me of it herself. She will tell me everything. I warn you."

There was a long silence, while Candia lay rigid. Years of careful training urged her to make some sound, to cough or drop a shoe, and so reveal her wakefulness. But for some reason she did not do so. She lay and eavesdropped.

"You would only make a fool of yourself," said Madame Spirianoff kindly. "Go back to your room, my dear, and I will send you cakes with icing . . ."

Again silence; and then, very slowly, footsteps diminishing down the corridor. A long pause, and then a tapping at the door.

"Are you awake, cherie?"

Candia did not answer.

. . . . . .

At tea, which they all took together in the salon, Madame Spirianoff made no reference to this incident, nor did Candia. She was not inclined to give it much importance, all old women had their secrets and jealousies, and her chief desire was to avoid becoming involved.

"We drink tea, Genevieve and I, a la Russe," said Madame, "but for you there is a proper English pot. Elena shall serve it!"

With elaborate care Elena poured out, and Toly carried Candia the cup and established himself on a stool by her side. It was all very pleasant, it was almost, thought Candia, like drawing-room tea at home.

Then Elena brought a plate of petits fours, and at once the incautious comparison was shattered; for never, in an English drawing-room, had Candia seen a little girl of eleven wearing a double rope of pearls . . .

Instinctively she turned towards Madame Spirianoff, but Elena forestalled her.

"Grand'mere says I may wear them," pronounced the child smugly. "She gave them to me herself."

"It is bad for pearls," explained Madame, "always to be shut away."

Candia was silent. She had never been a woman who cared much for jewels, and it astonished her that they should occupy, at Aloupka, so large a share of everybody's thoughts. Tamara's emeralds, the rope of pearls, the big rings slipping on the Frenchwoman's fingers —they all imposed themselves on the attention, they were somehow important, somehow —Candia could find no other word for it—active.

No one ever forgot them. They entered into all calculations. Candia felt pretty sure, for example, that Elena had been allowed to wear the pearls for some specific reason—possibly as a bribe . . .

At that moment, exactly as though to illustrate this theory, the Baroness von Froelich suddenly remarked that it was perhaps time she took her necklace into her own keeping.

"What necklace, my dear?" asked Madame Spirianoff.

The Baroness pointed with her teaspoon.

"That. The one Elena is now wearing. The one Tamara took from her own neck, just before she passed away, and pressed into my hands. 'Genevieve,' she said—"

"She said nothing of the sort!" cried Madame indignantly. "You are lying!"

"I am not. 'Genevieve,' she said—"

"Then why did you never mention it before?"

"I did not wish to re-open your wound. But now, when I see it given to Elena as a plaything—"

"It is not a plaything!" shrieked Elena. "It is my present from the Czar!"

"—I can be silent no longer. Olympiada, those pearls belong to me."

Candia listened with interest. She did not for one moment believe the Baroness' story, and thought it quite probable that the Baroness did not really expect to be believed herself; she was rather staking a claim for future use, and creating a little excitement. But Madame Spirianoff was angry.

"Genevieve, I repeat that you are a liar. The pearls are mine, in due course they will be Elena's, and whatever my poor child may have said in her delirium is of no account whatever."

"What did she say?" asked Candia impulsively.

The Baroness beamed at her like a child at last allowed to recite.

"She said, 'Genevieve, our temperaments have not perhaps been so well-matched as these pearls, but at least our hearts are as pure of all unkindness. Take them, wear them always, and remember Tamara.' "

Candia could not wonder that the Baroness had been eager to speak this piece. If she had made it up practically on the spur of the moment she really deserved applause.

"How very beautiful!"

Madame Spirianoff looked at her in turn, but with a glance so full of suspicion that Candia at once regretted her heedlessness. The old lady laughed harshly.

"It is not beautiful at all, it is very silly. And let me assure you, my dear, if Genevieve had a rope of pearls, she would not give any away. Oh, no!"

"Of course not," agreed the Baroness placidly. "I am not such a fool." She, who had started the whole incident, was now the calmest of the three; Candia was irritated, and Madame Spirianoff really angry; the Baroness helped herself to cake.

"And I am not a grabber, either," she said. "Elena may keep the pearls a little longer. She may wear them — that is —by my leave."

This rather neat get-out had not the soothing effect intended. With a yell of rage Elena tore off the necklace, flung it in her grandmother's lap, and rushed from the room. Toly burst into tears. Madame Spirianoff boxed his ears and followed Elena. The Baroness giggled.

"Now there is no one to pour out tea!" she said gaily. "What a lark!"

But Candia, her arm round Toly, did not reply. It was indeed at that moment that she resolved to lose no more time, but speak to Madame Spirianoff at once, explain Cotterell's wishes, and lay the groundwork for the children's departure, so that they could leave by the next boat.

. . . . . .

Dressing for dinner that night Candia opened the case containing her diamond bracelet and looked at it for a long time. She had never worn it, its magnificence made her self-conscious, but now she wondered whether to throw it, so to speak, into the scales.

The possession of such a jewel would undoubtedly enhance her prestige, and perhaps relieve her of the suspicion of angling after an odd pearl. She could, also, bribe Elena, if necessary, with its loan.

With a slight feeling of surprise she put down the case and again considered her own face in the glass. She did not look different, but she must, she thought, be changed a little to entertain such an idea. She remembered how, that very afternoon, she had feigned sleep in order to eavesdrop upon her hostess.

In only two days Aloupka

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IRON-ON TRANSFER AND PATTERN

COLORFUL iron-on transfers in a variety of motifs, including children, a charming kitten, and butterflies, make attractive decorations on kiddies' clothes and on nursery furnishings.

Using a warm iron, you simply press on the motif. The transfer sheet (No. 1001C) costs 2/6.

Also available is the pattern shown at right for the little boy's shirt with Peter Pan collar, to fit children 2, 3, and 4 years. Price 2/-.

You can order both the pattern and the transfer from our Needlework Department. See address, page 81.

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SEALING 'ROUND THE HOUSE WITH "Sellotape"

TIP FOR PICTURE-HANGING

Cross two strips of "Sellotape" on spot where nail is to go. Hammer the nail through the "Sellotape"—this holds plaster together, stops splintering.

● "Sellotape" is 25% wider sticks to any surface with 25% more gripping power.

Refills NOW! only 9d. and 1/9

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HAVE YOU Chicken Feather Legs?

SILKYMIT keeps legs hair-free . . . and smooth. SILKYMIT—1/3 each or in the new Triple-Pack, 3 for 2/-, everywhere.

Don't forget to order your copy of The Australian Women's Weekly Cookery Book. There's a coupon in this issue.

Continuing . . . . Candia

from page 62

had begun to color her mind: it presented deceit and bribery as obvious weapons, and she was prepared to use them.

"No, not bribery," said Candia.

The jewel-case lay under her hand, and without looking at it she snapped it shut. She was still gazing at her own face. For the first time it struck her that it wasn't only the children who ought to be got away from Aloupka. She ought to leave as soon as possible herself.

. . . .

The opportunity for a private conversation occurred earlier than Candia could have hoped, for though Madame Spirianoff and the Baroness made it up before dinner, the latter went early to bed. It was her anniversary, she said, rather mysteriously.

Madame Spirianoff at once explained that poor Genevieve did not mean her birthday, but the anniversary of the day on which one of her adorers—a general—had committed suicide. Poor Genevieve had been obliged to refuse herself to him in life, there was a complication with one of the Archdukes, but in death she naturally honored his memory.

Candia was too preoccupied to attend much to the details of this sad affair, and in any case did not quite believe in it; and at last her lack of response became so marked that Madame Spirianoff broke off to ask if she had a headache.

"What is it, my darling? Are you not well?"

"Quite—thank you," said Candia.

"But you seem troubled. I assure you there is no need to worry about Genevieve. She is not going to commit suicide, though I believe she promised to. What then is your grief?"

Candia looked at her. She had already noticed, in Madame, a certain impenetrability; but it seemed hardly possible that she should have forgotten Cotterell's death. And she hadn't forgotten, not really; as she met Candia's look, her own eyes widened with dismay and she threw up her hands in a gesture of remorse.

"Fool that I am!" she exclaimed. "Wicked, foolish old woman! I talk of love and death, and all the time you are suffering! Forgive me, my darling, it is not that I have no heart, it is just that I have no sense at all!"

"But indeed you have," protested Candia. "And very great kindness."

"I have not!" Madame Spirianoff struck herself resoundingly on the chest. "I am thoughtless and bad! While you, poor child—" She broke off, her eyes filled with tears.

"Poor, tragic child!" she murmured. "So brave, so bright, and all the while—a broken heart!"

Candia, who was beginning to find this scene extremely painful, said nothing. Madame looked about for her handkerchief; it lay on a table at her side, by a box of chocolates. She absently took one, and it seemed to calm her.

"To be brave, that is everything," she said more cheerfully. "And indeed, my darling, all is not black. You are not without those who love you. You have a home now here with us!"

For some moments Candia sat perfectly still, marshalling her forces. The opening had been presented; she had to take it at once.

"There is something I must explain to you, Madame. I would have told you at once, but I wanted you to know me first. I didn't come intending to stay here always, and in spite of all your kindness I must soon go."

Madame Spirianoff stared.

"But that is nonsense! You are no trouble! Are you not happy here?"

"Of course. But perhaps you did not know my husband's plans. He wished to make a home in America, and the reason we came here first was to—to see you, of course, and to fetch the children."

"To fetch Elena?"

"And Xenia and Toly."

"To take them to America?"

"Yes, Madame."

It was out at last, and Candia waited nervously for the old lady's reaction. It was astonishing. For a minute Madame Spirianoff was speechless. Then she said slowly and emphatically, "That is the most wicked idea I ever heard of. Please never speak of it again."

Candia was startled. She had expected to be opposed, but not without a hearing.

"But I must speak of it—" she began.

"No," said Madame firmly. "There is no need at all. I do not blame you, you understand, you are not responsible. You have confessed, and it is over."

She paused and gave Candia a forgiving smile. "But you were quite right not to tell me at once, for if I had not known you for the angel you are, I might have been very angry."

> **A lover without indiscretion is no lover at all.**
>
> **—*Thomas Hardy***

"Will you please, Madame, let me explain?"

Madame smiled again.

"So conscientious? Very well, my child. Say anything you wish, but I shall know the words are not really yours."

Under this very heavy handicap, Candia recapitulated.

"My sister-in-law is in America, ready to welcome us. I think she must be nearly as kind as you are. And I know that it would be my husband's wish that I should still go on to her, taking the children with me."

"But your husband is dead," said Madame Spirianoff comfortably.

"That makes no difference."

"When one's husband is dead, my dear, it always makes a difference. There is no one to whom you are now accountable, except me; and if you have made any foolish promises"—the old woman leant forward and patted Candia lightly on the cheek—"I absolve you!"

Candia moved her chair slightly back. Madame Spirianoff, the matter apparently settled, picked up the chocolate box and began to root for truffles. But her hand was unsteady and half of them spilled on the floor.

"Please listen," said Candia quietly. "My husband wished his children to be brought up in America—"

"I often thought, myself," admitted Madame, "that he was a little queer in the head."

"—and though it would be very painful to me to take them away without your consent—"

"Of course I shan't consent. I believe America is quite barbarous. If you wish to go there yourself that is, of course, another matter—though both Genevieve and I had hoped, had planned, that you would live with us always. But the children stay here."

"You know," said Candia gently, "I am their legal guardian?"

Madame Spirianoff laughed.

"Between a guardian and a grandmother, my darling, it is naturally the grandmother who has the authority. America, indeed! When they have here every advantage—"

"But they would have advantages in America, Madame. They are growing up, Toly ought to go to school, Elena wishes to study ballet dancing. They can't spend all their lives here!"

Over Madame Spirianoff's face passed a look of extraordinary secretive stubbornness. Candia tried to read it, but received only the disturbing expression that the old lady possessed, or thought she possessed, some final unanswerable argument which she was not yet prepared to use. Then the look passed; Madame Spirianoff smiled.

"You do not yet understand," she said, "but I hope that when you have been here a little longer, you will become more intelligent." She stooped down and began to pick up the truffles. One of them rolled under Candia's chair, and in groping for it the plump old hand paused to give her ankles an appreciative pat.

"You have nice feet," observed Madame Spirianoff kindly. "In fact, for an Englishwoman, you are altogether well made. At St. Petersburg—no, at Moscow—I dare say you would have had a great success."

. . . .

It was long before Candia fell asleep that night, and the thoughts which kept her awake were not comfortable ones. Opposition she had expected, a rational opposition she could (she believed) in time overcome: the difficulties of the situation had always been clear to her, and she was prepared to meet them. But she now suspected these difficulties to be considerably increased by the fact that so far as Madame Spirianoff was concerned, no situation existed.

So far as Madame Spirianoff was concerned Candia had simply two alternatives. She could remain at Aloupka for the rest of her life, or leave, alone, as soon as she pleased. So far as Candia was concerned, there was only one course open: she was determined upon taking the children to America.

So the issue was joined. Candia was aware within herself of great reserves of patience and perseverance. She did not think the old lady could outmatch her in either. But where Madame Spirianoff scored was by sheer ignorance.

She knew nothing, for instance, about America, and did not wish to be informed. Her mind was beautifully clear of everything save her own prejudices. There was no place for doubt or self-questioning, no loophole for the admission of a new idea.

Candia recognised this attitude with more dismay than surprise, for it was one she had encountered often enough at home—in her gardener, who persistently planted dahlias where she ordered foxgloves, in old Colonel Cox, who wished to shoot all Labor members of Parliament; each of whom (to make matters more difficult) not only admitted

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ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

Tasty new way to serve "left-overs"

BAKED MEAT RING

Here's a hearty main-course dish — and no one would dream it's made from "left-over" meat.

Direct from the Kraft Kitchen — a savoury treat:

INGREDIENTS:

1 lb. minced left-over meat; ½ cup milk; 1 minced onion; 1 dessertspoon Bonox; 1 egg; ½ cup breadcrumbs; 2 tablespoons chopped parsley; 2 finely chopped mint leaves; ¼ teaspoon salt; pepper.

METHOD:

Combine all the ingredients and mix thoroughly. Grease a small ring mould or loaf tin and pack the mixture into it. Bake in a moderate oven (350°) for one hour. Turn out and serve with tomato sauce, and vegetables in season.

When you cook with Bonox, your family and friends will all notice the difference—that extra-satisfying, "meaty" flavour Bonox gives to casseroles and stews. Add it to your soups and gravies, too . . . you'll find delicious Bonox wonderful for all savoury cooking.

Use Bonox as a Sauce for Cold Meats.

1 teaspoon Bonox; 2 teaspoons tomato sauce; a little prepared mustard and a dash of Worcestershire sauce. Blend together and serve on cold meat.

Available everywhere in 2, 4, 8, 16 and 28 oz. bottles. Eat and drink Bonox for a lift!

"Bonox makes *all* dishes better", says Elizabeth Cooke — famous Kraft cookery and nutrition expert.

K662

How to beat Rheumatism

Rheumatism costs Australians millions in hospitalisation and lost wages every year, and so anything you can do to beat Rheumatism is worth while.

Here's an important hint. As soon as you get up in the morning make your bed immediately. Why? Because if you don't, moisture begins to condense on the warm bedclothes, which become damp, and getting into a damp bed is bad for you.

Next, keep warm all the time. If your work is hard, wear woollens or flannels next to your skin to absorb perspiration and prevent chills. No matter how hot conditions may be, you can get chilled quickly when you stop work, especially if there is a wind. So pull on your woollens or flannels while you are still warm. Wear socks in bed, if necessary, to keep your feet warm, and remember that the quickest way to get warm in bed is to lie on your back with legs straight so that your spinal column, lungs and heart get the quickest warmth.

Scientists have found that good food is not enough to protect against Rheumatism, for the body must get supplies of the "trace-elements" that are as important as vitamins. Without these "trace-elements" Rheumatism and other ailments appear, which hang on until these "trace-elements" are replaced.

Many treatments have been tried for Rheumatism, but none have been so consistently successful as **Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids**, which have astounded both observers and sufferers by the results they have achieved in the Rheumatic group of diseases, including fibrositis, sciatica, and many vague cases of ill-health that have been difficult to diagnose accurately.

Menthoids are taken daily to provide the body with these "trace-elements" in tiny dosage. Although **Menthoids** contain no pain-killing drugs like aspirin or salicylates, the relief from pain and improvement in the patient is astonishing. Many people take two or three **Menthoids** every morning, but they can be taken at any convenient time to suit the patient.

Menthoids contain no dangerous drugs, and the cost is only about threepence a day for treatment. Many Rheumatic sufferers who have been taking **Menthoids** for twenty years have been free of Rheumatic trouble ever since they began.

Because these "trace-elements" are not stored in the body, but require replacement daily, it is necessary to keep taking the daily dose that is contained in **Menthoids**, and, as a 7/6 flask of **Menthoids** contains enough for nearly a month's treatment, it is within the reach of everybody to beat Rheumatism.

M11

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"... but what caused it, Doctor?"

"In all probability, flies: disease carrying flies. You evidently neglected to spray as soon as the flies appeared."

You'd be startled if you knew how much sickness and disease is carried by flies. Flies are *filthy* with germs. You *never* know where a fly has been before it enters your home and soils a cooking utensil or one of your baby's toys. You never know *what* bacteria it deposits, until—almost unaccountably—someone in your home falls ill.

The only *certain* way of protecting your family against fly-borne infections is the method recommended by Health Departments. You must kill flies as soon as they appear.

Spray every room regularly with MORTEIN. Mortein kills flies (and all other insect pests) with such speed that they don't have a *chance* to do harm to health. And Mortein isn't only fast . . . it's *safe:* safe to spray anywhere—because *Mortein is guaranteed not to contain DDT.*

PROTECT YOUR FAMILY AGAINST FLY-BORNE DISEASE.

Kill flies as soon as they appear with **Mortein**

THE FASTEST, SAFEST INSECT SPRAY KNOWN

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Continuing . . . . Candia

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his own pig-headedness, but took a pride in it.

Though it was in a way fascinating to observe how human nature was the same all the world over—how there were pig-headed Russians as well as volatile English—Candia was not feeling sufficiently detached to appreciate the illustration. Madame Spirianoff's pig-headedness, backed by the super-maternal instincts of a grandmother, might be perfectly natural; it was also rather appalling.

Lying awake in the darkness, Candia did her best to be fair. She was, after all, a complete stranger, she had arrived out of the blue; had possibly been over-hasty. What she needed was the support of someone familiar; and at this point her thoughts suddenly turned, with relief, to an unknown but potent figure: Mr. Rumbolt.

A millionaire, a tycoon—a personality of force and reputation—above all John Cotterell's executor—Mr. Rumbolt seemed designed by nature and circumstances to fill the bill.

The mere fact that he was a man was in itself important, since Madame Spirianoff undoubtedly belonged to that older school of thought which ruled that the gentlemen always knew best.

Unconsciously (quite as though she belonged to the same school herself) Candia uttered a long relieved sigh. She would do no more, she would let the matter drop, until Mr. Rumbolt arrived; but her urgent thoughts centred upon him with such intensity that she felt he must be aware of them.

Whether this were so or not, two days later Mr. Rumbolt arrived.

He arrived unheralded, on his own yacht, and early in the morning before Madame Spirianoff was up.

Candia wondered if this were by design, but in any case she was extremely glad of the opportunity to talk to him alone. She felt also, as Casimir conducted her ceremonially to the drawing-room, slightly nervous, and as a consequence entered the room with her head rather higher and her back rather straighter than usual.

"Mr. Rumbolt!" announced Casimir proudly.

He slipped away behind her, and Candia stopped short in surprise. For no good reason she had expected the millionaire to be large, a great hulk of a man with heavy shoulders, long arms, and an imperial jowl.

In actual fact he was half a head shorter than herself, and the brown skin of his face was tight-drawn over every muscle and ligament. It was a face completely lacking in expression; only the eyes were attentive and alert.

"Good morning," said Candia, recovering her wits. "I am Mrs. Cotterell. It was good of you to come."

Mr. Rumbolt ducked his head in a peculiar little bow. Candia looked at him again and at once received the impression that he was unaccustomed to talking to women. She could imagine him giving orders to them, making payment possibly for value received, but not talking to them. (She certainly could not imagine him covering any female hand with tears.)

Her own nervousness accordingly diminished. She sat down with a spread of her crisp skirts and indicated a nearby chair.

Mr. Rumbolt obediently sat. He kept his eyes fixed on hers with an intentness partly due, as she now realised, to the fact that he had no lashes, and for a moment they sat looking at each other in silence. Then Mr. Rumbolt cleared his throat.

"Cotterell," he said. "He was a good man and I liked him. Anything I can do, you tell me."

"Thank you," said Candia; and paused again. There was so much she wanted Mr. Rumbolt to do she hardly knew where to begin. "You know," she said, "my husband made you his executor?"

Mr. Rumbolt nodded.

"I've seen Moffat. Seen the will. Children get about ten thousand apiece, income till twenty-one, then the capital. All plain sailing. I'll administer."

"Thank you," said Candia again. "I don't know whether my husband ever spoke to you about the children's future—?"

"No."

"He wanted them to be brought up in America. That's why we were coming here, to fetch them. Now I must do it myself, and of course I shall. But the position is rather more difficult."

"I bet it is," said Mr. Rumbolt. His expressionless face did not change, but he pulled thoughtfully at his left ear. "I figured," he said, "you'd be going back to England."

"But I'm not."

"No trouble, you know. Take you to Singapore in my yacht, do the rest by air. Easy."

Candia sighed. She had explained the position so often before—to Sir James, to the captain, to Mr. Moffat, to Madame Spirianoff—that she had become very tired of doing so.

"Mr. Rumbolt," she said, "please understand that I'm not going back. I'm going on, with the children. They can't possibly spend the rest of their lives at Aloupka."

"Elena," stated Mr. Rumbolt impartially, "is a young villain."

"If she is, it's largely the way she's been brought up. And the others are—adorable."

For at least a minute he stared at her in silence. Then he shrugged impatiently, and Candia at once knew (as surely as if she had sat opposite him with an agenda all her life) that the preliminaries were over and the proposition was accepted.

"Very well," he said. "I've got to leave this evening. D'you want me to kidnap 'em today?"

"Good heavens, no!"

"Quite simple. Park you all at Singapore, lend you any cash—why not?"

Candia hesitated. All she really had against this plan was its plain brutality. She did not really like Madame Spirianoff; she rather mistrusted her; but she could not so insult and injure a lonely old woman.

She wanted to carry out her task not only successfully, but at least with decency; she wanted if possible to leave behind no hard feelings; grief, perhaps, but not anger, not hatred. Mr. Rumbolt would probably have figured that she was biting off more than she could chew.

"I can manage the journey by myself, easily," she said. "We'll go from here on the coast boat, I hope next week. What I want you to do is to talk to Madame Spirianoff: I want you to explain that I really am the children's guardian, and that if I choose I can use legal authority." (Candia was not at all sure how she would set about doing this, but trusted Mr. Rumbolt to put it across.)

"I want you to make her understand that their father's wishes must be carried out. And if you can, make her see that it's really for the children's good, that they'll like America and be happy there—so that she won't be unhappy about letting them go . . ."

"Humph," said Mr. Rumbolt. "Did Cotterell give you the impression I was the Almighty?"

Candia laughed.

"No." (She did not quite like to say Cotterell had given her the impression that he was a tycoon.) "But I'm sure you have a great influence with Madame Spirianoff—and the Baroness."

Mr. Rumbolt looked interested.

"That old catamaran still around?"

"Yes—and I'm glad. It means Madame won't be left quite alone." Candia paused. She had just remembered that the Baroness was not the only other woman at Aloupka.

"Though, of course," she went on tentatively, "there's Mademoiselle. Do you know about her?"

"I do. But I didn't think you would."

"Madame told me she used to be their governess."

"Holy mackerel," said Mr. Rumbolt appreciatively.

"That's what I thought," agreed Candia. "It's all rather odd. I mean, she's evidently living here, and yet she and Madame don't seem to be exactly friends."

"Not friends, cousins," said Mr. Rumbolt. "They're having a lawsuit."

Candia waited. She had wanted information, and now she felt she was getting almost more than she could cope with.

"The Baroness was in on it, too," added Mr. Rumbolt reflectively. "When she and Mamzelle turned up, they were in cahoots. But the Baroness ratted on account of free champagne, and Mamzelle settled down with a grouch, and now the lawsuit's just a hobby."

"But what was it all about?" asked Candia curiously.

Mr. Rumbolt grinned.

"An estate in Russia. Sometimes Madame says it's an oil-well. Whatever it is, it'll have been confiscated long ago by the Soviet. Only they don't know. If they did know, they wouldn't care. You keep out of it."

"I'll try."

"Don't touch it with a barge-pole. Anything else you want to know?"

"Well, yes," said Candia, "there is." Her nervousness was returning, but she tried to speak as lightly and casually as possible. "You made Tamara—you made my husband's first wife—some very valuable gifts . . ."

For the first time the millionaire shifted his gaze from her face. Candia went quickly on.

"Madame Spirianoff says they are now hers, eventually to be Elena's. Elena wants them. The Baroness says Tamara gave the pearls to her. I think they all suspect me of trying to get hold of them for myself. The whole situation is extremely unpleasant."

"Have you seen 'em?" asked Mr. Rumbolt abruptly.

"I've seen the pearls and an emerald necklace."

"And don't you want 'em yourself?"

"Of course not."

"Because if you do, they're yours," said Mr. Rumbolt.

Candia got up and walked to the windows. For a moment she was so angry that she had to control herself, as in furious girlhood, by counting up to twenty. At nineteen she turned, and found Mr. Rumbolt at her elbow. He had crossed the room without making the slightest sound.

"I meant it as a present," he said anxiously. "Nothing else. No strings. Just a present."

The situation had fortunately become absurd. Looking down from her greater height, Candia smiled.

"Mr. Rumbolt," she said, "I'm sure you mean to be kind. But I honestly don't want them. What I want you to do with these things is to take them back, because otherwise they'll be such a bone of contention when Elena goes. I want you to say you only lent them to Tamara and that now they belong to you again. I want you to take them away."

Mr. Rumbolt pulled his ear.

"All in all, they're worth a lot of money. Might be useful to the kid later on."

"And, in the meantime, Elena is learning to spy and steal to get hold of them! She thinks much more of jewellery than any child should. Don't you see what a—what a nuisance they are?"

Whether he did or not, Mr. Rumbolt was evidently prepared to accept her ruling.

"Right," he agreed. "I'll get 'em out of Madame before I go. And I tell you what: I'll keep 'em till the kid's of age, and then if you say so, she can have 'em."

"Thank you," said Candia. "That's very, very good of you. And now, do you mind if I ask a question?"

The millionaire pulled his ear again.

"If it's why I gave Tamara that stuff—"

"Oh, no," said Candia hastily. "At least, it's just—are any of the children yours?"

"No," said Mr. Rumbolt at once. "That I can take my oath on."

"Thank you. I had to ask, you see, because—because if so, you'd naturally have a right

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IT CAME FROM THE BIBLE

This week's award of £2/2/- for a Bible quotation has been won by Mrs. B. Lynn, of "Farnham," Ingham, Queensland.

This is her entry:

"A person who suggests to another what he wants him to say is often said to be 'putting words into his mouth.'

"The phrase comes from the book of Exodus, chapter four, verse 15, where God, in the burning bush, is telling the uncloquent Moses that his brother Aaron was to be Moses' spokesman to the Jews: 'Thou shalt speak unto him, and put words in his mouth: and I will be with thy mouth and with his mouth and will teach you what ye shall do.' "

Readers are invited to send in Bible quotations whose frequent application has made them part of everyday language. Entries should give the book, chapter, and verse from which each quotation comes and an example of current usage.

Address entries to Bible Quotations, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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1 level dessertspoon of brown sugar
1 tablespoon fruit chutney
1 dessertspoon of Worcestershire sauce
1 teaspoon KEEN'S MUSTARD
1½ cups water
salt and pepper

Prick sausages with fork, brown in hot fat, take out, place in saucepan. Brown onion in the fat, add to sausages. Stir flour into remaining fat and brown well. Add all other ingredients, well mixed together. Stir until boiling, pour over sausages. Cover and simmer gently half-an-hour. Serves 4 or 5.

Original recipe prepared for Keen's by Home Economist, Janet Blair.

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to consider their future, too. I'm very glad."

Mr. Rumbolt considered her for some moments before speaking. Then it was his turn to ask a question.

"What sort of a life did you live before you came here?"

"Very quiet," replied Candia.

"What they call sheltered?"

"Very."

"That's what I thought. Never met anyone like me, for instance?"

"No," said Candia. "I didn't meet many people at all." Her attention was wandering, she could hear sounds without, a rumor of Madame Spirianoff. "But I read," she added vaguely, "a great many books."

"You'd better lend me some of 'em," said Mr. Rumbolt.

. . . . . .

It afterwards struck Candia as remarkable that of the two tasks she had laid upon Mr. Rumbolt—the persuading of Madame Spirianoff, and the recovery of Tamara's jewellery—it was the first, and far more important, which proved easier of accomplishment.

What arguments he used she could not guess, since he tackled the old lady alone; but they were evidently efficacious, for Madame Spirianoff emerged from the interview completely subdued and with only enough spirit for a very slight scene.

"It appears," she said ironically, "that I am a very stupid and selfish woman. I did not know it before, but we live and learn. I wonder, my dear, that you have been able to put up with me for even two weeks."

"Oh, no!" cried Candia, really distressed. "You have been so kind, I shall be unhappy to go!"

"But you will go all the same, hein? And take my grandchildren with you. But Mr. Rumbolt assures me it is for the best, and of coure Mr. Rumbolt knows everything. So I will do a thing I should not have thought of doing in Russia. I will ask him to sit down to lunch with us."

"Thanks," said Mr. Rumbolt.

Madame Spirianoff ignored him.

"To you, Candia, let me say at once, I believe you are doing what you think right. I think you had better take the next boat. That will give us time to get ready, and not too long to weep."

This was so extremely sensible that Candia could hardly believe her ears. She looked at Mr. Rumbolt as at a magician.

"Fine," said Mr. Rumbolt.

"If it is I who am to be sacrificed," finished Madame heroically, "what matters how soon? My life is over, my heart is dead. You will not be here to kiss me in my coffin, Candia. Kiss me now."

Candia very willingly did so, and they went in to lunch.

By way of contrast the confiscation by Mr. Rumbolt of Tamara's jewel-cases was a whirlwind drama raging all over the house and lasting all the afternoon. Candia tried to keep out of it, but she could not help being interested; from the first she pinned her faith on Mr. Rumbolt, whom she began to admire very much.

He was the whirlwind's tranquil centre; about him raged Madame Spirianoff and the Baroness—only two of them, but so loud, so mobile, as to seem ubiquitous.

Had he not given the jewels, they demanded, pressing them again and again into Tamara's unwilling hands? No, replied Mr. Rumbolt, he had merely lent them to her because she liked pretty things. They were all agreed in comparing Tamara's virtue to the driven snow; was he a man, inquired Mr. Rumbolt cynically, to make a present of five thousand pounds to an iceberg?

Madame Spirianoff recoiled,

Continuing . . . . Candia

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but only momentarily; well, then, Tamara had bought them—bought and paid for them out of her own money, as an inheritance for her daughter. Mr. Rumbolt replied, boloney.

Very well, boloney, agreed Madame Spirianoff; but was not Mr. Rumbolt a millionaire, had he not all the money in the world, and lent or not lent, given or not given, what was five thousand pounds to him? A bagatelle. Why, asked Madame reasonably, all this fuss about nothing? What did he want the jewels for? To give to another woman, replied Mr. Rumbolt.

At this point the Baroness went into hysterics, and came out of them with the astonishing statement that the jewels had been given to her in return for favors received, and that she had allowed Tamara to claim them merely to preserve her own (the Baroness') reputation.

No one took much notice of this, least of all Mr. Rumbolt.

Madame Spirianoff then rushed out and came back dragging Elena, whom she hurled at the millionaire's breast, begging him to consider the child's pitiful and portionless state — without father, without mother, without even a rope of pearls.

Elena's shrill and intelligent wails added themselves to the din; and for the first time Candia found it necessary to intervene. There was something indecent in the spectacle, something unholy in the alliance of the child with the two mercenary old harridans.

Candia plunged into the tempest, seized Elena by the shoulders, and dragged her off. The child fought like a wildcat, but Candia was strong enough to pick her up and carry her to her own room. There Elena wriggled herself free, flung herself on the bed, and shrieked anew.

Candia slapped her sharply.

"You are a silly, bad-mannered, objectionable little girl," she said severely.

"But I want them! They're mine! I want them!" yelled Elena.

"But what good are they to you?" asked Candia. "You couldn't wear them for years."

"I could wear them when I was sixteen, and then everyone would think I had a rich lover."

"If you go on like this," said Candia, "you will be so ugly and bad-tempered you'll never have a lover at all."

It seemed a curious argument to use with a child of eleven; and yet, thought Candia, pausing reflectively above the bed, was it so very different from the admonishments of her own youth? "If you're so cross and wilful, Miss Candia, no one will love you . . ."

But the no one of her nurse's warning had been mamma and papa and kind aunts and uncles; not (she seemed to surprise the precise image in Elena's mind) a middle-aged gentleman in a white waistcoat.

However, the argument seemed to work: Elena ceased howling and turned over, crouched in her favorite sphinx-like position to stare at Candia out of narrow, attentive eyes.

"I could hypnotise you if I liked," she said irrelevantly.

"Try," said Candia.

"I could hypnotise anyone in the world. The Czar, or anyone."

"Try me."

For perhaps half a minute their eyes locked.

"Think about gardens," Candia told herself, "think about ponies and games and storybooks, about the proper business of childhood. Think about the clean Massachusetts coast . . ."

It was fantastic, this attempt to catch thought with thought, to use a picture in one's own mind as one's nurse had used a hair-brush; but the case was outside reason altogether. Elena yawned.

"You look nice," she said.

"What are you thinking about?"

"White sand and blue sea."

Elena yawned again. It was the hour of the siesta, and she had just put on a first-class emotional display. With a long sigh she turned her head to one side and slept.

Candia opened the door. The battle still raged. Madame Spirianoff was either praying or cursing in a loud, high-pitched monotone, and a sudden crash suggested that someone had knocked over the samovar. Probably the Baroness. Candia closed the door again and settled down to a quiet afternoon with a good book.

. . . . . .

Whether the others, like Elena, broke off for their siesta, Candia never knew, but when she emerged again at a summons to tea she found them all in a much calmer frame of mind. (Mr. Rumbolt's calm, indeed, had never been ruffled.)

The samovar had been put to rights and the visages of both Madame and the Baroness were thickly daubed with violet-powder. Their bosoms heaved, but it was merely the ground-swell after the tempest; they were accepting defeat not only with composure, but also with a good deal of ingenuity.

As Candia entered Madame Spirianoff rustled up to her side and breathed violet-powder in her ear.

"It was for you I did it!" she whispered loudly. "For you, my son's wife! But when a man reaches a certain age—"

She broke off with a meaning glance at Mr. Rumbolt. The Baroness intercepted it.

"What can one do?" she demanded loudly. "One can do nothing! A child with a new toy, an old man with a new mistress! It is pitiable!"

During the next half-hour Candia felt very sorry for Mr. Rumbolt. The conversation developed into a series of cautionary tales, contributed by Madame Spirianoff and the Baroness, all about distinguished elderly men — Generals, Ambassadors—who at an advanced age became entangled with shopgirls, or lost money, health, and position, became nervous wrecks, and finally blew their brains out.

Mr. Rumbolt sat through it all unmoved, his foot on a neat square package. Candia wondered irrelevantly where he had found the string; he must have had it in his pocket, for there was never any in the house, just as there was never any blotting-paper or ink or darning-silk.

Whenever one of the ladies looked at this package, which was often, she immediately added an extra harrowing detail. The General had to be buried at once, on account of—well, his condition. Three days later the girl took another lover.

But Mr. Rumbolt never blinked. When he had finished his tea he picked up the parcel, bowed all round, and went out into the garden. Candia followed him.

"Well?" Mr. Rumbolt said when they were out of earshot from the house. "Is that what you wanted?"

Candia looked at him with admiration.

"I think you're wonderful," she said sincerely. "And I'm very sorry you had to go through it."

The millionaire shrugged compliment and apology aside.

"I've been through worse in my time. You won't have any more trouble with Madame."

"I should very much like to know how you did it."

"I don't think you would," said Mr. Rumbolt.

Candia hesitated. The suspicion entered her mind that he had simply bought Madame Spirianoff off with a lump sum down. He was well able to do it, and it would probably seem to him merely a sensible and practical act . . .

"Mr. Rumbolt," she said "I'm quite a well-to-do woman myself——"

"But not half so well-to-do as I am," said Mr. Rumbolt. "Just forget it."

"Then it is—something to do with money?"

He sighed.

"All right," he said, "I'll tell you. The annuity Cotterell bought Madame is plenty for her to run Aloupka on, if she's careful. Only she isn't careful. She orders anything she fancies from Singapore, and you've seen yourself the way the Baroness puts down champagne. Lot of tradesmen thought I still owned the place, sent the bills to me. I didn't mind. I paid. If I don't pay any more, she'll be a lot less comfortable. See?"

Candia nodded unhappily. She could see quite clearly and, as Mr. Rumbolt had prophesied, did not like what she saw. Her intelligent brain, moreover, was not satisfied.

"But the children," she said. "They must have an income, together, of nearly a thousand a year. If Madame Spirianoff kept them, wouldn't she have control of that?"

"She doesn't think so."

"But why not?"

"Because she expects me to embezzle it. If you ever get

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EMBROIDERY COMPETITION

Entries for this competition will be received at 117 YORK STREET, SYDNEY, from November 1 to November 30. Mark your entries "Embroidery Competition." DO NOT SEND THEM TO THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY.

All articles submitted must have been embroidered during 1955. For various sections of the competition and the conditions, see the entry forms, which are available at traced needlework counters and from Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

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Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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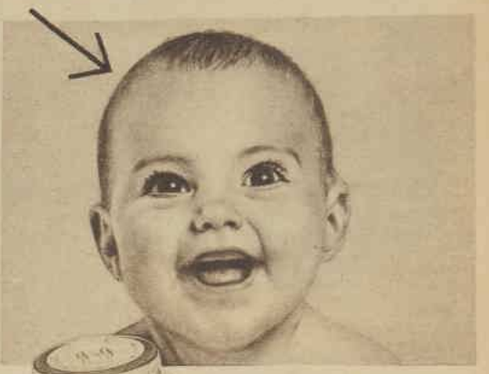

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TOPSY, a beautiful dahlia bloom, photographed by Mr. Len Robertson, of dahlia specialists Ayre and Robertson, Wahroonga, N.S.W.

NOVEMBER is the time to...

Plant dahlias, bouvardias, and chrysanthemums . . . lift spring bulbs . . . check pests and straggling growth on roses and tomatoes.

THIS month—the last of spring—demands much work to prepare for next year's blossoming and to keep up supplies for the kitchen.

Now is the time to:

- **Plant dahlia tubers or seedlings.**

Dahlias should be planted in sunny, open beds.

Make sure that the soil is well fertilised by digging plenty of manure or old compost in to a good depth.

Plant tubers at least six inches deep, and lay them on their sides, not upright, with the shoot or sprout pointing as near as possible to the stake, which should be put in position after digging the hole.

Water well after planting. If many stems later appear and your aim is quality, not quantity, of blooms, thin the stems out to two at most, pinching the tops when about 12in. high to two pairs of good leaves.

Pinching back encourages sturdy stems that will later carry many blooms. This operation can be repeated later on lateral growths.

Green plants are usually raised by nurserymen from cuttings produced from sprouts on tubers. Seedlings are a gamble, but new varieties of good quality, color, and form are often raised in this way. They should be pinched back before they get too leggy.

- **Plant chrysanthemums and bouvardias.**

Take the healthy young green shoots, with roots attached, from last season's plants and discard the old stemmy parts in the clumps.

Tall growths should be cut or pinched back to two or three pairs of leaves to make them capable of carrying good heavy blooms later.

Bouvardias should be given a place in the sun where the soil is rich and well drained. Buy strong, established plants. Gardeners have overlooked bouvardias in recent years, but they provide much brilliant color.

The colored varieties of this shrubby perennial are mostly scentless, but the waxy-flowered white, known as bouvardia Humboltii corymbiflora, is highly fragrant.

Good bouvardias to choose include Alfred Neuner (double white), Beauty of Australia (double pink), Beauty of Brisbane (white), Bocchii (pink, white throat), Dazzler (light scarlet), Duchess of York (blush pink), Federal Queen (vivid red), Hogarthii (double dark scarlet), King of Scarlets (deep scarlet).

- **Lift and store bulbs for autumn planting.**

Bulbs of daffodils, jonquils, hyacinths, and early tulips will have finished growth by the end of this month. If the foliage has browned off they may be lifted and stored.

- **Encourage roses to perfect summer flowering by giving them special care.**

Trim your roses by removing all spent flowers or hips that form after the petals have fallen. Dust the bushes with finely-divided sulphur or spray with lime sulphur solution if signs of mildew (white, floury fungi) are seen on the young foliage.

Cultivate the soil round bush, standard, and climbing roses very lightly, and maintain the water supply during hot spells. Very light pruning of over-long growths, cutting back to an outward-pointing node or eye, is also beneficial now.

- **Attend to vines and sow more vegetables, especially French beans, dwarf and climbing.**

Vines of trailing marrows, pumpkins, cucumbers, squashes, melons, and plants of custard squash and bush marrows will be making heavy growth now. Water and feed them regularly and dust with derris powder if pumpkin beetles or ladybird beetles are seen feeding on young foliage.

Spray tomato seedlings and plants with DDT to check thrips and thus control outbreaks of spotted wilt, which these pests cause. Plant out more seedlings on cloudy days or cool evenings, and stem prune plants grown on stakes for better crops.

Keep in mind that stringless beans help the cook. Epicure and Golden Cluster are excellent stringless climbers; good dwarfs are Stainless Green Pod and The Startler (butter bean).

Also, this month, sow more carrots, parsnips, beets, silver beet, cabbage, broccoli, cauliflower, cape gooseberry, roselle, peppers, egg-plant, lettuce, radish, sweet corn seed, and make further sowings of cucurbits.

DAHLIAS are among the most easily grown plants. This one is named Kid's Climax. With ordinary attention they will give an abundance of blooms for several months.

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PRESENTS FOR YOU TO MAKE

Here are five easy-to-make Christmas presents that are both pretty and practical. They are a make-up cape and a useful apron, an angel picture, a pyjama case, and decorative wall tiles for a teenager's room.

MAKE-UP CAPE (above) takes a minimum of time to make from one yard of material. The frill can be in the same fabric or from a broderie edging. The cape keeps dresses free of make-up spots.

CLEVER APRON

This multi-purpose towelling apron (see picture at right) may be used in the kitchen (the pockets can be used as pot-holders), for sewing, to hold scissors and cottons, in the garden for seeds and implements, and as a smart accessory for a barbecue chef.

Materials: 2-3rd yd. 36in. towelling, 2yds. contrasting fringing, 1 button.

Cut two rectangular pieces 17in. x 18in. and 1 piece 4in. wide and 5in. longer than waist measurement.

Hem neatly down two 18in. sides and across the bottom of each piece.

Overlap two edges of towelling for 2in. at the top of the apron, stitch in place. With a running-stitch, gather the apron across the top to half the waist measurement. Fasten off.

Starting at the top of the apron, stitch the fringe down the outside edges and across the hem, finishing 6½in. from the inside edges of the apron.

With right sides of material together, stitch the waistband to apron top. Double the band over and hem neatly to the back of the apron, covering the gathers. Tuck under remaining raw edges and hem rest of the band. Finish off with a button and buttonhole.

To make pockets, fold inner corners to the centre of apron-flap and sew in place. Overlap with the fringed corner and stitch down the inner side.

MAKE-UP CAPE

You will need one yard 36in. wide material, 1yd. narrow red ribbon, bias strip of matching or contrasting material measuring 14in. x 4in.

Cut out from material a 20in. diameter circle, and four strips measuring 20in. x 4in. for frill round cape.

Make a hole in centre circle the required size for neck, then fold circle in half and split up centre back for opening.

With right sides together, join short ends of strips to form a band 80in. long. Fold band in half with right sides together so that band measures 2in. wide. Seam along edge, then pull band through to right side. Press flat and frill with a double running-stitch. Tack around edge of cape, then sew in position.

With right sides of material together, stitch one side of collar to cape. Double collar-band to inside of cape, and slip-stitch in position to give neat finish. Sew ribbon ties in position at back of neck.

ANGEL PICTURE

Materials: A 15in. x 11in. piece of 3-ply edged with 1in. wide beading frame; a piece of heavy, smooth cardboard 10in. x 10in.; glossy blue and white paint; picture wire and tacks.

On heavy cardboard draw silhouette of an angel holding a book (see diagram overleaf). The angel should measure approximately 9½in. from wing-tip to hem, and 6½in. wide across hem.

With a sharp razor-blade cut carefully around silhouette. Paint white and leave to dry.

Give background of picture two coats of blue paint. Paint frame edge white. When dry, paste angel in place on blue background, weight down, and leave to dry.

Hang in place on wall.

PYJAMA CASE

Materials: ¾yd. 36in. striped cotton, ¾yd. cotton lining, hank of black darning wool, two large black buttons, one red button, a card of bias-binding, 12in. hanger.

Make a rough drawing of the bag, measuring 13in. x 13in. Mark on the drawing the position for the eyes, mouth, and nose, so that the flap of the bag will cover the eyes and loop fastens over the nose.

With your drawing as a guide, cut pattern sections for the face, which has a rounded section and a straight-edge section, the back and the flap of the bag. Cut the lining from the same pattern.

Stitch the round-edge section of face to straight-edge section, with eyebrows of double-thickness wool placed between and on either side of the face. Trim eyebrows to ¾in.

With right sides together, attach lining to the top of the face. Sew in place buttons for the eyes and nose, and a curved piece of bias-tape for the mouth.

To make top flap, place second set of eyebrows and a 2in. loop made from stitched bias-tape in position between striped flap and lining. Stitch together, turn, and trim eyebrows.

Sew lining for back of bag to striped back section.

Continued on page 72

MULTI-PURPOSE APRON with deep pockets can be used almost anywhere in the house. Use it for cooking and you have ready-made potholders; use it for sewing or when gardening as a holder for small implements.

ANGEL PICTURE takes very little making (see diagram overleaf) and will please any child. To complete the Christmas effect, attach a sprig of bright red holly to a corner of the picture frame.

CHILDREN from two to ten years will love this pyjama case called Pyjama Pete in bright cotton to keep on their beds with their night-clothes inside. At left, a wide-awake Pyjama Pete is ready to help kiddies learn to be neat and tidy.

PYJAMA PETE, at right, with his eyes closed. By simply sewing a coat-hanger in place he becomes a hanging-case for children's socks, handkerchiefs, and underwear. He will come in handy for little girls who like to keep their clean dolls' clothes crisp and fresh.

WALL TILES for a teenager's room can be made from scraps of material and paint (see diagram overleaf). Hung singly or in pairs, they make lovely pictures.

TO MAKE a teapot stand instead of wall tiles, cover the flowers with clear lacquer and paste felt underneath to keep them from scratching.

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Cocktail blouse to crochet

Crochet this elegant cocktail blouse to wear with your favorite evening skirt.

Here are the directions:

Materials: 4 balls Strutt's Milford Knitting Cotton, No. 8, Milward's steel crochet hook, No. 3; 4 small buttons; 4 press-studs.

Measurements: To fit a 36in. bust.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr, treble; lg. tr., long treble (or double treble); sl.-st., slipstitch; dec., decreas (e)ing; rep., repeat.

The blouse is made by working 37 flower motifs, and about 94 roundel motifs. These are sewn on to a brown paper patt. cut from the classic shaped sweater (see sketches below), and then the motifs are held tog. with lengths of chain going backwards and forwards between the flowers and roundels; when the whole of the motifs are joined in this way, cut the paper away and make up in the usual manner. Then work 11 rows of d.c. along the bottom of front and back, 5 rows along each sleeve, and 5 rows along neck edge.

FLOWER MOTIF

Begin with 5 ch., sl.-st. into 5th ch. from hook to form a ring. 1 ch., work 10 d.c. into ring with a sl.-st.

First Petal: * Work 16 ch., break cotton. Begin again at bottom of ch. and work 3 d.c., 3 tr., 4 lg. tr., 3 tr., 3 d.c. to end of ch., 1 ch., now work down other side of ch. in the same way, 3 d.c., 3 tr., 4 lg. tr., 3 tr., 3 d.c., join to ring with a sl.-st., then sl.-st. into next d.c. Rep. from * 4 times more. Fasten off.

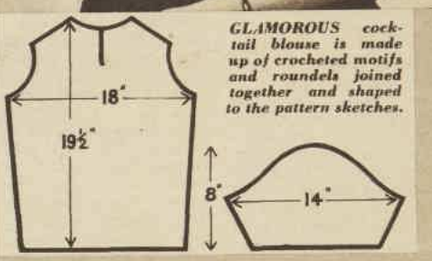
Note: Work in the ends of cotton by working over them with the foundation ch. This will save ending off all the ends afterwards.

ROUNDEL

Make 5 ch. and sl.-st. into 5th ch. from hook to form a ring. 3 ch., then work 12 tr. in ring, join with a sl.-st., now work (1 d.c. in 1st tr., 2 d.c. in next tr.) all round. Join with a sl.-st. Fasten off.

Prepare motifs on paper as given, and then work an outside edge of ch. to each piece by joining to an outer motif, and working sufficient ch. to join to next outer point, keeping a straight edge, and cont. thus all round the piece to be worked before starting on the centre joining. Tr., lg. tr. or bar-stitching may be used as the distance from one petal or roundel to the next is to be worked.

Before sewing up, work 11 rows d.c. along bottom of back and front, and 5 rows along each sleeve. Sew up shoulder and sleeve seams, then sew up side seams, leaving about 4in. free at each side. Sew in sleeves. Beg. at bottom of neck opening, work 1 row d.c. up back opening, round neck, turn and work one more row over these sts., working 3 d.c. in turning d.c. at left side of neck opening. Work down to bottom of opening, turn and work over these sts. to neck edge. Now work round neck, making about 8 dec. Break cotton. Join to bottom of right back neck opening on wrong side, and work in d.c. to neck edge, work 3 d.c. in edge st., then work round neck, dec. about 8 times as before, turn at neck edge on left back and work round neck, dec. about 8 times. Work 3 d.c. in right corner of neck edge, then work 1 row d.c. down to bottom of neck opening. Fasten off. Sew buttons on left underlap, which will button through holes of work. Sew two press-studs on each side of waistband.



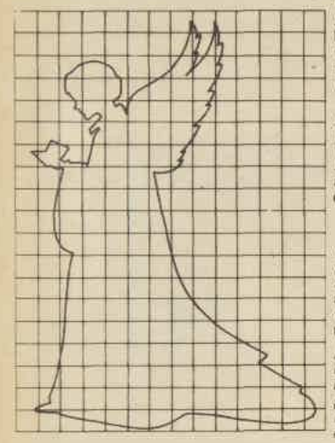
GLAMOROUS cocktail blouse is made up of crocheted motifs and roundels joined together and shaped to the pattern sketches.

PRESENTS FOR YOU TO MAKE

Continued from page 71

Lay face section on back of bag with lined sides together. Bind edges with bias-tape. Place flap in position on top of bag with lined sides together. Stitch along top edge and bind with tape.

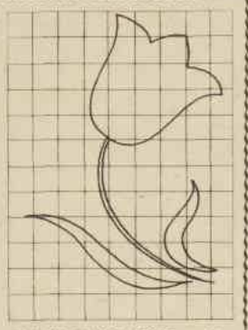
This completes pyjama case. To make it into a hanging toy-bag, cover a 12in. hanger with the tape and sew to top of case.



WALL TILES

Wall tiles make unusual and decorative gifts for a teenager's room. All you need are two colored wall tiles, scraps of material, and paint.

ANGEL silhouette: Use the graph shown left as a cutting guide for the angel. Each graph square equals half an inch.

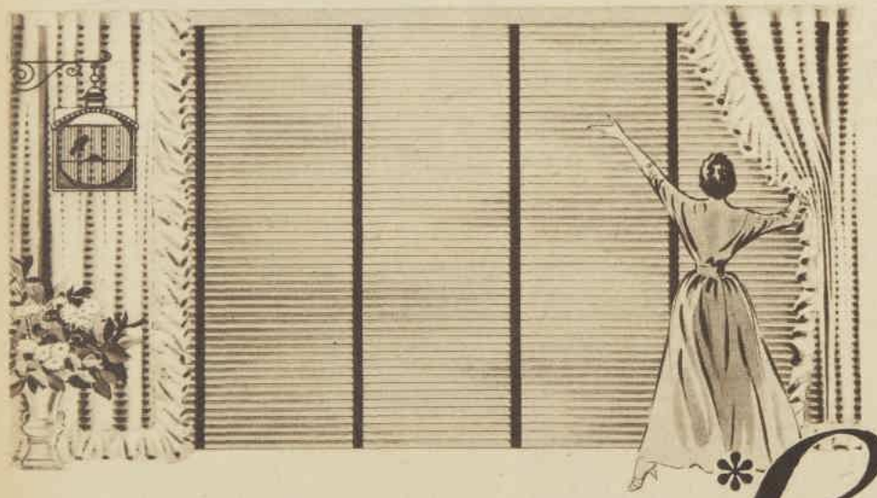


TULIP WALL TILE: Diagram is shown above of the tulip design for wall tiles.

Cut out two conventional tulip shapes from bright materials, being careful not to fray the edges. (See diagram.)

Using green paint, draw on stalks and leaves, and allow to dry. Glue on cut-out flowers, allow to dry, and edge finely with white paint outline.

wake up to the great news in blinds!



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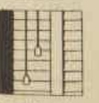
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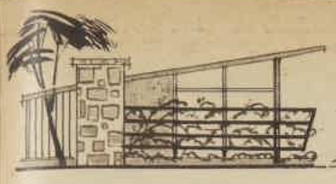


TRELLIS supported on pipe columns of the house with flowers in pots underneath makes an attractive, growing side screen.

VERTICAL PINES planted close together act both as a windbreak and as a screen to ensure privacy and do away with high, ugly fences.

Fencing facts

Mrs. Clark (the name is mine) is finding it hard to persuade her neighbors not to surround her block with ugly, six-foot-high paling fences.

"PALING FENCES are an eyesore," she said, "but the neighbors at our new place seem to be breaking their necks to spoil the landscape with 300 feet of drab palings.

"Incidentally, our share of the cost will be £80. I can think of a dozen things on which I would prefer to spend £80."

Mrs. Clark comes from Canberra, where fencing has been sensibly controlled. The results there speak for themselves.

"Outside of Canberra we tend to use palings indiscriminately without looking for a more attractive or cheaper alternative," I agreed.

"I've approached these neighbors with the idea of using suitable hedges," explained Mrs. Clark, "but they refused. Their main objections were lack of privacy, difficulty in keeping out stray dogs, and the extra work involved in a lot of hedges."

"Most of these difficulties can be overcome," I suggested.

"Firstly, privacy can be obtained by well-placed screens of trellis or upright-growing shrubs. There is seldom any need to screen the whole yard.

"The problem of dogs wandering in is not solved by paling fences, because in most cases the front fence is no hazard to an enterprising stray.

"The problem of extra work in hedges can be solved by selecting shrubs that don't require constant attention. The clipped hedge, in my opinion, is too formal looking for the modern house and garden.

"The biggest difficulty in cutting out fences is preventing the young toddler straying into traffic or dangerous ground, but a six-foot-high paling fence is not necessary for this."

"Would some flowering climbers be effective here?" Mrs. Clark asked. She pointed to a section of her boundary on the blueprint.

"Yes," I agreed. "Mr. Clarrie Garth, Sydney's Director of Parks, has suggested climbers for a trellis screen.

"He prefers Bignonia lindleyana, a vine with lavender-colored flowers in summer, Bignonia venusta with orange flowers in spring for a golden display, Thunbergia, and, of course, the spring favorite, Wistaria sinensis.

"He also recommends in vines the wax-like perfumed flowers of Stephanotis floribunda and the beautiful big, shiny, perforated leaves of the Monstera deliciosa.

"For windbreaks or high screens there are popular Christmas bush and Cupressus Brunniana aurea, an upright golden pine, which, grown close together, are ideal for the larger type of garden."

"Does this sort of advice come into an architect's planning?" asked Mrs. Clark.

"With the tendency now to open up houses with large areas of glass, the planning of the garden in relation to the house is becoming much more important.

"The subdivision of a site into its various uses such as ornament, recreation, clothes drying, service yard, fowl run, and vegetable garden can in itself be an interesting basis for landscaping.

"Although not wholly an architect's job, he must consider these things in order that the building be located for the best garden arrangement.

"More co-operation between architects and landscape designers could result in a great improvement in the appearance of our homes and cities."

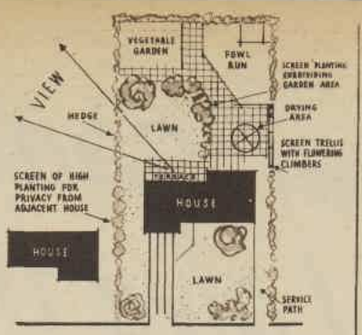
"Any ideas for garden subdivision without using fences again?" asked Mrs. Clark.

"Yes. An unusual suggestion is an attractive evergreen hedge of mandarin trees, which is doubly useful as a screen and a prolific supplier of fruit.

"Other possibilities are Murraya exotica, growing six feet high with white scented flowers, and Ochna serrulata, with shining foliage and red and yellow flowers, followed by green berries."

Bill McMurray

ARCHITECT'S DIARY
By
W. J. McMURRAY



HOUSE-SITE plan showing good use of shrubs for screening off house from neighbors and for dividing land.

EGG-CRATE type of trellis can be filled in with wire to support a screen of vines.

DIAGONAL pattern on trellis gives effect of space while screening view.

RANCH-TYPE fence with a timber frame and wire strands for flowering vines is another suggestion for privacy without ugly paling fences.

POST-NATAL EXERCISE

By Sister Mary Jacob, our Mothercraft Nurse.

THESE days doctors realise that it is not beneficial for a mother to be kept absolutely in bed for the 10 to 14 days once thought advisable after a normal birth.

Although early activity is now encouraged, it is most important that there be adequate rest as well.

All physical strain should be avoided for the first two weeks, and heavy work for at least a month.

It is important gradually to do special exercises to restore over-stretched muscles from the day after the baby is born.

In this way, before a mother is up on her feet and engaged in household duties again her muscles will be strengthened and her circulation increased.

A chapter on post-natal care, in which some of these exercises are described and illustrated, is given in my book "You and Your Baby."

This is obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney, or from bookshops in the capital cities. The price is 12/6, plus 9d. postage. Please print your name and address clearly when sending in your request.

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HERE ARE 35 ANSWERS TO YOUR EVERYDAY QUESTION

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MOTHER: Children burn up energy too, so make certain their schoolbags have lots of these easy-to-make sandwiches — they guarantee the essential food values growing children need every day.

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ELIZABETH COOKE PRESENTS

35 sandwich ideas to save you money

"Now you can put variety into their 'lunches'", says Elizabeth Cooke, famous Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert.

Here they are—

Sliced Kraft Cheddar with diced celery and Vegemite.

Sliced Old English with grated carrot and Kraft Mayonnaise.

Kraft Mayonnaise and chopped left-over vegetables.

Kraft Cream Cheese with chopped figs, dates or prunes.

Red Feather Fish Paste with chopped celery and lettuce.

Kraft Velveeta with hard boiled egg yolk and Kraft Mayonnaise.

Shredded Kraft Cheddar with beetroot.

Kraft Sandwich Relish with sliced cold meat.

Shredded Kraft Cheddar and brains.

Sliced Kraft Cheddar and sliced cucumber.

Kraft Velveeta with mashed bananas.

Kraft Danish Blue Spread with chopped dates and walnuts.

Vegemite with sliced cucumber.

Sliced Kraft Cheddar with chopped gherkin.

Sliced Old English with mashed pineapple.

Bonox and chopped nuts.
Rabbit and Kraft Mayonnaise.

Kraft Mayonnaise with sliced Red Feather Wham and lettuce.

Kraft Velveeta with Red Feather Fish or Meat Paste.

Kraft Cheddar, sliced, with orange marmalade.

Kraft Cheddar with shredded raw cabbage and Kraft Mayonnaise.

Vegemite with scrambled egg.

Kraft Cream Cheese Spread with preserved ginger.

Kraft Smokay Spread with sardines and lemon juice.

Kraft Old English with liver sausage and mustard.

Kraft Velveeta with apple or quince jelly.

Bonox with grated apple and chopped nuts.

Kraft Cream Cheese Spread and sliced pear or apple.

Shredded Kraft Cheddar and sweet corn.

Bonox and grilled bacon.

Kraft Cheddar, corned beef and pickles.

Vegemite with grilled bacon.

Kraft Gorgonzola Spread and hard boiled egg.

Sliced Kraft Cheddar, ham and mustard.

Sliced Kraft Old English with grated onion and sliced tomato.

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Prizewinning sweets

Two delicious sweets win prizes for readers this week in our popular recipe contest.

FIRST prizewinner is an apple and caramel family dessert.

Pineapple banana rolls win a consolation prize.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

APPLE CARAMEL DELIGHT

One cup brown sugar, 1/3rd cup butter or substitute, apples, squeeze lemon juice, 2 egg-yolks, 1/3rd cup water, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1¼ cups bran flakes, 1 cup self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 egg-whites.

Spread brown sugar over a well-greased cake-tin and dot with butter or substitute. Spread a thick layer of thinly sliced peeled apples over butter. Sprinkle with lemon juice and a little extra water. Beat egg-yolks with water, add sugar and vanilla. Fold in sifted flour and salt mixed with bran flakes. Lastly, fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour mixture over apples and bake in moderate oven 50 minutes. Turn on to serving-dish and serve either hot or cold with cream.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. M. Bacon, 8 Milner Crescent, Wollstonecraft, N.S.W.

PINEAPPLE BANANA ROLLS

Eight ounces shortcrust pastry, 6 bananas, pineapple jam, lemon juice, castor sugar, milk to glaze.

Roll out pastry thinly and cut into pieces large enough to roll around banana. Split bananas lengthwise, spread with pineapple jam, sprinkle with lemon juice and sugar. Place two halves together and arrange each banana on a piece of pastry. Roll up and press edges together. Glaze with milk. Place on oven tray in hot oven until pastry is crisp and lightly browned. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss J. Ferris, Calliope, Boyne Valley, Qld.

DEVILLED SANDWICH BAKE is a delicious savory snack. For four people make 4 sandwiches filled with ham and cheese and place in greased tin. Beat 3 eggs with 2 cups milk, ½ teaspoon mustard, 1 teaspoon minced onion, salt and pepper, pour over sandwiches. Stand 1 hour before baking in moderate oven until puffed and brown. Serve hot.

FAMILY DISH

THIS week's family dish is a good way of extending one to one-and-a-half pounds of fish fillets to make a dish for four. The cost is between 5/6 and 7/-, depending on fish used.

PIQUANTE FISH BAKE

One to one-and-a-half pounds fish fillets (bream or flathead are best), ½ lemon, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, 2 dessertspoons butter or substitute, 1½ dessertspoons flour, 1½ cups chopped tomatoes, 2 dessertspoons chopped green pepper, 1 teaspoon salt, dash cayenne pepper, pinch mustard, 2 cups cooked rice, chopped parsley.

Melt butter or substitute, add onion, and cook until tender. Stir in flour, chopped tomatoes, green pepper, salt, cayenne, and mustard. Stir until boiling and thickened, cook 2 or 3 minutes. Place rice in greased ovenware dish, arrange fish fillets on top. Sprinkle with squeeze of lemon juice, then cover with tomato mixture. Bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes until fish is tender. Serve piping hot, topped with chopped parsley.

Tony's luxury dish

KOTTBULLAR

(SWEDISH MEAT BALLS)

"THIS Swedish national dish is as essential as bread and butter and herrings on a smorgasbord or hors d'oeuvre table. It can also be served as a luncheon or dinner dish," says Tony, of Sydney's Colony Club.

For six persons you will need:

Two and a half pounds beef, minced very fine, 1lb. pork, 4 slices white bread, 2 medium onions, minced and sauteed, 3 potatoes, boiled and mashed, 3 eggs, salt and pepper to taste, 4 tablespoons butter, ¾ cup flour, 2 cups water, 2 cups beef stock, 1½ cups cream.

Ask the butcher to grind the meat a couple of times. Soak bread in water; mince and saute the onions; mash the potatoes; beat the eggs. Mix all these together in a large bowl and keep on working it until you have a smooth, spongy mass—this is easy if using a wooden spoon. Heat butter in a frying-pan; shape the balls by using a spoon and the palm of the hand, both moistened. Repeat until mixture is used up. Brown evenly in butter, shaking the pan during the process to keep the round shape. When meat balls are cooked, remove them to a saucepan.

Make the sauce in the same pan by heating butter and adding the flour. Heat and stir to a golden paste. Add water and stock gradually, stirring briskly to avoid lumps. If you like the sauce darker, add a little brown sugar and a glass of port wine. Add the cream and season to taste. Let sauce simmer 8 to 10 minutes, then pour it over the meat balls and cook on a low flame for about 8 minutes. Neither overcooking nor reheating will spoil this dish. Serve very hot.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

IRON buttoned edges face downward over a thick padding of towelling to protect the buttons.

★ ★ ★

PROLONG the life of earthernware by tempering it before use. To temper a utensil stand it in a large saucepan or preserving pan, cover with cold water, and bring slowly to the boil. Simmer about 10 minutes, then turn off heat and let stand in the water until cold.

★ ★ ★

WHEN covering jam and you have no screw-tops dip some greaseproof paper into very hot starch and place it over the jars, fixing it firmly to the sides. When dry the paper will be like parchment and quite airtight.

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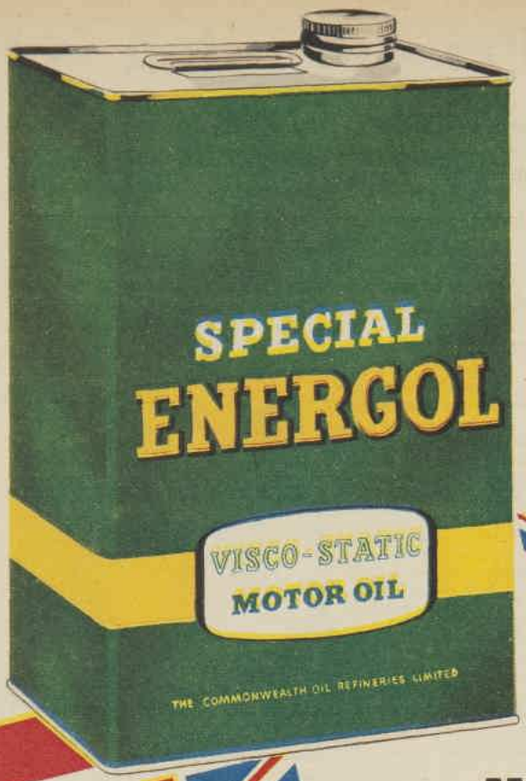

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Summer Setting

By LEILA C. HOWARD, Our Food and Cookery Expert

Salad main dishes are the answer to hot-weather cooking problems provided the dishes are thoughtfully planned to make sure that they are satisfying.

NUTRITIONAL needs should not be overlooked when planning salads with eye and appetite appeal.

If salad is to take the place of meat, make it protein-rich. If it is to be served with sliced cold meat it should do double duty as salad and vegetable.

Sliced cold meats from the delicatessen are easy to use for hot-weather dinners.

They are available in a wide range of shapes, flavors, colors, and textures, from the familiar pressed ham, Devon, garlic, and pork fritz to the Continental mortadella, salami, and liverwurst.

These expertly seasoned, pre-cooked, no-waste meats can be more than snack items. Bolstered with salads, they are real dinner meats.

The following menus have been planned for cool cooking. In every instance a large part of the meal can be prepared before serving time. Detailed recipes are given on this page for all dishes indicated with an asterisk.

All spoon measurements in the recipes are level.

● *Cold meats (bought pre-cooked and sliced ready for eating), devilled cabbage salad, confetti cottage cheese, golden liverwurst balls, jellied chicken mousse, rolled ham, stuffed eggs, and Thousand Island dressing, illustrated above, are fine dishes to include in summer salad menus. See detailed recipes below.*

MENU 1

*Ham 'n Egg Platter.
*Special Green Salad.
*Thousand Island Dressing.
Ice-cream with Chocolate Sauce.
Coffee.

HAM 'N EGG PLATTER

Slices of pressed ham, mixed mustard, endive (cress or shredded lettuce may be used instead), stuffed eggs.

Spread ham slices lightly with prepared mustard, roll up, and place in refrigerator until required.

Prepare stuffed eggs. Shell hard-boiled eggs, cut in halves lengthwise. Remove yolks, mash thoroughly. For each 6 egg-yolks add 1 dessertspoon softened butter, 1 dessertspoon grated onion, 1/3rd cup mashed potato, 1 tablespoon mayonnaise, salt to taste, pinch cayenne pepper. Combine these ingredients thoroughly, spoon or pipe into egg-whites. Serve on platter with rolled ham, garnish with endive, cress, or lettuce.

SPECIAL GREEN SALAD

One clove of garlic, ½ teaspoon salt, lettuce leaves, ½ cup sliced shallots (including some of the green stalks), 1/3rd cup sliced radishes, ¼ cup chopped parsley, ¾ cup sliced cooked carrots, Thousand Island dressing, 2 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese.

In a salad bowl (wooden for preference), mash the peeled clove of garlic with the salt and rub well over the inside of the salad bowl, then remove pieces of garlic. Break washed, drained lettuce into pieces with the fingers. Place in bowl, add shallots, radishes, parsley, and carrots. Toss lightly to mix, add cheese, and just before serving add 2 tablespoons of dressing and again toss lightly. Serve balance of dressing separately.

THOUSAND ISLAND DRESSING

One cup mayonnaise, ½ to 1 teaspoon tobasco sauce, 1 tablespoon chopped stuffed olives, 1 dessertspoon chopped green pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped chives, ¼ cup cream or evaporated milk.

Mix all ingredients together, chill before using. Home-made or bought mayonnaise may be used.

MENU 2

*Chicken mousse.
Gherkin fans.
Tomato-cheese accordeons.
*Tossed green salad.
*Avocado dressing.
Sliced French bread.
Chilled papaw with lemon juice.
Coffee.

CHICKEN MOUSSE

One and a half dessertspoons gelatine, ¼ cup cold water, 4 cups chicken stock or chicken broth, 1 cup chopped pressed ham, 1 cup chopped cooked chicken or rabbit, ¼ cup chopped celery, 1 dessertspoon grated or scraped onion, ½ cup mayonnaise, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce.

Soak gelatine in cold water, dissolve in boiling broth. When cold but not set, fold in ham and chicken, celery, onion, sauce, and mayonnaise. Fill into wetted mould, chill until firm. Unmould, cut into wedges, and arrange on serving platter with gherkin fans, tomatoes cut and wedged with cheese, and a bowl of mayonnaise. Serve with tossed green salad and sliced French bread.

TOSSED GREEN SALAD

Make in the same way as Special Green Salad, omitting sliced carrots and cheese and substituting avocado dressing for Thousand Island dressing.

AVOCADO DRESSING

One tablespoon cream, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, 2 or 3 drops tobasco sauce, ¾ cup sieved avocado pulp.

Combine cream, lemon juice, salt, mustard, and tobasco sauce. Beat well, then add avocado pulp and again beat well. Chill before serving.

MENU 3

Sliced cold meat.
*Golden liverwurst balls.
*Devilled cabbage salad.
*Confetti cottage cheese with crisp crackers.
Apricot compote with baked custard.

GOLDEN LIVERWURST BALLS

Shape liverwurst into balls, roll in shredded carrot, and serve with other cold meats and salad, or serve on cocktail sticks as party savories.

DEVILLED CABBAGE SALAD

One tablespoon melted butter, 2 hard-boiled egg-yolks, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, salt to taste, ¼ teaspoon freshly ground black pepper, 3 dessertspoons vinegar, ½ cup evaporated milk, 4 cups shredded cabbage, 1 tablespoon grated or scraped onion.

Work melted butter into the sieved, hard-boiled egg-yolks. Add sugar, mustard, salt and pepper, then vinegar, and lastly milk added a little at a time. Chill. Toss shredded cabbage with onion, heap in serving bowl, add dressing, and toss until well mixed.

CONFETTI COTTAGE CHEESE

Soften cottage cheese with milk, season to taste with salt and cayenne pepper. Spoon into serving bowl, sprinkle with finely diced red or green pepper or a mixture of both. Serve with savory crackers.

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her on the subject she'll tell you how she's had three fortunes left her already—and all embezzled. It's what she's used to."

Candia gave him such a look of astonishment and dismay that Mr. Rumbolt grinned.

"But don't you worry," he added hastily. "Soon as you get to the States, find a good lawyer and put him in touch with me. Not with Moffat, with me. You don't have to worry at all."

"I'm not," said Candia. "Not about that . . ."

"And don't worry about Madame either. What it all boils down to is that she thinks she hasn't got a chance against me—and she's right."

Candia walked on in silence. She believed him; she believed that her troubles were over, but she felt very sad. On her behalf, Madame Spirianoff had been browbeaten and bullied, and the thought was not pleasant.

"I told you you ought to go home, didn't I?" asked Mr. Rumbolt.

He sounded almost unhappy himself. Candia forced a smile.

"But I can't," she said. "And now you've arranged everything I shall be quite all right. Thank you very, very much, Mr. Rumbolt. I'm more grateful to you than I can say."

"D'you mean that?"

"Of course."

They had reached the lower terrace, and by the curving balustrade Mr. Rumbolt paused.

"Will you tell me your name?" he asked abruptly. "Your first name?"

"Candia."

"I call that very suitable," said Mr. Rumbolt gravely.

"It's the old name for Crete. My father met my mother there. He was in the Navy."

"The British Navy?"

Candia nodded. She could not resent his questioning; she had ceased to think of him as a stranger, possibly a wicked tycoon; he was simply a queer little man who had helped.

"This is a bad time to ask," said Mr. Rumbolt, "but I suppose you wouldn't think of marrying me?"

She did not resent even that.

Oddly enough, she was not even very much surprised.

"No," she said simply. "No, thank you, I wouldn't."

"I guess it's no use telling you how much money I have. But you could spend it any way you liked—hospitals, orphanages, all that. Make me a good citizen on the side."

Candia was really touched. A wife was so obviously what Mr. Rumbolt needed. She was also distressed, in her economical woman's instinct, by such waste of good intentions.

"Can't you marry anyone else?" she asked persuasively. "There must be so many women who'd make a good wife?"

"Trouble is, I haven't time to go round looking for 'em," explained Mr. Rumbolt. "And they don't, naturally, come my way. Sure you won't change your mind?"

"Mr. Rumbolt, I'm so sorry—"

"Cornelius. Terrible name. Begins with the same letter as yours."

"Cornelius, I'm very sorry, and I'm more grateful than I can say, but really it's out of the question."

Mr. Rumbolt pulled at his ear.

"I thought it would be," he said. "Now I've got to go to Australia. Good-bye."

He did not look back. Candia stood and watched him walk down to the landing-stage. He was quite right: she had never met anyone in the least like

Continuing . . . . Candia

from page 67

him before; probably she would never meet *him* again; but when his small, curiously lonely figure at last vanished, she felt as though she had parted from a friend.

It was very still in the great garden, a sudden chill heralded the swift-falling dark: but Candia felt reluctant to return to the house. Though all was so smoothly settled, she did not feel perfectly happy. She could not quite believe in so easy a triumph.

For a moment she almost wished she had closed with Mr. Rumbolt's unscrupulous offer; she almost called after him to stay, "Stop, wait for us, take us with you . . ."

THE moment passed, and for long afterwards Candia was to regret it; for if she had only called, if she had only let him hear that note of fear, Mr. Rumbolt would assuredly have returned; and there would have been no death that night at Aloupka.

. . . . .

It was impossible to forecast the behaviour of either Madame Spirianoff or of the Baroness: after the storm of the day both now appeared refreshed and stimulated, and the evening was exceptionally pleasant.

The Baroness sang. Towards nightfall a curious change always came over her; she seemed to become larger and smoother, her bust more conspicuous, her large shoulders more amply curved; she seemed, in fact, to re-inflate.

Candia imagined this due to the fact that her life had been so largely nocturnal: laying the Baroness' anecdotes end to end, so to speak, one gathered that nothing had ever happened to her before ten p.m. During the day Genevieve's physique accordingly took time out.

She accompanied herself on the grand piano, a baroque affair with scenes after Watteau painted inside the lid, and as Candia sat watching the picture thus presented, she felt the comic spirit once more in possession.

Life at Aloupka seemed to fall under alternate influences of light and shade: passages of uneasiness and suspicion, followed by passages of pure absurdity; a moment of sheer terror in the garden, then Genevieve at the piano . . .

Madame Spirianoff, though less exuberant than her friend, appeared to enjoy the music. She had told Candia that she would say nothing to the children until next day, when the whole subject of their leaving should be fully explained, and Candia willingly agreed: she was glad herself of a pause in the continual excitement which seemed as natural to Aloupka as monotony to Somerset.

Sitting with her embroidery, while the Baroness warbled Offenbach and Madame munched bon-bons, she really felt for a moment at peace.

"We are like the Three Old Wives of Lee!" said the Baroness suddenly. She had a number of these unexpected tags and phrases, the legacy of an English governess, and Candia smiled, for the image chimed with her own mood. (There were really four, though, if one counted the obscure French cousin.)

"What old wives?" asked Madame Spirianoff.

"They sat nid-nid-nodding," explained Genevieve. "Like you and me and darling Candia. I will sing one more song, and then the concert ends!"

And, for once restraining her powerful voice, she sang them very softly, "Au clair de la lune . . ."

. . . . .

Candia had been asleep some hours, it was almost three in the morning when she waked to the realisation that her door was open. (But there had been something before that, a sound or a light, falling blow.) Candia sat up and switched on her bedside lamp just in time to see the door close.

There was no one in the room and she thought she had been dreaming. There was no sound, either within or without. There was no obvious reason why she should not continue to lie where she was, warm and still and safe.

If she had done so, she might never even have known.

As it was, she simply thought to reassure herself. She got up and opened the door. Immediately outside, so huddled against the jamb that the upper part of her body at once fell over the threshold, lay Mademoiselle. Over her bent Madame Spirianoff.

"What is it?" cried Candia. "What has happened?"

"She has walked in her sleep," said Madame harshly, "and fallen."

Candia stooped. Irrelevantly it struck her that she remembered the Frenchwoman as tall, taller than herself; now she seemed quite small . . .

"She is in a faint," said Madame. "We must take her back to her room."

But Candia had worked four years in hospital. Though she felt for pulse and heartbeat, even ran for a mirror, she knew.

"She is dead," whispered Candia.

Madame Spirianoff leaned back against the wall.

"But it is not possible!"

"It is true."

Candia kneeled down and took the lolling head gently in her lap. The left temple, under wisps of grey hair, was tender and discolored.

"She struck the door-knob as she fell," whispered Madame. "I saw her."

"You saw her fall?"

"I heard a sound and came out. Just outside your door I saw her stumble and fall." The old woman wiped her mouth with a shaking hand, and became suddenly voluble.

"Her heart—that is it—her heart has always been weak, they have always said, the best doctors in Russia, that at any moment, at the least shock it was to be expected. It is awful, but there is nothing strange. We must carry her to her room."

For a moment Candia neither moved nor spoke. She had a vague feeling that the body ought not to be moved, but the shock had left her too stunned to think why. Madame Spirianoff was already stooping to the feet.

"The children!" she panted. "They may have heard something. They must not see. Hurry!"

The thought of Toly and Elena pushed all others aside. Candia put her arms under the gaunt shoulders and struggled up. The thick purple dressing-gown hung like a pall; Candia had to loop it up to avoid tripping, and as she did so, clumsily, a cold hand swung down and a loose ring rolled away over the floor.

"Leave it!" hissed Madame; and with their burden between them they began to move.

It was a grotesque and horrible journey. Once out of

To page 79

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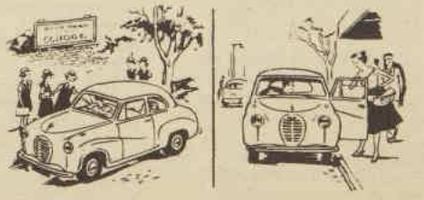

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Continuing . . . . Candia

from page 78

range of Candia's lamp the darkness was pitch-black, but Madame Spirianoff knew the way, or perhaps she could see.

They traversed corridors, rooms; there were doors that had to be opened; the only sounds in all the house were their own footsteps and labored breath. But at last they reached a little chamber where a light still burned, and there laid Mademoiselle on her own bed.

"There!" grunted Madame.

She drew back and shook herself—as though, Candia thought, to shake off the contact with death. And, indeed, she looked, at that moment, extraordinarily alive. Her vitality dominated the still, stuffy chamber; her movements (for she immediately began to act) were full of ease and precision.

Candia watched, fascinated, while she rummaged the bureau for clean linen, straightened the bed-covers, unhooked a crucifix from the wall. Such sensible activity was calming; it seemed even to minimise the horror of the preceding event, and when at length she turned again to Candia, the latter was able to show something like calm herself.

"How is it, my poor child? Are you able to let me take you back?"

Candia hesitated.

"Should not someone stay here to—to watch?"

"But, of course. I shall return. When it is light I will get Celeste to help me."

"Isn't there a doctor——?"

"I will send Casimir for one. I will do everything that is necessary. This is no trouble of yours, my darling; come, and try to sleep."

Candia dragged herself to her feet. She was too tired to argue; she did not know, indeed, what there was to argue about. But still she hesitated, and the old woman laid a gentle hand on her arm.

"Think of the children," she said. "In the morning you must play with them, keep them in the garden. They must not notice anything amiss . . ."

The hand tightened. Unresisting, Candia allowed herself to be led away, back through the corridors, to her own familiar room. Madame advised her to leave the light on, and, with a kiss, left her.

Automatically, Candia began to straighten the tumbled bed. Her gesture, as she pulled up the sheet, was horribly like Madame's, but she forced herself to go on; and as she lifted the pillow something fell.

Candia stood very still. The small sound, a light dropping thud, startled her memory; it was the sound she had heard through her sleep, in the instant before waking. With the lamp in her hand she began to search the floor, and there found, half under the bed, an envelope.

It was of stout linen parchment, open at one end, and very thick. Candia replaced the lamp and sat down, turning it between her hands. There was something written upon it in Russian, which she could not understand, but the contents—a bundle of documents, some heavily stamped and sealed—were partly in French.

Though the legal phraseology was puzzling, Candia soon made out the general sense, and by a comparison of proper names convinced herself that the French papers were simply translations. The others, she thought, were the originals; and what she held in her lap were the title-deeds to a disputed property.

The events of the night began to take shape. This, then, was the business of which the dead woman had spoken, the business in which Candia was to be employed.

Mademoiselle had been bringing her the papers; had opened her door; and then—at what sound, at what alarm?—got rid of the envelope by flinging it into the room. And she shut the door again, and there was Madame Spirianoff behind her.

It had happened before. Only this time the old Frenchwoman stumbled and fell, and in falling struck her temple against the knob of the door.

A sudden strange and ironic thought made Candia turn again to the papers. It seemed to her that the name of the place was somehow familiar.

She thought she had seen it before, in some journal of foreign affairs, in the days when every Russian item was so deeply interesting; the name of a great estate, taken over by the Soviet as a holiday centre for workers. She looked, and the name was the same: M—— Seloe.

With trembling hands Candia jumbled the papers together and thrust them into the envelope. They had cost the Frenchwoman her life; and they were quite worthless.

. . . . . .

Only once next morning, for the briefest instant, did Candia see Madame Spirianoff. The

"I'm quitting, sir. Working conditions here are so good it's making me dissatisfied at home."

old lady appeared on the upper terrace, observed her with the three children, nodded approval, and vanished; and Candia realised that she was under supervision.

She herself had risen early and gone directly to the nursery to catch the children as soon as they had finished breakfast. There was no sign of Celeste, and it was the underling who carried Xenia into the garden. Celeste, thought Candia, was busy in a dark, stuffy room.

With a heavy heart Candia ran from Toly and listened to Elena's chatter. The intensity of her preoccupation was like a thin veil through which the children could not reach—like a singing in the ears, through which the most familiar voices sound strange.

Even Toly's tug at her hand, even Xenia's arms round her neck, could not hold her thoughts from the house. She tried to imagine what was going on there: whether Casimir had left, what doctor he would bring, what the doctor would say.

What could he say? There was the bruise, and Madame Spirianoff's evidence of a weak heart—

"Darling Candia, look at me! Look!" shrieked Elena. "I am dancing Giselle! This is where I come out of my grave!"

She rose slowly from behind a seat and with a tragic face, shaking her tawny mane, circled on the tips of her toes. The performance was almost, but not quite, ludicrous: there was conviction in all Elena's acting, and Xenia let out a sudden howl.

"Stop!" cried Candia sharply.

Elena paused in an arabesque.

"But why? All dancers have to practise."

"Then practise something more cheerful. You're frightening Xenia."

"I can do the can-can out of Boutique Fantasque, but it wants a partner. Toly can't dance at all. But he can stand on his head. Toly, stand on your head!"

Toly, a child of few words, silently did so. He stood on his head, his earnest face red as a poppy, his short stout legs carefully balanced, while Elena pirouetted round him and Xenia's howls turned to laughter. It was a delightfully funny scene, but Candia could not laugh with them.

She was glad when they were too tired to play any longer, and piled round her instead for tales of boats and railways and ballets she had seen in London. She had to concentrate her mind, and the effort did her good.

The long morning wore away. There had been no sign of any arrival at the island, nor did Candia know even if Casimir had left. She thought he must have done, however, for at one o'clock Celeste appeared with a message that no dining-room meal would be served, and Madame would be glad if she ate her lunch with the children.

Candia looked at the amah closely, but the small brown face was placid; whatever Celeste had been doing, she showed no sign. Candia dared not ask questions, but obediently followed the children.

"I am still under supervision," she thought wryly; and determined that nothing should prevent her seeing Madame Spirianoff and attempting her confidence in the course of the afternoon.

. . . . . .

"But enter!" cried Madame affably. "How are you, my darling? Have you come for a little chat?"

Candia closed the door behind her and slowly advanced, thinking that the last time she had been in that room it was for a scene of comedy.

Madame Spirianoff lay on her bed, propped on one elbow, smoking. Beside her was a tray with a plate of clean-picked chicken bones. She did not look particularly tired, or worried, or distressed. She looked replete.

"Well?" said Candia.

The old woman lifted her free hand and let it drop again in a gesture of mournful finality.

"All is over!"

"What do you mean, Madame?"

"I mean what I say—all is over. The children may go where they please."

Candia at once jumped to the conclusion that a doctor, or some person in authority, must somehow have come and taken the body away. In the case of so sudden a death, it was not unreasonable; only she could not see how it had been done.

"You mean——?" she repeated stupidly.

"The body of our poor friend is no longer with us."

"Then where is it?"

"Buried."

For a moment Candia could not speak. The brutality of that single word matched the brutality of the act as an oath matches a blow. Under it Candia could do no more than sit silent and steady her eyes.

"I can see you do not approve," went on Madame easily. "That is because you do not understand. In this climate—one does not enjoy speaking of such things—it is not possible to wait; and so our poor friend was buried this morning, with all reverence, in a spot where she had actually expressed a wish to lie — fortunately on the other side of the island. If you wish, we will go together and lay flowers on the grave. Though it is not really in the least necessary, since the whole spot is already a bower of jasmine."

On this idyllic note Madame paused invitingly; but Candia still could not speak. She was dumbfounded. To her, coming from a society where the prestige of death was still guarded by every formality, Madame Spirianoff's glib account simply did not carry conviction.

"I can't believe it!" she said at last.

"What cannot you believe, my darling?"

"Any of it!" said Candia, almost wildly. With a great effort she pulled herself together.

"Surely you must realise, Madame, what a very serious thing it is to—to bury anyone like that, without a doctor's certificate, without informing the authorities. I am almost sure it is a criminal offence."

"But who is to know?" inquired Madame Spirianoff reasonably. "No one will come asking for her. Except ourselves, no one knew even that she was living here. No one will know that she is dead, because no one knew that she was alive."

"Her relations——"

"She has none. Or, rather, I may as well tell you, I am her relations. We are distant cousins, and out of charity I took her in. I am her only relation—and so have the right to say when and where she should be interred. Stop worrying, my child. I tell you that all is over, and all is well."

But Candia could no more have stopped worrying than she could have stopped breathing. The situation was too monstrous.

"Nevertheless, Madame," she said, "it is obvious that some official person must be informed at once. You did not send for a doctor."

"Why should I send for a doctor when the poor creature is already dead?"

"To get a death certificate. You must realise—"

Without warning, Madame Spirianoff lost her temper.

"I realise this, I realise that!" she shouted. "Now it is time for you to realise something—that I am the mistress here at Aloupka, and I do what I please!" She raised herself up, thrusting aside her wrapper, and struck herself on the naked bosom.

"I—I am the one who decides! I send for the doctor or I do not send for the doctor—I inform the authorities or I do not inform the authorities—and there is no one who can give me orders! All you think of is to stir up trouble and make yourself of importance, but I tell you I will not allow it! I tell you to go away and leave me—and do not return until you have found some sense!"

With a violent gesture of dismissal she sank back, panting. But Candia forced herself to stand her ground. She knew herself beaten, but she would not be ordered from the room. Nor could she afford—and it was this that finally defeated her—any absolute break with the children's grandmother.

"I did not mean to give orders," she said slowly. "It seemed to me that there were certain things that should be done, not to make trouble, but to prevent it."

This was not strictly true; she had not been thinking of trouble, but of a principle, of the right and wrong. She was climbing down, and both she and the old woman knew it. Madame Spirianoff, suddenly

To page 80

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The Australian Women's Weekly Cookery Book is now on sale. For details of how to obtain it, see advertisement in this issue.

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£7,500 CASH CONTEST TO INTRODUCE MIGHTY SIZE RINSO

HUNDREDS OF PRIZES

1st PRIZE £5,000 CASH

2nd PRIZE £1,000 CASH

and 300 CASH VOUCHERS worth £5, redeemable at any grocer's in exchange for a MIGHTY SIZE XMAS HAMPER—contents to be selected by the winners.

Complete the last line of this jingle

Rinso in the Mighty Size
Will be your choice if you are wise
It saves you money—makes work lighter
Its richer suds wash whiter, brighter
For whites and coloureds—dishes, too

Mighty Size Rinso, with those **thicker, richer** suds—

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Strike up the band with a special fanfare for Mighty Size Rinso. Listen to the cheers from 7 out of every 10 Australian homes where Rinso is already the favourite washday helper. This new Mighty Size Rinso will earn a special cheer from busy housewives. For they know what a mighty job it will do in saving time and money. Join the crowd of happy women who wash with Rinso's thicker, richer suds. Get the new money-saving Mighty Size Rinso to-day.

EASY RULES . . . HERE'S HOW TO ENTER!

1. Get a free contest leaflet from any grocer. It contains the rules which govern the contest. But this advertisement contains all the information needed to get started.
2. Each entry should be accompanied by the opening flap marked "Press Tab Here" from the Mighty Size Rinso packet.
3. Complete the last line of the jingle. There's lots of useful information about Mighty Size Rinso on this page.
4. Entries will be judged for originality, sincerity and aptness of thought.
5. Mighty Size Rinso opening flaps are not required from residents of any State where the inclusion of such would contravene the law of that State.

Think of a last line for the jingle above. When you go to your grocer to buy Mighty Size Rinso, ask for a free leaflet explaining how to enter.

Major prizewinners will be announced by Terry Dear on "Australia's Amateur Hour" on December 15th, 1955.

ENTER TODAY! CONTEST CLOSES NOVEMBER 30th, 1955

Z.371.WW144g

Continuing . . . . Candia

from page 79

calm again, looked at her shrewdly.

"There will be no trouble at all. Nor need there, unless you wish it, be trouble between you and me."

"I don't wish that, Madame."

"Then be still. My poor cousin was nothing to you, I think? She did not, for example . . . make you her heiress?"

The tone was ironic, but Candia felt that the bright eyes focused like a burning-glass on her face. She remembered the packet of worthless documents, now lying at the bottom of a locked trunk. It would be easy to destroy them . . .

"Of course not, Madame."

"Very well, then. If I have spoken harshly to you, you must remember that I have been through a great deal. I am nervous and tired. We are both nervous. Go and take your rest, my dear, and when we meet again all this will be forgotten, like a bad dream."

Madame Spirianoff closed her eyes and settled herself for sleep in an attitude of dignified repose.

It was not until she reached her own room that Candia realised what an opportunity she had let slip. To have admitted possession of the envelope, and given it up to Madame Spirianoff, would have been an overwhelming proof of good faith; for if she herself knew its contents to be valueless, Madame Spirianoff presumably did not. There was no reason why she should not still do so: she could pretend to find it afresh.

The only objection to this course was a purely sentimental one: that the dead woman had given it into her keeping.

"It doesn't matter now," thought Candia. "Whichever of them was in the right, it doesn't matter. It's all over."

The echo of Madame Spirianoff's words startled her. It was all over. The little dark room was finally tenantless. That was the fact; and as Candia tried to make herself realise it she found her thoughts turning, morbidly, to the details of the hasty funeral.

Who had dug the grave? Casimir, probably; possibly with the help of the gardener. They would both do as Madame told them, and ask no questions. Had there been a coffin, or was the poor body huddled defenceless into the earth?

There could be no stone over the grave; in a week the fast-growing vegetation would have blotted it out. The whole place was a bower of jasmine . . .

Candia dragged her thoughts away, and found them back at the central and most shocking fact of all: that a human being, at Aloupka, could vanish from the face of the earth, leaving no more trace than a bubble in the air, or a spark from a fire, or a stone flung in deep water.

The door of her room stood a little ajar. There was thus no need to touch the knob, and Candia laid her hand to the panel. Then, because she could not keep her eyes from it, she looked down and saw that the knob had been changed. Instead of white china painted with rosebuds, there was now a heavy sphere of cut glass. Madame Spirianoff must have given the order, and Candia, in spite of everything, was grateful.

She entered her room, and at once noticed a second difference. The arrangement of the furniture was slightly altered: a table and chair had been moved from their places, but did not conceal the gap left by the disappearance of the great leather chest.

. . . .

As a bubble, a spark, a stone, leave no trace in air, fire or water, so the brief tragedy of the Frenchwoman's end left no mark on Aloupka.

Madame Spirianoff never referred to it again. The children, mercifully, knew nothing. The servants, at least Casimir and Celeste, knew but would forget at Madame's bidding. The one uncertain factor was the Baroness. Candia could not make up her mind whether the Baroness knew or not.

On the whole, she thought not: it seemed too unlikely that Genevieve could keep such a secret; her simple emotions too easily slopped over. Surely, though, she would have to be told something . . .

So Candia reasoned; and so, it presently appeared, had reasoned Madame Spirianoff, for a day later the Baroness waylaid Candia in the garden, big with news.

"Candia! What do you think! That crazy old thing!"

Candia held her breath.

"That poor Mademoiselle! What do you think she has done now? She has gone native!" The Baroness plumped down on a seat and quivered with excitement.

"Olympiada has just told me. You know how queer she had grown, never leaving that awful little room, seeing only the servants? Well, yesterday she told Olympiada she hated us all and would go and live with the natives. She had made all arrangements through that sly cat Celeste, she was going to a village down the coast, no doubt she thinks she will be a cannibal queen there!—and, my darling, she has gone! Celeste's cousin took her across last night, and all her things. She had not much, but there was a sapphire worth money, and that is the end of my poor chum!"

With a calm that astonished herself Candia heard this extraordinary recital to the end. She felt even an unwilling admiration for Madame Spirianoff's ingenuity. The tale was almost impossible of disproof and admirably adapted to Genevieve's intelligence.

"You do not seem very astonished!" complained the Baroness disappointedly.

Candia moistened her lips. Suppose she denied the tale at once, countered the lie with truth, said, "No, your friend is not on the mainland, she is here, buried in her grave?" What would happen? What would the Baroness do?

She would have hysterics, thought Candia, and then rush to Madame Spirianoff, and Madame would deny it, call on Casimir and Celeste for witness, and nothing would result except confusion and enmity. Enmity: that was it. Without a better ally than the Baroness, Candia feared Madame's enmity too much to speak the truth.

"It is certainly very strange," she said weakly.

. . . .

No trace? Candia's thoughts ran on, tormentedly.

A leather chest moved from a bedroom. Perhaps to store linen, or unwanted clothes.

A new knob on a door. Perhaps the old one was loose.

A packet of papers in a locked trunk. Perhaps, after all, the rightful property of Madame Spirianoff.

Somewhere on the island, under a tangle of jasmine — proof.

To be concluded

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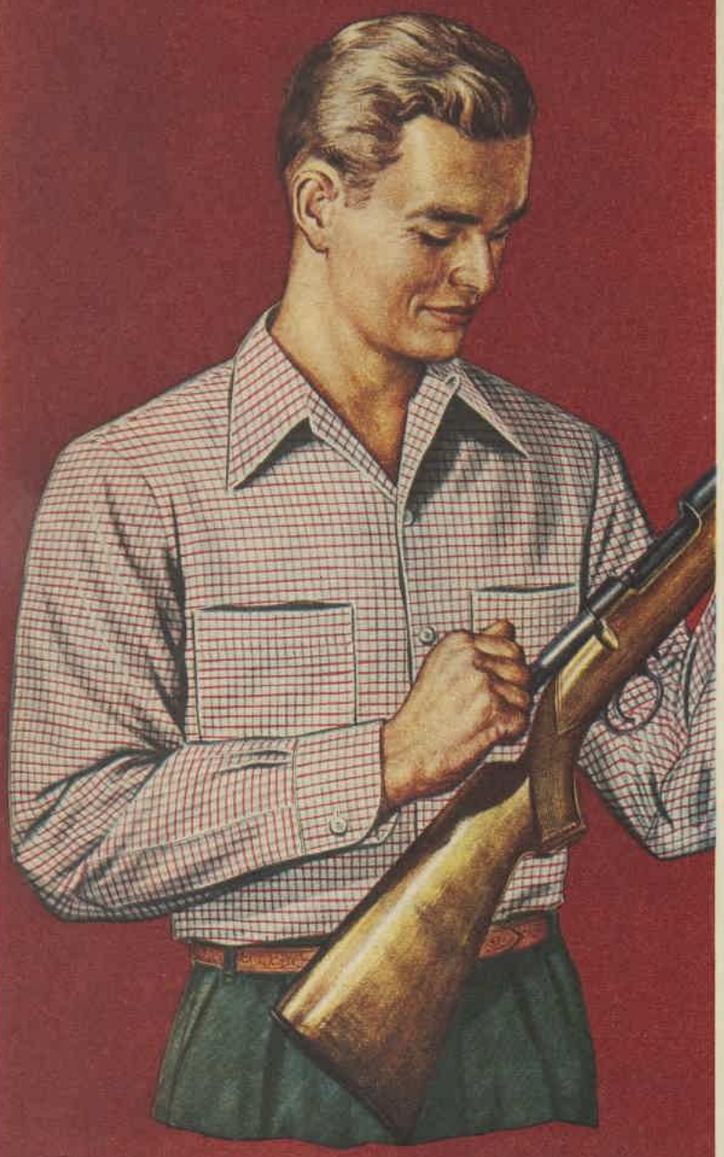

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Note: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 83. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

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